Some Players

by

Amy Leslie

Jas E Hawkins

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SOME PLAYERS

From Amy Leslie
from Ellen Terry

SOME PLAYERS

PERSONAL SKETCHES

By

AMY LESLIE

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MDCCCC

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MODJESKA

Modjeska belongs to another century, and rich as this ebullient era is in her possession, it is quite unworthy so brilliant and unusual a personality, a genius so enthralling and æsthetic, a woman so exquisitely attuned in delicate femininity and picturesque force of intellect; and she rises out of the hurry and turmoil of modernity like a Druid priestess waking from a sleep of centuries, shaking the oak leaves from her beautiful brow, and smiling out fathomless knowledge at the brand-new young world.

With vast and active interest in movements, humanity, art and letters, no one woman has contributed such wealth of intellectual and spiritual endeavor to contemporaneous history. Not alone her dramatic art, which is incomparable in its loveliness, its polish, and distinction, but her sociological influence, her fortune spent in emancipation and amelioration of the down-trodden and the helpless, her great contributions to literature, her delicious little works with palette and brush, her celebrated aquarelles and designs, and above all, her wit, grace, physical beauty and rare Christian virtues render her, without comparison, the most exceptionally influential character among women of modern times. With all these divine missions to fulfill Helena Modjeska is simple as a child, modest and tenderly feminine, with a piquancy and sense of humor absolutely bewitching. Her face is stamped with the heroic intensity of the martyrs, and like Hadassah, the daughter of Abihail, she burns with an adorable sympathy for her people, is feared by kings and threatened by

rulers, beloved throughout the wide earth's belt of suffering, and sought after by the courtiers of any nation where purity, womanliness and brilliant accomplishments are counted powerful charms.

With the breath of olive branches and mountain air about her Modjeska came back to the stage quite well, but still worn from the battle close to the black destroyer way out on the Pacific coast. She is eternally young and infinitely sweet, so her beauty enhanced by that strange fineness and spiritual expansion sometimes a result of severe illness, is more convincing than ever. She is so perfect a mistress of carriage and gesture that no trace of muscular difficulty is discoverable in her leonine grace and suppleness, though there had been a threat of paralysis. Her eyes are unfathomable and glorious, and the sensitive, intense mouth, with its curve of crimson and vivid touch of melancholy, is more like Paderewski's than ever, and these two mouths have entered history as the most exquisitely beautiful seats of expression known to art and genius.

So learned a lady is Modjeska, the Countess Bozenta Chlapowska, that except for her perfect tact and companionable simplicity she would be rather a formidable social opponent or vis-a-vis in conversation, but she has a skillful grace of self-obliteration which is her greatest fascination, and though she is a repository of all the wisdom of the world, the languages, mute and national, the subtleties of art and elusive splendors of antiquities, anthropology, religion, government and æsthetics, Modjeska likes nothing so well as to laugh, tell witty anecdotes, listen to youth and inexperience, dilate obstreperously and pet little children. One Hallowe'en, with a phalanx of celebrities awaiting her most deeply significant note of personality, she suddenly in the prettiest sort of motherliness, illustrated a fable by singing a nursery

rhyme in which her fairy finger and thumb were the hero and heroine, chirruping the addresses of "Thumby, Thumby dear" to his sweetheart, "Little Finger," accompanying the comic tragedy with complete dramatic action between the protesting little lovers upon her hand. It was the neatest bit of enchantment imaginable and quite captivated the amused listeners, being so distinct and convincing a revelation of her characteristic adaptability.

"Perhaps I shall go to Ireland again," said Modjeska; "there is always a fervid welcome for me among the Irish." Modjeska's innocent proffer of undying friendship to the Dublin crowds attending one opening night in their land, a proffer based upon the ground of her coming to them as daughter of another people oppressed and unhappy like their own, gave a political color to her wholly sympathetic and unintentionally hazardous response to their request for a speech. Her tour through the green island was one triumphal procession after that, and red-coated guardians kept rigid eyes upon her. She was silently regarded as a dangerous threat to the realm, though never reprimanded nor interrupted. One evening in Cork the populace arose en masse to do her homage after a performance of "Marie Stuart," and a huge hall was devoted to the reception. Such cheers and roars of approval and beating of drums and blowing of fifes inspired sympathy with a people for their unstinted enthusiasm and heartiness. In the middle of a terrific wave of huzzahs and cheers, in strode a magnificent guardsman of distant mien and disturbed air. Fortunately Modjeska knew him, and immediately made way to him and greeted him with friendly impartiality. He said, quietly: "Madame must be very tired and it is growing exceedingly late; may I have the honor of escorting Madame to her carriage?" And as soon as she could say good-by to clamorous entertainers she was driven away in a chariot,

much amused by the serious governmental significance thrown about her little Irish triumph.

This gentle, intellectual creature is always looked upon askance as a redeemer of the oppressed, a voice in the wilderness of tyranny, a subtle diplomatist and Joan of Arc. Positively, I cannot imagine that she cares to violently oppose kings and czars, for she is too pliant and courteous; but her breadth of racial instinct and sympathy, her heartache for the oppressed and the misunderstood, keep her in a constant broil with European powers suspicious, and much as she regrets this honor of enmity thrust upon her she is considerably diverted by occasional mistakes of jealous sovereigns and ministers. She is not a revolutionist, but a dreamer of poetic emotionalism, a pleader for liberty and universal comfort, a radiant, delivering angel with shining wings, outspread bravely toward the sun's impartial rays, and monarchical governments do not approve of that sort of celestial being roving about unchained.

"Oh, we are very good friends with Russia now," prettily acknowledged Modjeska, during a comforting lull in the bear's roars. "The Czar and Czarina came to us with the little baby, you remember, and as they rode through the streets this small heir was held up to the people and accepted as a guerdon of peace. The little chap smiled all the time by some pleasant accident, and you know how emotional and sympathetic we Poles are, so there were resigned acclamations and cheers and finally quite an ovation for the sovereigns, and nice things exchanged since have made us all feel kindly. Babies are irresistible, you know, and kings' babies have honey on their candy scepters always."

Modjeska tried to found a Polish colony out in California, but the Chlapowskis were a trifle exclusive, and wanted only men and women of great genius and attainments. Many

came and all adopted the country with enthusiasm, but one by one drifted back to Warsaw or Cracow, or the forests of their own still country. Poland has more men devoted to letters and art than other lands of comparative extent, because politics has been dead there for years and commerce deteriorated to awkwardly necessary exchange. Naturally the men fed on melancholy and national hopelessness turned to poetry, art, painting and sculpture.

As an instance of the culture and comradery in this haven in the mountains, note the inspiring company delegated to assist at a Thanksgiving house party at El Torro. I have distinct recollection of a most dramatic capture of a turkey by a great Warsaw painter, who was stopping with the voluntary Polish exiles at Modjeska's ranch, and Sienkiewicz, who created such a sensation with his books, the author of "Quo Vadis," "The Deluge," and much magnificent literature. Well, Modjeska saw everybody buying or catching turkeys, and made up her mind to have one, too, though with vague reasons therefor. She had a solemn, dense Polish peasant maid of all work, and timidly requested her to catch a turkey, which she, frightened of the suspicious American gobbler, most determinedly refused to do. One by one the man-servants and maid-servants, with true Slav instinct, promptly refused to chase the variegated turkey. So it fell to the strangers within the gates to volunteer. Sienkiewicz armed himself with a brilliant parasol, under the impression that a weapon of that capacity for surprise might confound the turkey and assist in capitulation. The artist accompanied the novelist, and the entire army of fowl fled before this parasol assault of genius, and the turkeys chased through woods, up hills, across fields and into groves, finally sprawling into a pebbly creek and wreaking vengeance upon carefully attuned ears by such concatenations of gobbler despair as had never been

screeched into the ears of advertised talent. Mr. Sienkiewicz fell on the brink of this creek of feathered shrieks and refused to be either lifted or comforted, while the great painter of "Nana" fled into the rivulet after his game, waded up to his shoe tops, stumbled and headed off a suicidal turkey by a dexterous grab which brought them both floundering in water the ambitious Count Bozenta had scientifically stocked with trout long before art and turkey entered its pellucid depths with Thanksgiving. It then came to a judicial point of argument, as to the manner and ceremony of slaughter. Submitted to a committee for arbitration, it was learned that decapitation was both the most fashionable and exciting mode, and again the entire household rebelled and refused to tackle the squawking rubber-neck. To explain the extraordinary discipline in El Torro's castle it may be remarked that Madame Modjeska's servants were imported from the fair land of Poland, too, and they brought their superhuman tremors, superstitions and unabating ignorance over instead of luggage. Once ensconced in the lower halls of the establishment of their benefactress, they labored faithfully, but under the impression that the land was a savage wilderness of pitfalls and strange customs. They refused to learn a word of English or kill any animal prowling about the unknown country for fear of offending an idolatrous and barbaric nation. It was easier to disobey Modjeska, who knew the impossible density imperishable in the perfunctory mind of the Polish peasantry. Finally Mr. Bozenta, roused to some purpose by the Thanksgiving exigency, produced a dice box, and the painter, the novelist and the count shot craps for the perilous assignment. It fell to the glorified Sienkiewicz, and a fearful din announced the arrival of the headsman and his victim, while Madame watched the execution from a dormer window. Sienkiewicz grabbed the turkey by the craw and his friend,

the painter, seized the scaly legs and they chopped and chopped and fought with it through frantic struggles until they were literally covered with turkey gore. It somewhat quelled Thanksgiving appetites, but the disquisitions upon how to split the gobble of a November turkey afforded vast fields for argument later on, and consultations with authorities at the butcher's near by brought out mortifying convictions that art and turkey necks have little in common.

The Count Charles Bozenta Chlapowski, modified by the feminine terminal "a" for his wife's name, as the Polish language arranges gender differences in proper names, is a brilliant, nervous, dynamic man of immense ability, a scintillating wit, with occasional harmonious self-adjustment under propitious circumstances. He is an olive grower, and counts upon a crop worth at least $50,000 from his groves near Los Angeles sometime—not this time. A more delightful pair do not live than the eccentric, courtly Bozenta and his charming wife. They speak all languages, and have a special tongue in which they chatter family matters and asides, less disturbing than the agonizing connubial whisper conveying the single thought supposed to ignite the average two souls. The count has a splendid adventurous spirit, in no manner quelled by everything from imprisonment and exile to silver hairs and accumulations of wealth. He is intensely imaginative and emotional, and the quiet dignity of Modjeska has little effect upon him except to be regarded as a most admirable trait not to be vulgarized by imperfect imitation. Between them there are always affectionate bombardments of chaff, bright exchanges of banter and sudden rises into lofty discussions upon Plutonian themes quite beyond the depth of anybody less than a Buddhist ascetic and savant. They are as mysteriously companionable and breezy as they can be, generous and self-effacing, alert to sympathize and

always of one opinion when a knock comes at their united hearts. They have a faculty of developing the finest in people, bringing out hidden ambitions and concealed philosophies. It seems to me Bozenta never stops saying brilliant things long enough to ask a question or think, and yet in his fiery, effulgent way he makes everybody else about him appear happier and brighter for the contact. His dialect and cigarette ashes have made subjects for the humorists and their feeble imitators for years, Barrymore's impersonation of Bozenta being one of that delightful ne'er-do-weel's most pardonable impertinences. Barry showers himself continually with the ashes, as the count does from morning until night, and reproduces Bozenta's remarkable pronunciation of otherwise perfect English with deliciously good-natured impudence. Bozenta has taken upon himself the decoration of silvery hair, which adds a peculiarly mystic appearance to his intense but handsome face; otherwise he is unchanged, unchangeable.

Madame herself, like Jane Hading,—"la petite crieuse," as Sara contemptuously calls her—began her career as an opera bouffe prima donna soubrette. She was immensely successful in all the old, forgotten Offenbach masterpieces, which she sung in Polish. Her own comedy is so intelligent, so contagious and delightful that in her early youth she must have been enchanting in those dainty frivols of the chief of music, légère and appealing. She always looks and wears and does exactly the proper, but not altogether the expected thing. She is never conventional, and still is in such irreproachable form and of such an artistic temperament that she knows what will reach the heart and fill the eye completely. One Sunday she came to me holding the Fitzgerald edition of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat," sumptuously illustrated by

Elihu Vedder, in all the prophetic swirls and glows and smolders of that stormy painter.

Elihu's Persian houris are fateful creatures full of glowers and mostly nude in a cloudy, fantastic tempest of drapery and veil.

"I must admire Mr. Vedder's art, for it is impressive and decidedly epic, but the poet's ideals are Oriental ladies and Vedder's array is alarmingly Christian. You know, Persian women never show their arms or wear décolleté blouses; Mr. Vedder's draperies are Babylonian rather than Persian, and entirely Beacon Street, for the matter of that, since æstheticism has regulated draperies."

Madame Modjeska's expenditures in charities have often reached $20,000 a year. She has founded schools for reviving the lace industry in Poland and the south of France, and has several institutions of broadly unsectarian charity dependent upon her benefice. She is a great lady and profound student of the wants of all the wretched, the tempted, the miserable and friendless. Her noblest deeds cannot be spoken of without exalted hope for womanhood and higher life. She knows the way to consolatory greatness.

There is a path which no fool knoweth and which the vulture's eye hath not seen:
The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.

But Helena Modjeska has found it and built her beautiful life upon it; it is wisdom, the wisdom the patient man of Uz chanted, beyond price. It came to Modjeska out of the glory of her love for stumbling humanity, though

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire.

She hovered a long time between life and the last adieu, and the distance to the impregnable domain of Torro made

bulletins from Modjeska all too brief and seldom. When she had been cloistered for a year a message so sweet and mediæval that it ought to have arrived tied about the pretty neck of a soft white pigeon reached me from beloved Madame Modjeska.

She had been eminently successful in a preliminary season tried in California to test the stability of her recovered health. She played with as much art and dramatic force as ever, and withstood the hardship of extra performances with astonishing vigor. That she should have been obliged to return to the stage when her constitution still trembled under the great shock of distress was lamentable to the sympathetic, but most grateful to art. She was so gentle a saint that had she been enshrined somewhere that the straying young might learn of her some fragments of refinement and truth and mental evenness, the niche which held her would have been the goal for all young pilgrims in the fretted quest for stage knowledge.

But Modjeska is not rich. She has spent $20,000 a year some years, and as much as the season's profits figured all the others. Her charities are queenly. She sends great quantities of money and clothing to the poor colonies of Poles in America, and no begging letter is ignored, however humble or distant the applicant may be. Thousands of dollars have gone from Modjeska's kindly hand to Slavs in chains, the Siberian exiles and her own weeping land of genius. She has an army of complete dependents upon her fortune, and Count Bozenta is quite as full of extravagant charities as his brilliant wife is.

In her long convalescence Modjeska was continually, continually busy. She wrote brilliant verses and set them to music, she embroidered tapestries and painted charming pictures, and there came at least one exquisite work of literature from her delicately poetic pen, illustrated in colors and

Helena Modjeska
1898

put into two languages, English and Polish. This valuable relic (which ought to be in the Smithsonian Institution or some national repository) is a delicious fairy story, written in the fine rippling chirography of Modjeska. It consists of five hundred pages, closely written in Polish on one side, with an English translation on the other side of each page. A cover of most strikingly imaginative design is Modjeska's work, too, and the whole book illustrated by fascinating little aquarelles, gems in thumb-nail sketches and rare little arabesques, marginal sketches and illuminated initials. It is the most wonderful book, and was made for her little grandson, Ralph Modjeski, who is trying to grow up with Chicago.

Modjeska was welcome back to the stage, welcome for her finished art, her sensitive loveliness and her own adorable personality. Such women as these have no age, and the veriest sucklings in knowledge of the stage cannot soberly resist the spell of lofty genius even in gray days of its good-by.

Modjeska is even more charming "à la maison" than she is in the realm of her exquisite art. She wears the most beautiful clothes, says the brightest things and has the greatest store of interesting information of any woman. She is soft-voiced, tranquil and distinctly elegant. That wonderful air of youth which renders her impersonations puzzling in the face of the years she has delighted the public is still more apparent when she is informally at home.

One always finds her in a perfect suffocation of charity intentions. In one hour of her busiest day she was dismissing a pretty Polish girl with the assurance of financial aid for one of the Polish convents, and in the same breath importuning her busy husband to prepare himself with at least $100 to spend in the afternoon at a bazaar, and beseeching anybody convenient to give her one pleasant idea about children, that

she might comply with a request for her autograph to a celebrated album to be auctioned off for the orphans.

Orphans awakening only the most grewsome pathos in anybody's mind, we were all hopelessly unresponsive, and children in the abstract conveying no definite impression to the aggregate minds present, the gentle lady was deserted in a time when nothing but the most uncomplimentary infantile literature seemed to occur to her. The revered caution about ears and pitchers, something else equally discourteous regarding the advisability of being seen and not heard, and "a wise father"—who can collect his own orphans—were all vetoed; then Count Bozenta threw himself into the breach with a still more unkind suggestion that children were nicest when they cried, because they were unceremoniously removed, and the album came near not leaving in time for the society auction.

They are a delightful pair of entertainers, this radiant actress and her enthusiastic husband. He is nervous, inclined to be optimistic and courteously sarcastic. She is demure, witty, sympathetic and sweet-tempered to an enviable degree. They chaff each other in a good-natured way, enliven conversation by delicious stories of mistakes, embarrassing experiences and humorous occurrences. Modjeska has a very warm place in her amiable heart for Boston, but the count thinks Chicago the greatest city in all America. And they disagree so agreeably that one is inclined to side with both. Madame likes Boston because it is a community cheerfully devoured by fads and elevating manias of various and more or less educating character. Her impression of Boston society is highly complimentary to that admired body of fluttering savants. Upon the occasion of her first introduction to Boston swelldom the gentle artist was quite awed by the learning in such very pretty ladies and such picturesque dudes, but

intimate acquaintance developed the consoling fact that a certain arrangement of unheard-of words, some pretense in knowledge of Browning, a mission or collection and other American deficiencies might go a long way toward culture among the Sapphos and Solons in the effete upper crust. A substitution of onomatopœia for dipsomania makes all the social difference in the world. Bozenta depicts his career in Boston society as brief and inglorious. One ordeal which filled his soul with gloom was an hour among a smiling dozen of the city's most classic æsthetes. Everybody had written a book, painted a dado or twisted a theory with vast satisfaction or vehement opposition. Bozenta was bowled over in the first inning by an introduction to one lady who had launched upon the sea of literature as authority upon Greek architecture, and another who had written a scholarly attack upon modern cooking. With inspiring devotion the unhappy gentleman immediately dived into a gulf of obloquy by talking mayonnaise, truffles and squab at the architectural lady, and dilating in dreamy polysyllables upon Praxiteles and Phidias to the author of a book pertaining to the reformation of oatmeal porridge.

Modjeska her lovely self is the most thoroughly Americanized foreigner imaginable. She was the most inexorable Yankee about the Columbian Exposition buildings. The Greek allegorical figures adorning the agricultural building were a deep offense to her patriotism and originality. "Why, in all the glorious beauty of America, could the artists not find something more typical than Greek mythology to decorate the agricultural department at least?" she exclaimed, in high scorn. "Now, if they had ornamented the superb walls with Chinamen I should have seen the bearing of that nation upon the cabbage industry or celery culture, as the Chinese have charge of the greatest gardens in the West; but

Greeks—why Greeks? We''—and the ''we'' always slips out of her Polish mouth very prettily—''have nothing in common with Greece, her goddesses, bundles of impossible wheat, spilling grain and garlands of pomegranates! What a splendid entablature they could have created with some honest prairie scenes! Now it does not sound very artistic, but a tribe of Seattle Indians picking hops, their annual and characteristic trip down Puget Sound to the gardens, a cowboy celebration and round-up and a hundred other wildly picturesque subjects which would interest aliens who do not know about these beauties of the New World. We have been staring at buxom, corn-fed deities all our circumscribed lives.'' Madame grew eloquent as she waxed indignant at the designers and artists and enthusiastic over the wonders of this very uncouth young country.

In the midst of this patriotic avant-celebration lecture a sturdy little boy with big blue eyes and straight blonde hair bolted into the room without much respect for glass doors, nerves and other interferences. He tumbled into Modjeska's lap with a breathless ''Oh, Grandma!'' and the exciting information that he had discovered ''Brownie,'' and life seemed to hold some charm for the infant since this remarkable resurrection. Inquiry revealed the fact that ''Brownie'' was a very disreputable doll, knit of wool, with red eyes, oblique nose and divers symptoms of early dissolution. ''My name is Felix Modjeski, and this is my grandma,'' volunteered the proprietor of ''Brownie.'' There is no boy who breathes happy air who does not adore his grandmother, but the appreciation of this youngster's good fortune to lay claim to so fascinating an ancestor paled all recollection of any other boy's grandam. Her romping grandchild tumbled over her, pulled at her laces, jingled her chatelaine and finally dropped off asleep with his cheek against hers. This pretty boy was

kidnaped some years later, and through information which Jean De Reszke was influential in tracing and collecting, the child was discovered after a sensational but secret hunt.

"I wanted Barrymore for Henry VIII, of course; everybody wants Barrymore," said she, "but who in the world could have coaxed Barry to study Henry? Not I, surely. Neither Mr. Bozenta nor my friend Barrymore will be coaxed. When Barrymore was with us Mr. Bozenta and my star support were celebrated from Rhode Island to Seal Rock as the two worst dressed men in America. Bozenta is turned to a pillar of cigarette ashes every day by noon, his neckties are weird and irredeemable, and Barry was positively reckless in the color of vests and license in plaids. I am in vague hopes that the influence of Mr. Skinner may in time civilize Mr. Bozenta, but am prepared for a disappointment should sublime example fail."

Once in Washington Madame had a laughable rencontre with Dr. Mary Walker. An usher brought back word that the manager of the theater would deem it a favor if Modjeska would see his friend Dr. Walker, and Modjeska immediately granted the request. "Tell Mr. Ford to send the gentleman back after the next act. I shall be pleased to meet him in the greenroom," said the artist, as she hurried on the stage. Imagine her surprise upon entering her dressing-room again to behold a rather inferior sort of man standing there with his arms spread out, the threat of an immediate embrace shining in his countenance. Whether to cry for help or discreetly faint was the uppermost question in Modjeska's mind, but when the doctor stunned her by saying: "Come to my arms, you greatest of women," flight seemed the only safeguard. A friendly explanation of the perverted opinions and habiliments of Walker helped take the shock of this alarming encounter from Madame's unsuspicious mind.

A fortnight of Modjeska's exquisite portrayals is like a renaissance. Her crystal delicacy of conception, her intellectual brilliancy and the beauty of polish and grace and sympathy in every emotional note she sounds are charms impossible to an actress of less elegance in finish or less divine fire.

Duse alone is in artistic accord with Modjeska's "Dame aux Camelias." The same sympathetic organizatien, intense sensitiveness and high intellectuality are invoked in the Camille of both these delightful artists; but the Italian subjugates the character of Camille to her own personality too assuredly and absorbedly. She is a white and unhappy lily, withering but never fading, burning feverishly but never flushed or tarnished. Modjeska's Camille is blithe in an abandoned childish and infinitely coquettish way at moments, cool, impulsive, pathetic, passionate by starts, but always exquisitely fine and enchanting. Bernhardt unfolds the scarlet robe under Camille's snowy draperies, does it with delicate force and great art, but indicatively proclaims Camille a lost if not a wicked woman. Modjeska makes her unhappy, a pathetic creature of environment and contact, a perilously fascinating siren, but willfully hopeful for complete disentanglement, for redemption, for all that is chaste and womanly left to a world-contaminated enchantress. With such exquisite touches of art does Modjeska gild the depths of Dumas's heroine that beauty leaps out of the cloud linings where most degeneracy storms. She neither loses sight of Camille's condition, which is deplorable and unpardonable, nor ever smirches her adorable womanliness, her tragic hope against hope, her martyrdom, her untutored moral understanding. It is the most graceful, intensely intellectual and sympathetic portrait the much-bedraggled Gautier shall receive this century, for it is more even in artistic balance

than either Duse's or Bernhardt's, and they are the only two other women playing Camille who at all reach the heights or depths of the character. There have been no Camilles speaking English who have had intelligence in sufficiently lasting spasms to carry them through the varying moods of a creature so appealing to ignorance. It is a certain thing that the only charming "Camille" must come to us in a foreign tongue or with a dialect. English-speaking women cannot play Camille.

That the Camille of Modjeska and Duse are kindred interpretations is a substantiation of the theory that perhaps there is science as well as art in acting, for two natures more definitely converging could scarcely be created. Eleonora Duse is fervid, almost distrait with the tension of her own wondrous emotional temperament. Eager for vehement outburst and panting with resistless nervous potency, she is the essence of irresistible art spurred on to exquisite finish by absolute abandon to nature unbounded. She has wealth of soul, a rare quality of magnetic attraction and sympathy which are almost appealing.

Modjeska is the embodiment of classic grace, eminent poetry and magnificent mental capacity. Her shrine is wreathed in lotus and her gifts held in sway by reins of filtered gold. She is glacial in her perfection of methods and tremendously effective in great tests of cultured power, incontrovertible dramatic art and expression.

Modjeska's superb japonica, with its sensitive petals, airy grace and ingenuous sins, is a dream of exquisite modulations which emphasize the morale of the play as Dumas meant it should be emphasized, full of warning, true as the Apocalypse and painted in sinful sparkle, meant to fade like frost pictures when the tender breath of art touches it delicately.

In Modjeska's "Adrienne Lecouvreur" the same flower-like elegance of treatment restores the bloom to the stilted

phrase and sophomoric dialogue of the alarming old play, Adrienne's gentle grace and innocence are glowingly held forth through Modjeska's matchless method and her temperament combined. Even the velvety mischief Modjeska's Polish tongue does in some of the lines is rather welcome in Adrienne and Camille, for Parisian drama is a good deal like the singing of Gounod's "Faust"—it is never quite perfect in any other language than French. And so it is with these two companion dramas—a strange tongue illumines the text like a margin picture would the book.

Madame Modjeska delights in study. When Sudermann's "Magda" had the luck to steer into the harbor of Modjeska's attempt she seized it avidly and met its philosophy in full armor of her own beliefs, its dramatic beauty with the metrical balance of her intelligence and temperament. As Magda, Duse again sped along in the same channel as did Modjeska, while Bernhardt took her own invulnerable opportunity to read between the lines. When the Countess Bozenta lay ill in El Torro Madame Sarah Bernhardt came to America, and her Magda was the chief beguilement of the season. One night, under subdued lights and the influence of a tender and confiding mood enveloping the capricious divinity, of Madame Bernhardt, she talked seriously of Magda, and compassionately of Modjeska. Clasping her expressive little hands over her knees, she looked into the firelight and whispered: "Je suis desolé! Je suis desolé! pauvre Sainte Helène!" quite to herself, making a ghostly little sign of the cross with the plaint. It was quite impulsive, with nothing but the habit of religion inspiring the silent aspiration, but it was very pretty and sincere. "I admire Madame Modjeska very deeply, and do so deplore her illness from the bottom of my heart. Tell me about her Magda, will you?" said Madame Sarah, straightening herself up and guilelessly throwing herself back, ready to

listen. Bernhardt loves Magda, approves of Sudermann's play-building, and shrugs her shoulders at his ethics. She always absolutely refuses to argue over the problems in a play. She divines rather than deduces her dramatic conclusions. Modjeska admires Sudermann as the foremost poet of the modern Germans. She is a logician and sympathizes with the propoundings sociological supporting the evolution of Magda, and Modjeska preaches a sermon in her radiant impersonation. The play is a contest of obstinate wills. Each character seems fighting a volition or tenet conflicting with its own, and all the drama is a contention against the dear, old-fashioned ruling which makes the capital sin against virginity a deeper social crime for woman than for the erring man. It seems there should be no question of this saintly and salutary unwritten statute; but to-day it is the chief and most useless agitation of social theorists, and "Magda" is a kaleidoscopic flashing of miniature lectures vaguely defying and supporting that and a dozen other accepted social miracles. In fact, the complex sermons and theses, together with Sudermann's teeming fancy and figurative imagery, make the piece weighty beyond the humble drama-admirer, and suggest more of church and state than society and amusement or vigorous discourse. It is one of those ultra-admirable plays which are so close-knit that pruning means sacrifice, and retention in entirety means excess of luxuriance and anti-climax. It is a whirlwind in a wedding ring, and the invitation to look into this sacred circlet of preference and trouble is a carol and a cheat. It is sure to be the beginning or the end of a drama.

> Come, ye, look through our little golden loop;
> Here is the bond of love and joy and hope.
> The soldier's laurel, poet's bay down fling;
> Take up this tiny wreath—the wedding ring,

warbles Uxor, and to make the golden symbol produce either a comedy or a tragedy all the dramatist has to do is "say when." If the little golden loop is on hand at the clang of the bell, behold a comedy; if not, voilà "Magda!"

There are but three women of the stage to-day who could compass the possibilities of "Magda"—Modjeska, Bernhardt and Duse.

Modjeska was rather puzzled when Israel Zangwill, in a personal controversy upon the drama, completely ignored Sudermann and extolled Ibsen in periphrastic ardor. Modjeska quite upheld the delightful Hebrew in his caustic and delicious attack upon plays and critics, which serious consideration of a national joke was as much enjoyed by Modjeska as by the army of disinterested and learned believers in force and spirited wit, in grace and a certain superb dash which is illuminated and captivating, and—Zangwill's. That Zangwill is one of the starry exceptions to the dull rule of critics has been conceded long ago.

Mr. Zangwill is one of the foremost critics of the age, notwithstanding his witty estimate of those devoted to diagnosis of the drama. In "The Old Maids' Club" Zangwill describes one eligible man this way: "He had been a great wit, but he took to drink and became a dramatic critic."

Modjeska was anxious to greet Zangwill and contended that his arraignment of the writers of plays had been most conclusively just. She thinks deeply and reads voraciously everything ancient and modern which warrants her attention, and naturally the sparkle and nobility, the splendid impudence and wit, the poetic sympathy vivid in Zangwill always have appealed to the great actress in most animated sincerity.

Mr. Zangwill is not the only genius who buffets the dangerous and much-bored dramatic critic. A critic has been known to live on and on as critic through decades of torpid

monotony. A fresh supply cannot be caught for every five-seasons-and-repeat repertoire to be adjudged.

Actors are superlatively sensitive, otherwise they could not be actors. It is that rare, emotional temperament, with intuitive responsiveness, which puts genius in touch with a theme, an audience, a character, scene or sentiment. They are in sympathy with all the moods of humankind; particularly are they in profound sympathy with themselves. No actor ever likes to read harsh things about himself, his talents, plays or well-meant endeavors, much as severe criticism of rivals may soothe his exalted soul. Wholesome truth is absolutely enraging to an actor who has achieved even the most unpretentious modicum of success and a whiff of honest sarcasm will produce violent hysteria in any Thespian, from a pavilion soubrette to a classic tragedian.

With all this delicacy of feeling for self it is astounding how serenely callous all actors are regarding the humble sufferer who is detailed to judge of the quality of plays and acting, the commercial and artistic value of theatrical performances and the probable chance of a gullible public securing anything like the worth of money invested. Season after season, year after year, the genial critic is serenely forced to pass owlish judgment upon the same exsanguious wit, the same hyperion wigs, the same changeless sentences, the same tears, smiles, gags and petticoats. It never occurs to the tenderly sensitive stage votary that solemn processions of repeated art entitle even a sane reporter to the privilege of an occasional vigorous protestation.

Because the public (which goes of its own accord and is transient to a cheering degree) endures the eternal repetitions of colorless farce and vapid romance is no reason why dramatic critics should be expected to witness these performances through weary seasons and endeavor to accept the

mental outrage with decorous humility and benumbed nerves. Comedies which never could have survived a winter are coddled into a semblance of artificial life by some popular star and placed upon a footing with works of the masters whose glorious dramas are always balmy with the June of intellect and mellow with the violets of everlasting fame. Every kind of hippodrome is presented by latter-day caterers of comedy, and the critic is requested to veil a bruised experience in amiability and express rosebud delight in all this preservation of the skimmings of innocuous literature.

Mansfield helped some. He always does. He proposed to chloroform the critics, return engagements.

Before the American public there is but one woman whose splendid talents, culture, intellect and elegant accomplishments equip her for restoration of a lost art or preservation of a fading one. That gifted woman is Helena Modjeska. She is beautiful now and gracious as a mediæval queen. Her voice is velvety and rich with that warm tone-color poets and musicians call violet. Her courtliness is inspiring and her vivacity charming. She has that rare womanliness seldom coupled with keen intellectual vigor and scholarly attainments. The quaint touch of Polish snow to her English is not unpleasant, and there is no heroine of Shakespeare she would not adorn.

Her Lady Macbeth is a subtle and perfectly crystal interpretation of such gracious symmetry and intellectual force as to be unique in the procession of "Hark-I've-laid-their-daggers-ready" ladies who have led on various Shakespearean Cawdors to destruction. Her richly picturesque and poetic wife of the unhappy thane is in a measure a departure, chiefly because Modjeska sinks herself into the thought of things and the depths of characters. There is a perfect balance in her Lady Macbeth, which utters a symphony of ambition and fear

allied fiercely but under sentimental pressure. It is a wonderfully womanly and vital reading of the part, and thoroughly brilliant, of course, as everything Modjeska does must be.

Her charming impersonation of Portia is the sweetest link we have left in the chain of memories of her association with Edwin Booth. She is all gentle gayety and brightness in the character. In Shakespeare's licensed measures her accent is always more noticeable, but aside from this forgivable impediment (which is in the mechanical part of expression after all) Modjeska's Portia is delightful, and in the trial scene she reads the lines with something of a pretty, forceful mannishness.

Portia was above all things a lady of high degree, and Modjeska has that unattainable quality of inherent caste, or what the French call race.

She learned the English language through memorizing Shakespeare's "Cleopatra and Mark Antony." This gigantic task, together with a gracious intellectual digestion of the sumptuous Egypt, brought her such proper command over the strange tongue as she possesses to-day, and the perfection of her reading in Cleopatra is phenomenal, for she learned it simply "by ear," without the most remote idea what the beautiful words meant. There is, in consequence, a cadence most alluring in her rendition of the lines of Cleopatra. She played it with great success in her earliest days of climbing, and afterward in the sunset light of more than half a century of graceful charity and enormous artistic endeavor she stood in tender sweetness and gave a fruitful and in every way poetic delivery of Cleopatra. Modjeska lifts the Serpent out of heroics and into an exquisite phase of dainty and seductive womanhood, makes her a creature of gentle fascinations and, in a few instances, completely feminine and almost light. That a woman of Modjeska's magnificent force and

intellectuality sees the Nile enchantress in these ductile, irresistible moods of charm is a most bewitching obstacle to comparison. That so great and resplendent an actress finds devotion enough to warrant a costly production of the play and many captivating evidences of profound study and enthusiasm at the eventide of her career is a momentous sign of grateful loyalty. Her Cleopatra is subtle and delicate, with enough of the Oriental atmosphere to equip the queen for all the lovely and international disturbances she arranged and acquired in her brilliant history, and her robes are regal as Modjeska wears them, her jewels Egyptian and her surroundings sumptuous.

Her queenliness is of a different majesty than that perpetuating Modjeska's "Marie Stuart." Schiller's ponderous tragedy is in the very dyspepsia of gloom and literary avoirdupois, but Modjeska's queen is a triumph of veritable tragic glory. Her solemn eyes peer out of monumental environments like beacon lights to history. She is queenly and sweet in modest heroism, and gives a poetry to the Scottish story which is both beautiful and true.

One of the rarest bits of Spanish lace extant is in the possession of Modjeska. It is the lovely handkerchief she carries in the last act of "Marie Stuart." That anything so priceless should hide behind the footlights rather takes the American commercial breath away. It is purported to be the lost property of Isabella—the last and most exciting queen to bear that honored name—and in its fairy web is woven an exhaustive and sympathetic history of Columbus.

Modjeska is not a player of one adorable type of splendid heroine. She can play any sort of rôle, and some of her greatest successes have been in burlettas and light comedy. She is a capital mimic, and her sense of humor is vivacity itself.

Once in Warsaw one of her husband's most punctilious

and aristocratic relatives gave a fête champêtre for the beautiful actress, and many distinguished guests were invited from court circles and the colony of artists. Modjeska was a little early in arriving, and her daughter, who attended her, proposed that they walk over the lovely field, instead of riding to where the company was to assemble. On the way Modjeska came across a rough Polish peasant woman in the most picturesque of costumes, and suddenly turned about and asked the woman to lend her the dress for an hour. They proceeded to the woman's cottage, where Modjeska donned the coarse rig of the peasant, and then dragged her hair over her eyes, assumed the clodhopper walk of a laboring woman and smeared her face over with clay from the dusty road. Her daughter was sent back to the depot to wait for the party, and Modjeska trudged obstinately over the path leading to the castle, which she reached a few minutes after the guests arrived. Instantly she set up a howl in the veriest patois of the province, complaining that one of the gentlemen had shot the mother of her ten little pigs and she wanted redress immediately. The people crowded around the princely entertainer, who was besieged by the excited peasant, and Modjeska clung to his knees, as the Polish peasants do in begging, and poured forth a volume of denunciations upon the rich, and wailed for mother pig lustily. Bozenta stood very near, and all the guests were intimately acquainted with Madame, but not one dreamed of the masquerade. Finally Count Bozenta said in a fever of nervousness:

"For goodness sake, pay the dreadful creature something and get her away before Helena comes, or there will be no peace for the day; she will make us go pig-buying or peasant-soothing all afternoon!"

Then Modjeska laughed, and revealed herself, amid considerable consternation.

She is never wrenched from her even calm of temper, not if the most amazing annoyances assail her. She sits in her small nest of a dressing-room at the theater, rolls her own Russian cigarettes, chats, thinks and hurries girlishly in her occupations between acts. At home she is angelic, in the theater she is amiable, and everywhere she is charming.

She once had the most remarkable experience in Elgin, where the split-second alarm clocks come from. In the first place—it was many years ago—she gave "Romeo and Juliet," and at rehearsal had asked for minuet music. The local impressario was fiddling for a picnic, but was sure to be on the piano stool early in the evening, and all he wanted was information regarding the quality of harmony required and quantity. The arrangement was not invigorating but necessary, and Count Bozenta explained that it must be "something slow and dignified."

Night came, and the audience arrived, carrying huge tomes of literature, which it devoured relentlessly, reading up "the piece," and kept on improving its mind until the dance came. To Modjeska's sudden undoing of solemnity a lonely violin of ominous intent began the "something slow and dignified." It was "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

The following night she was giving a trial to a novice who had been highly recommended her by a dramatic school, and playing a version of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," in which the story was amusingly distorted out of its original symmetry. The hunchback was made a diaphanous personage who expanded into weird knobs and mounds of humps upon occasion, and the balance of the time was a straight and love-stricken youth.

The amateur studied deeply over the peculiar requirements of this most changeful hunchback, and finally hied him to a slaughter-house, where he purchased two bladders,

without acquainting anybody in the play of his profound inventions. His idea was to distend the bladders and wear them as humps upon his shoulders until the required time for disappearance of these abnormal growths, when the subtle actor had thought to stab them with a knife and suddenly appear straight and beautiful as Adonis. His humps were a trifle unsteady and bounding, but acceptable through the deformity scenes, but when he came to the moment when, without humps, he must spring before his beloved, the bladders refused to be exhausted, and he backed up against the scenes and bumped himself in white despair; finally crawling over to where Modjeska stood waiting for cues and unmaskings, the youth whispered in a frightened gasp:

"Take this knife and split the bladders on my back, quick!"

She took the knife in mechanical surprise and crept behind him, and did what he directed, with her face wreathed in hysterical smiles; the balloons exploded with a reverberating bang, and the inventive young man's back fell in like towers of a stormed castle, while the curtain fell, with Modjeska in the most astounded mood of inquiry ever put upon her.

The most beautiful, womanly creature who adorns the stage is Helena Modjeska. Her perfect purity, charity and sweet devotion to tenderest chains of home and family; her modest wearing of a mother's crown; her gentle wifeliness and brave encouragement of youth and goodness, all silently hide behind the great veil of public achievement and adulation. Her superb dramatic gifts have been bent in the highest paths of art. She has not faltered because public taste hesitated, but bravely clung to rare poesy and classic masterpieces. Her own name is Helena Modreijowska Chlapowska, the Countess Bozenta, which study in consonants she reduces to Modjeska.

BOOTH

A little chapel stands in the heart of a green, green wood. Nuns who built it call it Loretto, and there a long time ago I first saw Edwin Booth.

It is a priedieu in a wildwood; so small that two novices and an altar boy fill its velvet space for kneeling, but there is room for prayer. Through the thicket frown a convent's towers, and beyond the chapel's sacristy pitches savagely a precipice, suffocated in heavy verdure from its brow to the border of a river, and every flower, every vine and every kind of sweetness live and die there untouched and rarely looked upon. I had been ill, and permission to walk to Loretto was granted, with a suggestion that if I wore my veil and slipped into the chapel perhaps neither my liver nor deportment might be harmed thereby. It was a feast day—there were always feasts or fasts at the convent—and as I wandered idly to the wood's edge I heard faint devotional voices coming from the depths of the little house of rosaries. A pale child with golden hair tip-toed out the door, stumbling over his scarlet cassock and swinging a censer still alive, and "*ora pro nobis peccatoribus*," like a muffled bell, came out with the blue smoke of the burning incense. Then three or four nuns, with moving lips and downcast eyes, hurried through the door, then a priest. I felt whatever ceremony had held them in Loretto was over, and I wound my long lace veil over my head and slipped into the chapel. Tall candles were lighted, and the costly miniature altar hung with priceless lace arose in a veil of frankincense and myrrh from the vanished censer. In the haze of spicy perfume, the stalks of flickering light tricking

out his beautiful head with a dull halo, stood Edwin Booth. His white hands were crossed behind his back and his intense eyes were softly bent upon the Murillo Virgin over the altar, and he knew nothing of my stealing into the presence of his meditation. A white-veiled sacristan noiselessly stepped in and put out the lights on the altar, knelt, blessed herself, and folded her wings to leave, when the statue with the smoky halo bowed and whispered, "Must I go?"

To which the nun answered in a louder voice, "No, sir; the doors are never locked," and vanished.

Left in the dark with this strange apparition, who had evidently strayed in from another world, I knelt and wondered; for nobody seemed to be responsible for his presence, a most unwarranted and unruly occurrence. He still stood erect before the altar, looming high and formidable in the dim light, and I was afraid to stir, afraid to stay, and on the verge of panic, when he groped his way to the door and slowly swung around the river walk, where a group of people greeted him with querulous solicitude.

"Well, I followed some of the religieuses into a fairy cave of worship," he said absently. "They chanted prayers, then deserted me, and I had one of my quiet dream times—one I shall never forget. How long have I been lost?" and with a wonderful smile he strolled away with the visitors, and I was called back to the infirmary, having deliberately followed Loretto's intruder quite into his fold of humanity.

After thinking many hours upon his face and exquisite personality, I astounded one of the sisters who generally knew things, by asking, hysterically, whether or not the gentleman who had visited the convent was "somebody." The severity of her demeanor and her silence brought out a poignant apology from me, and then she softened and said with guarded worldliness:

"He is a player. He is to marry our Mary McVicker. His name is Booth."

Some years after Edwin Booth had married Mary McVicker he came with her to visit the convent where she had studied for a while. Murdoch, the stalwart mentor of Shakespearean delineation, was in the welcome party. At that halcyon time I was a juvenile student there, generally regarded with suspicion, and for the most part under the altogether insufficient influence of a patriarchal ball-and-chain, checkrein, odyle, and higher supposititious restraints. The one hope of my ultimate salvation was presumed to be through the medium of a reliable soprano voice which had fallen to my lot in some prodigal award of heavenly gifts. An alarming anticipation from the faculty that I was to sing occasionally for guests hung over my head in Damoclesian swordliness. I was summoned upon this occasion, and chose the most grewsome of recitatives and a prayer or something untranslatable in music. After I had finished, Mr. Booth, who seemed to stand it pretty well considering the character of the ordeal, came near to me, touched my head gently, and said: "That is very nice, but you should sing ballads and love songs." A shocking prophecy, which was accepted as final assurance that I would follow in the steps of the proverbial crowing hen. Of course, in the interest of the young ideas with an azymous aspiration to shoot, Mr. Booth was implored to "recite" for the pupils, read, or, in fact, do any of the marvels credited him.

Of course, Mr. Booth did nothing of the kind. He looked infinitely distressed, and I am sure wanted to accede to the urgent requests; but the task was so far beyond him that a downright refusal was the only logical way out of the dilemma. Turning to Murdoch, he said, almost pleadingly: "Will you? You know I would if by any sort of bracing I could, but it would strangle me with stage-fright to speak aloud so near a

sea of children's faces." He was that day the most perfect example of manly beauty imaginable. Tall, graceful, elegant in attire, with the glory of triumphant genius in his face and bearing. His eyes I never have seen quite duplicated. They were inexpressibly beautiful, full of silent music and tender, varying lights. His mouth, a curved and scarlet hint of sympathy; his hand, the nervous evidence of mental height and strength, and about him that pathetic radiance which attaches to romance and genius in a manner almost spiritistic. His face cast in so faultless a mold that art searches aimlessly for just such lineaments; his hair, black as stormy darkness, hung in heavy, damp waves about a forehead magnificent as sculptored Jove's. He looked a man selected by divine appointment for something grander than achievements with the mass of men.

Upon Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, '79, I was the excited recipient of permission and tickets to witness Edwin Booth in his illustration of "Richard II." It was too wonderful and unreal to believe, and darkened by so vital a shock that scarcely a vestige of the impression his great acting must have made upon me lies within the memory of that delicious and dreadful night. During the long "Jack o' the clock" speech a lunatic named Mark Gray shot at Mr. Booth, and missed him only because through one of those brain waves of intuition the actor saw the madman lift his pistol and instinctively drew out of the line of aim. The bullet whizzed by close to Booth's head and buried itself in some of the pine supports of the scenery, the audience having risen as one being in smothered exclamation while Mr. Booth stepped to the footlights bordering his Pomfret castle prison, lifted his hand steadily and pointed out the trembling assassin, who was about to fire another shot. The demented creature was arrested, and the coincidence of the day in celebration, the

courage and profound sensitiveness and escaped danger of the great actor combined to make it a thing of fearful import. It was a seven-days' scare for the world, and during all the sensation the nobleman assaulted with intent to kill never lifted his cowl of seclusion except to deliver the crazy man from all blame, but locked himself away from the lamentations of his intimates and the hero-worship of the mob.

It was a good many years before I saw Mr. Booth again. I had learned to sing love songs and forgotten much more than I had learned. Mr. Field of the Boston Museum introduced me to Booth, and he remembered the school experience, and told me with some tremors of recollection, that he dreaded a visit to colleges of any sort out of fear that he might in a moment of charitable indecision consent to at least try a recitation. He confessed to the almost incredible belief that his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth and head whirl at the thought of an ordinary after-dinner speech, although he had been immensely successful at that sort of thing once or twice. He had come behind the scenes that night expressly to shake hands with Marie Williams, who was playing The Bad Man in "Babes in the Woods." He did it simply as a boy. He did not know Marie Williams at all, but thought her performance of the part so ideal an example of burlesque that he asked to be permitted to tell of his pleasure in the trifle. Poor blue-eyed Williams was struck dumb with the compliment which was given, as the humblest stranger to higher art than hers might have offered the same modest thanks.

I spoke of the madman incident, too, and he smiled retrospectively, and told how he had the bullet preserved and inscribed "To Edwin Booth, from Mark Gray." Then he said, without his beautiful smile:

"We won't remember that. Let's talk of the convent."

Elizabeth Thoman Saunders, who is the oldest American actress living, had the most delightful acquaintance with Edwin Booth, who admired herself and her acting most fervently. She had one of those felicitous natures which instantly recommended her as a brilliant comédienne, and Mr. Booth thought Elizabeth Saunders was the only actress whose beauty was of a type which aided in suggesting comedy, for her very entrance upon the stage was a signal for a ripple of laughter, although she was most successful in lofty rôles of romance and tragedy. This happiness was a characteristic of her personality, and is to-day, for she has the keenest sense of humor, the liveliest wit, and infectious good nature.

She has the tenderest, most grateful recollections of Edwin Booth, and affectionate regard for his great silenced genius. One day when Mr. Booth was visiting her she brought out her autograph album and begged him to inscribe therein something charming for her treasury. He devoted some quiet minutes to writing at her desk, and begged her not to read it until he was gone. After his departure she opened the album, and beside a dainty quotation, to which was appended her honored comrade's name, was a check for one thousand dollars. This Mrs. Saunders has placed at interest and keeps for the purpose of buying a lot in Mount Auburn cemetery in Boston, where forty years ago she buried her two children. Her cousin, Joseph Jefferson, allows her a generous stipend, from which are supplied her small wants, but she thinks more of the beautifully unpretentious gift from Booth, as she never saw him after that, and she had watched him since he was a shy young man trying against long odds to achieve a footing as an actor. When Edwin Booth played Tressle in his father's famous production of "Richard III" Mrs. Saunders was the Lady Anne.

For years with Booth and Barrett, Fechter, Sullivan, and

the great foreign stars, she was an authority, and whenever a question of exact elocution or traditional business came up for discussion, Booth, who had more genius than learning, more poetry than dry information about art, would refer to Mrs. Saunders or to John Malone, one of the most brilliant Shakespearian authorities in America. Should he write a text-book for Shakespearean production he would revive a lost art, for he is indisputable in matters pertaining to reading the verse, business traditional and admissible, and even the costuming and scenic investiture. Mr. Malone is an old man, with much of the power of expression quite beyond his compass, but the perfect student, the reverenced knowledge of what should be done with classic verse is always in every melodiously tempered line, every correct pause in his reading. Scholarly declamation of the oldest, finest method is there, and the truth to rhythm and accent which the funny young men of the period who do not know how to recite, who have no tutors in oratory higher than stump speech-makers and society asservations, try in vain to reach by the aid of their own nervy inventions. Not many actors can declaim these days, and Shakespeare's divine flights demand declamation. John Malone is one of the preservers of the poet's best intentions, being as well a very learned gentleman in belles lettres and fine arts, devoted to painting and sculpture, government and architecture. He is perhaps one of the most interesting men left of the ancient and honorable guard to grander and deeper dramatic art, and it is always something of a revival to have him spouting away in the true Shakespearean hardihood in "Macbeth" and "As You Like It," and the rest of the plays. When I sit under the shadow of the brown and seared knowledge of old-time actors I am always impressed with their tempest-tossed condition in the whirl of new-fangled nonsense and the distorted taste of publics. They are so ill at ease

Edwin Booth

under the glare of willful ignorance, and things have changed so since Shakespeare has been put upon the highest dusty shelf to yellow undisturbed. They are like pine trees made into the masts of ships. Sent adrift and homeless, they like

> "The pines are solemn souls, now brooding o'er
> Their reverend past; now filled with bodeful dreams
> Of their dim future, with its sorry change
> From long-while sequestration (peering up
> Into a sky of peace and rooted fast
> In mother earth) to restless voyaging,
> To dumb unease above the shifting sea,
> As masts that men have fashioned; to a fate
> That bids them wander, ne'er to find a home!"

Edwin Booth slowly burned away his life in the right niche of the years. He would stand lonesomely against the wall of modernity raised to shut out end-of-the-century knowledge of classic drama. He lived his best hours in the best days, surrounded by the best actors of his own class. Stuart Robson was a constant delight to the poetic tragedian with his glooms and sympathetic specters, his calm indisposition to contact with swimming, breezy life and its wilder enjoyments. Robson was probably gentle and restful in his humors, and amused Booth lightly and airily, so the comedian was rather a companionable ray of sunshine in the grave life of the great tragedian. One evening, curled up jocosely in his clownish tri-colors and peaked cap of Dromio, Robson soberly and affectionately talked of Edwin Booth.

"He was such a peaceful, simple soul, it was rather a fearful thing to subject him to the knowledgeous old chaps who used to act with the elder Booth and took the liberty of contradicting the son with pompous malice. He was humble and unconscious of liberties taken when his sacred dignity was profaned in this way, and over at the Players' Club, where a fine crowd of lofty gentlemen used to congregate, many's the

time Booth was flouted out of his modestly unclaimed position as dictator and emperor of them all. Every actor with character wrinkles upon his experienced visage had delightful stories to tell of Edwin's father, and quietly Edwin would disclaim any truth for any of them, but instantly an argument was raised he beautifully submitted to the first man to gainsay his statement.

"You know the old story about the elder Booth thrusting a sword through a Macduff, or something," continued Robson, his sincerely bright eyes glowing finely through the grotesque lines painted upon his Dromio face. "Well, Booth told me there was not one word of truth in the matter, not even a fragment upon which to build a fiction, and yet I heard an old gentleman scout Edwin for his quiet pains of good-naturedly contradicting it, and heard the aged actor assert vigorously that he was at the old Walnut Street theater when it happened. It has been assigned to every old theater in America, you know, but it really never occurred."

One time the Booth costumes did not arrive somewhere in Connecticut, and because of the illness of some other actor, Frederick Ross happened to have been cast for the ghost in "Hamlet," and on he went, clad in a check suit, with a polka-dot tie of strange hues. He was helpless, and spoke the lines in an aggrieved hysteria, his hands dug deep in the pockets of his unghostly trousers and his brow furrowed in smothered laughs. But before him arose Edwin Booth, his beautiful eyes aflame and his voice a stream of liquid music, and, beholding Mr. Booth entirely unconscious of the absence of Hamlet's customary suit of solemn black, with complete grasp of the uncanny atmosphere and absorbed in the exquisite interpretation of the princely young mourner, Ross was transformed instantly, forgot his check suit and his pockets and fled into the sepulchral ether of the ghost, led there by

Mr. Booth's splendor of temperament and absolute embodiment of character. It was the spirit of Hamlet abroad, and the least a gentlemanly ghost in plaids and polka dots could do was to behave approximately as a graveyard exhumation should upon so special an occasion.

Booth had a rabid hallucination about supernumeraries. He abhorred them (and anybody who can remember the average Booth super can well share the memory of his distress). Nobody could have been gentler, kindlier or more indulgent to his comrades than Edwin Booth. He was melancholy and always touched with a shadow of fateful gloom, but he was companionable at all times, and would tell brisk, witty, little stories in the wings, and never shrouded himself in the dread mantle of art-absorption after he left the scene. His transits from the commonplace humors of social relief into the highest outbursts of tragedy were occasionally instantaneous. But a super turned his gentle soul to dynamite; they offended his every instinct so unpardonably that usually an aside would quake in the ears of a captain of that crooked and swaying string of servitors and an order to "go away forever" ring in a whisper along the super line. More than once in this one-night-town humor Mr. Booth would in the midst of a scene rid himself of a drabbled set of soldiers in a war piece and say to some one actor on the stage, "Be my army, and let me forget them."

Still his temper was naturally so sweet and humane that one night when in the most magnificent instant of Richard a super fell in a writhing, squirming attack, which set the country audience laughing, Mr. Booth said quietly after the fall of the curtain amid shouts of misguided laughs, "What was the matter, captain?"

The trembling captain owned reluctantly that one of his twenty-five-cent men had been seized in a fit.

"Please pay thirty cents next time, and employ one whose fits may not interfere with Richard. Richard is unendurable enough without the addition of rented fits."

Mr. Booth's detestation of "Richard III" was frank and incurable. He liked Richard even less than Macbeth, and either one reduced the famous actor to nervous prostration, as near as so lovable a man could indulge in capricious ailments. Everybody, even the irritable hired actor of a night, felt drawn toward the beloved lodestone of genius Booth. He had no enemy and many affectionate pals who called him "Ted" and adored him fraternally. His magnetism was something unavoidable, irresistible, and his personal beauty the most enchanting, poetic manliness.

I remember sitting opposite him once at a very celebrated performance of "Julius Cæsar," and one which I wanted to watch strictly, but I saw it only in reflections upon the sensitive profile of Edwin Booth, for he was animated and intensely interested, and I could not take my eyes away from his face long enough to appreciate the play from my own standpoint—not because the being was Edwin Booth particularly, because had he been a plowboy with so divine a countenance I certainly should have watched him.

Once in "Macbeth" a young man playing Seyton, who in the banquet scene is always stationed near the thane's throne chair, found himself in a most embarrassing position, having been drawn there by Mr. Booth's remarkable, unconscious hypnotic power. Macbeth started toward the phantom-filled chair of Banquo, speaking the fantastic lines in a spiritual abandon and warding off the shade of the murdered Banquo, he fought his way close to the footlights. When he turned with:

"Why, so; being gone,
I am a man again,—"

to his utter amazement he found his Seyton with him on an even line in the center of the stage, nor did the torrent of applause poured in upon Booth's completing utterances rouse the fascinated youth from his enchantment. He had been simply carried there by force of the magnetic current the great actor spread about him, for he concentrated emotions and sentiments, intelligences and volition when in his tempests of poetic expression. Heigho! There is no other Edwin Booth. There are men of glitter, and wiser men, and noisier men, and deeper men, but no Booth.

Over a warm glass on a cold night, when the wind howled and strange confidences became something more than idle gossip, Garry Davidson would divulge some of the romantic treasures in his memory of Booth.

Garry, a man who began his connection with the stage as basket boy at Booth's theater, and who secretes honorably the most romantic, pathetic stories of his adored master and teacher. Davidson's recollections of Edwin Booth are the most familiar and intimate of any ever uttered. Particularly did Garry, knowing of the delicate sensitiveness of the poetic tragedian, his fright at undue publicity and touch of the world, shrink from the unearthing of the few secrets Edwin Booth's brave, beautiful life held entombed. Many things Garry knew he never spoke about, because of the respect for this morbid shyness of his famous benefactor; but the humble server of the great actor was trustfully admitted into the most melodramatic, exquisitely touching episodes of the life-aloof led by the noblest of American actors.

Mr. Booth was so stormily absorbed in a heroic sensitiveness upon the subject of his picturesque brother Wilkes's assassination of Abraham Lincoln that Wilkes's beloved name was never mentioned to his wounded relative. His pictures were all taken away from their favorite corners and walls,

trinkets and gifts from him were hastily hidden, and a constant brooding over the calamity settled upon Edwin, a ceaseless melancholy, most pitiful in its loneliness and passionate abandon. One night Mr. Booth asked Garry to see that the furnaces of the monumental Booth theater were fired up anew, along toward midnight, and that Garry alone should attend to the huge caldrons of fire, dismissing the guard, the stokers and the firemen from their accustomed night watch. At midnight Mr. Booth ordered Garry to help carry a heavy trunk from Mr. Booth's private room to the blazing cave of ovens, Booth lending a tender hand to the lifting of the great load. Garry asked no questions, but silently obeyed orders; and when the glare from the furnace struck the trunk, upon the end grew the worn letters, "J. W. B."

White as a statue, the haunted and adoring brother unlocked the shot man's iron-bound chest and told Garry to stand apart and not to touch an article within. Garry stood in the black shadows and watched the tender sufferer with firm, white hands and tragic eyes take each garment of John Wilkes, piece by piece, and reverently put it upon the flaming coals, and watch it burn to a flame of scarlet-white. It must have been a sight bursting with symbol and mystery, triste as the Gethsemane night and awesome in its tragedy. The perfect face of Edwin Booth, white with true suffering and the outpour of a broken heart, his racked soul torn in silence, and the great mood of sacrifice upon him, standing before that midnight volcano, flinging into the furnace everything belonging to the misguided regicide, who lay in an unmarked grave! When he came to the little dagger Macready had given to Junius Brutus Booth, who had in turn given it to Wilkes, Mr. Booth stood holding it and turning it over in his beautiful hand, big sobs rising between the roars of the mighty fire and tears raining over his marble countenance. First he put the

little jeweled toy in a pocket next his heart, but after the last remnant of clothing, the last trinket and locket, last picture, ribbon and buckle of John Wilkes Booth's possessions were in cinders, Mr. Booth walked close up to the fire and threw the dagger into the core of it, then took an ax, split the trunk into kindling, and burned every splinter of the chest in silence, in reverence, with the unconscious dramatic splendor of martyrdom.

One June, when the clouds were heavy with lightnings, word sped from his cloister that Edwin Booth was sinking into his last sleep on earth.

Air freighted with the ebbing pulses of Edwin Booth lay heavy on the nation's heart. No man as lovable and brilliant ever asked of earth so little and leased from heaven so many gifts to beguile a favored century. After a life surfeited with proffered adulation, flattery and exuberant applause, his gentle courtship of obscurity was most touching and pointedly indicative of the simple beauty in his character, the unshadowed purity of his nature. His silent fading from a violet sky left no blot of sudden agony, but knit a silvered pall of recollection impervious to tears. The dreaded last was no battle of shining planet snatched from the arc of Fame, but the tender good-by of a smiling morning star slowly veiling its glory in the roseate mists of dawn awaited.

Divinely endowed, exquisitely attuned to poetry and the grace of art, Booth is the only famous man America can lend to the group of ideal sentimentalists including Shelley, Mendelssohn and Raphael. Reaching beyond the years allotted this seraph trio, he touched the same sphere of endeavor and quality of achievement, and by a fatal blight of destiny breathed the same atmosphere of pathetic sensitiveness, unspoken suffering, and tragic disappointments. His youth was tamed by the indifference of a father worshiped and

feared; his first ambitions colored with timidity and embarrassment. Through all his nobler years the torturing cry of "Sic semper tyrannis" in a beloved voice haunted his shrinking soul, and Mary Devlin's funeral knell tolled forever in the empty chalice of his heart. With all Booth's matchless talent, his strange personal beauty and winning magnetism, scarcely one of his dearest wishes ever blossomed into life's voluntary perfection. Submission to this wayward kismet always smoldered in the unfathomable depths of his wonderful eyes, lurked in the pale sweetness of his classic face, and enveloped him in the perfume of a poetic melancholy.

Still, above it all swept the majestic spirit of fine, high mentality, splendid health, amiability, and appreciation of companionship. Given to all moods, he rarely afflicted any other than himself with suffering tempers. He never stepped from out the dignity of genius, but enjoyed brightness, all wit and dashing humor, a good play, and a happy actor. He read less and knew more than half the savants. The idle inference that study and great mental stress accomplished his early collapse is a fanciful threnody at variance with any custom of the great tragedian. Booth never studied—not in the delving, grinding, wearing way to which lesser brains are bound. He seized upon a character, its whole significance and delicate possibilities. The intuitive grasp of a poet's intention included the imprisonment of the character-creation in the actor's memory. Booth's study was rather an amusement and invigorating exercise for gifts which in full swing held an audience spell-bound. He was the most dreamy, unsatisfactory, colorless "rehearser" I ever saw. He would not rehearse at all until absolutely forced to, and then watched every word and movement of the actors in his scenes, correcting mildly, changing and directing. When his cues arrived there was a mumbled, rambling pretense of response,

lighting up to reality in flashes laden with promise. But at night! A great splendor of soul illumined his every grace and expression. He stepped out of the dross of imitation into the sacred light of genius, away from tradition into the rare, untrodden pastures of inspiration and imperious magnetism. His beautiful face lit up with angel fires, his voice caught melodies from every color of emotion; and the wondrous harmony in his graceful art, his endearing nature, and pliant talent exalted Booth into the most poetic actor America had ever produced.

He was a man of the most unassuming, modest ambitions socially. A man of treasured silence and words sweetened by rarity. With deepest regard for women, though with profound innocence of them in the abstract, he was a monogamist in every preferred sense of the term. Not out of set opinion, but simple disposition. He had no various loves, and there never lived a man so beset with enamored sirens. They wrote to him, besieged him with surprising risks, and showered him with costly gifts, but he was scarcely even amused by these frenzied idolatresses. He liked the companionship of pretty, sparkling women for the briefest possible time and at long intervals. In later years of retirement and sadness the one lady who seemed to soothe and console him was strangely chosen, perhaps, and most unhappily at variance with his kindest friends, and so the evening of a life untainted takes on its shadows in serene loneliness and purity unquestioned.

There is no other man in the history of this country whose life was so kindled with public favor and private adoration and yet unsullied by a thought of vanity or longing for approval. His crown sought him out, not he the crown. As a matter of fact, Booth was not over and above ambitious; he was slow, easy, given to despondency and quick to feel a wound. His pride as often as his sensitive soul was hurt

irredeemably. The failure of his superb theater and its exalted aims dispirited him and embittered his interest in the stage. I saw him one night sitting in a small theater where he had strolled in to spend a summer evening, and the miniature stage was set in such incongruous scenery that he asked the reason. They told him that it was one of the old auctioned scenes from his own theater, cut down to fit the stage. He recognized it, smiled a little sadly, and leaned his head upon his hand the entire time he stayed there.

The last time I saw Edwin Booth he stood with his magnificent head bared at the grave of an actor friend. The heavy, midnight hair was white as moonlight; his eyes shone out like gleaming jets of grief; his graceful figure, stooped and trembling, told of years the man had never spent. He was less than fifty odd, but the transcendent beauty in his presence at the grave was that of age and spiritual completeness, earthly tolerance, and heavenly anticipation. Leashed to the clouds by chains of sympathetic gentleness, Booth will rest the sweeter for better acquaintance with the rapture of the golden stars than with the plenteous profligacy of a country's adoration.

"Injurious Time * * * with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up he knows not how;
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu
And scants us with a single famished kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears!"

—*Shakespeare.*

TERRY

Ellen Terry is the beloved lady of London. Her name is the sweetest fashion and her glory is unattached to achievement or promise. She is simply, tenderly admired by every class and condition of citizen, and glitters as preciously in the evening glow of her career as ever she did in the buoyant springtime of her more boisterous endeavors. Her heart is the right weight always, and her brilliant talent, her indestructible charm and unique personality are things to be sung so long as she cares to kiss her strong white fingers to two nations of worshipers. She knows no such experience as coming or going of years, no such rude denial of sweets as a tempering of applause, and she in a supreme and graciously intimate way slips into history while she skillfully makes more of it, and her wiles are dainty and adorable and her beauty is of that unanswerable question of the intangible; where it is, and what or why, nobody knows and everybody cares. No beauty, no genius, can take her place, and her most delicious triumphs are in close leash with the passing hour.

Her life is made up of consolations and simple pleasures. Her children order her about and dictate affectionately, and her associates are the most wonderful, beautiful and brilliant in the world. She never comes in contact with mediocrity, though if she should it would catch a beam from her kindly eyes and a pressure of her helping, virile hand. She is all tender charity and pretty social arts; her like shall not soon come out of England.

Miss Terry is the only wearer of that poetic garb of gayety

best expressed by the forgotten and assaulted adjective blithesome. Her exuberance of spirit is infectious and her vivacity dazzling. She has that rare vintage of youth which mellows, not fades; exults in years, not shrinks at their approach, and thrives on effervescence of its own plenteous vitality. She is tall, svelte, and supple as a tigress. Her blonde hair is fluffy and fine, with that spring-like, sunless light that lies in babies' curls. Her eyes are turquoise stars and change a darker blue to brighten or to glow. The Terry eyebrows are celebrated, and so definite a factor of her fascinating personality that they seem to hold the secret of her manifold attractions.

Her life work has been indissolubly allied with that of Henry Irving, and each loyally appreciates the gifts of the other. Henry Irving and Ellen Terry are both so vigorously indicative, so candid and affable, so replete with inherent simplicity and sympathetic harmonies of temperament that even their composite qualities are as mentally tenable as sharp gravures.

Both are charmingly unusual without any of the obtrusive attributes of eccentric genius. They seem perfectly attainable, either personally or spiritually, and pictures that compass the wonderful magnetic force smoldering in Irving's splendid face and the soulful grace and brilliancy which radiate from Terry are many and admirable. Possibly the same artist could not paint both. Whistler, in one of his most shadowy moods of gold, might catch the fleeting exquisite delicacy of Miss Terry, but I cannot imagine the same jeweled dreamer sketching Mr. Irving successfully. Bonnat, perhaps, or Gervex, some master who would not stray the reflection of a sigh from his intense subject nor treat himself to a single variation from the imposing naturalness of the Irving characteristics.

In a brief but memorable trip on a car reserved for Mr.

Irving, Miss Terry burst in upon us, with her voice crisp as wintergreen berries, declaring that she was very well indeed, and instantly correcting herself to say she was never so sick in her life. Immediately she divined that the men wanted to smoke, and we retired to a baggage-heaped corner of the vestibule, where there were no chairs, opened the door, and ate biscuits and talked. She was dressed in a chic boucle frock, gray, with straps of velvet, and a long Cossack coat, loose from the throat, showing a pin-striped surplice blouse of soft India silk. Her hat was rather a compromising affair, tilted over her pretty eyes. It was all black and the close-meshed veil hiding her hair and chin wound about the hat and tied in a saucy knot at the back. She persists in talking about her son, who "has been naughty and married a very beautiful and adorable girl." It seemed absurd that this breezy creature sitting on the dusty floor of the car, with her long, white hands fluttering about gracefully, could have a marriageable family. In proof, she called a naïve, dark-eyed girl from the compartment and introduced her as "my daughter." The daughter is roguish and seductive as Miss Terry, but in a style so vastly opposed to every color and turn of her handsome mother that there is not the faintest trace of resemblance in the two. "She is a dear child, if only she wouldn't snap-shot me in the most inexcusable attitudes and under the most alarming conditions," said Miss Terry, with an injured glance from her throne on the carpet to her girl's pretty face. "She has the most outrageous collection of kodak pictures, which she has taken of me exactly when I would least care to be perpetuated. I dream some nights that she is going to make me buy them, and I wake up in an imaginary financial panic."

In curdling interrogation Miss Terry wondered if America would like "Rosamund." "It is the most beautiful poem written. It is so soothing, so elegant and gracious." Then in a

contemplative waft of temper the divine Ellen mused: "To think of America taking so kindly to the dear old merchant." Upon stealthy inquiry I found out the "dear old merchant" was not a dealer in goods, puts, calls, or options, but the disagreeable gaberdine party who wanted a rib roast from Antonio. It seems that report of an astonishing advance sale for "The Merchant of Venice" had reached the Irving car and comforted the sustainers of Shakespearean comedy.

Miss Terry has the frankest and most fearless aptitude for mimic, which she uses with search-light effect upon the eccentricities and failings of her confrères and imitators. She is imbued with a mischievous, laugh-winged spirit immensely enjoyable. She has intense sympathy for striving hopefuls who just stop short of their own high aims, for struggling talent and tempted beauty. She is too intent upon the sweets of exalted success to think of dropping out of the players' ranks a year or month, but she has a wild longing to rest just for a little while, to breathe quiet air and read and sleep and listen. She has an ideal castle at Winchelsea, the dream of her life realized, but she rarely stops there except at hurried intervals. She studies, acts, travels, rehearses, designs, revels in applause, and then wants to go home, a desire she will not humor immediately, but hopes to gratify within the decade.

Miss Terry likes young Americans, the boys and girls and débutantes. "Do you know that a medium between English and American youth would be almost as perfect as charming humanity might dare hope to be?" said she, in a bright, flattering way, adding: "The invoice of American girls to England has made such a difference in the English girls. You know the bread-and-butter miss of England is tremendously trying, but the Americans have lots of style, aplomb and all that, contagious to an encouraging degree."

Miss Terry has a tremendous following among the impressionable misses of England. Clubs are named for her, virginal poems addressed to her, embroideries and pictures wrought for her, and every tithe of girlish affection is very dear to the Lady Ellen. Her own daughter, Ailsa Craig, is a demure and infinitely imperious maid, who mischievously scorns her beloved mamma's lightness of heart and general indifference to mundane trifles. Miss Craig is serious and busy with the most candid preferences for everyday occupations and considerable solemnities. Miss Terry is all froth and sweet contempt for social depths or gravities, and Miss Ailsa looks upon her lovely, ageless mother as a hopeless combination of indirectness and frivols.

Miss Terry said to me one day, when her daughter had drifted in with a blow of roses upon her and a rebuke in her eyes because her mamma had forgotten to go have her frock fitted, and the tailor had telegraphed:

"Wouldn't it be a fearful thing if some dear comfortless young gentleman should coax Edy to marry him? She would take collar buttons as seriously as twins, and the blessed man would die of fright at her consuming arguments over laundry bills and dotted veils. Really, two or three benighted youths have come to me praying to be allowed to pay attentions to Ailsa, but I have warned them of the fearful fate waiting anybody bold enough to ask her. She won't have any of them—that's the only consolation. She never really laughs heartily at anything but beaux. I have given her up, just as she has me."

The most beautiful companionship exists between Miss Terry and her interesting children. They are intimates, and as sympathetic as chameleons. Mr. Gordon Craig, her delightful son, made the animated picture repeated herewith, a likeness of his mother's brilliant self rather than a surface

drawing, and as full of meaning as his mother's incomparable countenance. Sir Henry's picture, too, is the work of this agreeable and gifted young gentleman, who is editor of "The Page," a charming magazine, attractive to artists and students, to fashionables and everybody in the wave of London light.

Miss Terry is herself so in touch with youth, and so sympathetic, that girls and boys hover about her. At a party one evening it was observable that men sat apart and looked at Miss Terry, who devoted herself abstemiously to clusters of young and adoring girls, who glowed and thrilled and trembled delightedly as the great actress would wind her long arms about two or three of them and tuck a fourth somewhere under her caressing hand, and chatter beautifully to a locked quartette of them standing opposite in the same state of flattered submission.

Ellen Terry is the picture woman of the century. All the impressionists have been thinking her and painting something ineffably tender and a trifle absent-minded — that's Terry. She has four adorably feminine characteristics inseparable from her every heroine; she looks unutterable nothings with a dreamy intensity, always brushes away imaginary tears, sweeps imaginary locks of soft blonde hair from out her eyes, and has a bewitching stumble, aided by such length of gown as cannot be managed through any other than a fascinating trip which keeps the mind masculine busy guessing. She is a most beguiling creature, candid, graceful and sympathetic as a child, and as queenly as a daughter of a race of kings, with no acknowledgment of her years in her pale, cameo face.

She has a sudden, rather impromptu, fashion of thrusting her long hands into the air, as if she were catching moths, but that is another one of her many charming peculiarities, making her personality unapproachable and original.

It was a pretty journey we had that morning over the hills and far away, and when we were happiest, of a sudden Mr. Irving joined us; wished America might see Coquelin as Falstaff, as it was one of the greatest characters of the celebrated Frenchman. Then Mr. Irving shrouded himself in a dingy brown ulster, very loose, long and commodious; furled a broad soft hat over his magnificent head, like an unlit halo, and smiled, said pretty things, and disappeared in the wake of depot passengers. Miss Terry wrestled with a bunch of American beauty roses, stabbed her fingers, picked up her hoopless petticoats, and in another minute had been swallowed by a waiting carriage.

Ellen Terry abhors Ibsen. She says the Norwegian's dramas are preposterously unreal, untrue and unseemly. Of course; but it is so unlike Miss Terry to thwart the designs of a deep and dreamy materialist like Ibsen, who weaves corsets and cadences, daggers and doughnuts into such entrancing wreaths of life and love. Else we had been Ibsenized long ago; now Ibsen clubs, sessions and seances teach us the way to true happiness without the aid of a hand-book of table etiquette, a Christian science doctor, a convenient kerosene lamp or poker deck. Ibsen has caused a large, expressive slump in the perforated card-board motto market, and has turned the orbs of the worldly inward and upward till the social system goddess is cross-eyed keeping track of things, but he missed the Lady Terry.

One Saturday in March Miss Terry celebrated her birthday, and she sent me a spirited letter telling of it.

"It amazes me to find I'm only forty-eight, for I feel a century!" did she write. "But that's after a matinée (which I detest), and to-morrow morning, mayhap, if the sun shines and the air bites shrewdly, I will 'pretend' to be only thirty-eight. Should you be passing the theater in the morning,

I'm always there between eleven and twelve. We are rehearsing a little new play by Henry Irving's son. It is very remarkable, and I would like you to like it as much as I do. I'll love to tell you about it, if you'll come."

"Where would you rather sit?" gayly queried Miss Terry in a radiant way, as in response to her bidding we groped together hand in hand behind the scratchy Columbia scenes. "Now choose before my cue comes; here is a throne chair full of goblets, and here is a stack of Paris green grass plots—which, which, which, quick!" And as I perched myself high on the rolled-up stage sod and scoffed King Arthur's throne Miss Terry whispered mysteriously:

"Don't mind this very sad-eyed young gentleman here, with the dislocated castanets in his hands; he is the leader of the lepers, you know, in 'Godefroi and Yolande,' the play we are rehearsing this morning. He has nothing to do but wander about and stumble over things in the stage dark while he moans 'Unclean! unclean!' But the duty has quite got on his nerves, and after rehearsal every day he goes home, plunges into a bath and looks for white spots; otherwise he is harmless.

"I am so excited over the new little play. You know it is written by young Laurence Irving, Henry Irving's younger son, and he is so immensely clever, so brainy, and the loveliest boy in all England. I wanted the play to be produced originally in Chicago because the city is youthful, broad of mind and liberal in ethics; it sees the spiritual force of things quicker than the material towns, musty with set views and traditional theories." With a girlish bound from the corner of the grass-plot roll she broke off in the midst of her Chicago eulogy to duck under a canopy carried by four pretty girls. In a moment she was walking down a winding stair with her head exalted to a height quite beyond Chicago.

Miss Terry during this especial rehearsal has much to say, tumults of ideas in nebulæ, which she submits vigorously and acutely to Mr. Irving, the actors and assistants various, all in a high, clear, excited soprano, full of vibrations and spur. There is everything to consider at once. Flowers for the pedestal to make it picturesque, and decidedly no flowers for the pedestal because her dress will catch in the horticulture, a fall among cushions for despair and by all means no fall among cushions, because of something more necessary than despair, and so through the play trial. After the rehearsal was over she came to me with a shine upon her lovely face and proposed the air in prairie quantities, no matter what the quality, and we slipped into an open carriage and chased our spring, limping spring, with chilblains, as far as the horses would go.

To hear Ellen Terry chatter brilliantly, candidly, and in all-changing moods is to listen to scherzos and nocturnes played by Paderewski. She is so untiring, so vivacious and joyously argumentative; she is so learned and true and sympathetic that her wisdom and wit are no more enchanting than are her womanliness and her dashing philosophies.

Her daughter, a tall, dark, correct young woman in a trance over embroidery of some sort, came as far as the carriage with us, then abruptly wandered away to shop.

"Isn't it delightful to have a charming daughter—aside from the mother-fondness, I mean?"

"Oh, it would be if she would marry. It is so absurd for a woman not to marry. I hate all girls who have a single idea in their heads, except who, when, and what they shall marry, until it is done for, don't you?"

"Woman is created to bear," propounded Miss Terry, "not only children, but woes, annoyances, gentlemen and fashions, don't you know. In America they are the happiest

lot on earth. American men are such darling husbands and American boys such trumps of lovers. I have had more shadow than sunshine in my busy life, but, you see, I am at peace with my Maker, for I have fulfilled the mission for which He put me here. I am married and a mother, and I try to be the most exemplary matron."

Miss Terry was dressed in a tailor-made dress of dark blue and her blonde hair in a yellow blow about her face looked to be ocean spray under the pale light of a misplaced Indian summer sun. Her cheeks were ruddy, and her eyes bright, and she wanted to ride on farther, though the wind was cutting and damp.

"You see, I am so interested in Laurence Irving's play. Mrs. Craigie—John Oliver Hobbes, you know—said to me after she had read it: 'Why, this is not the work of a neophyte; it is nothing for which to apologize or look upon as an effort in embryo. It is a work of art, and young Irving might as well be eighty as twenty for all he has to learn in play-making.'

"I thought Chicago was wicked enough to profit and good enough to see the lesson under the surface of leprosy, for there is moral disease as well as physical symbolized in 'Godefroi and Yolande.' I wanted the play to be called 'Love Is Enough,' like the William Morris poem, you know, but somehow he wanted the attachment of the old legend. See, I have 'Love Is Enough' embroidered upon my handbag here and chiseled in my heart—it is such a solacing motto. It's rather choppy here, isn't it?" said the divine Ellen, suddenly, as she lurched over to the lee side of the brougham. I thought she meant love or something soulful, and agreed that it was choppy most the time in this climate. Ellen meant the boulevard, but that did not interfere with the conversation, which always swims along unrelentingly with Miss Terry.

"I want to give you my book of 'Yolande.' Don't mind the scribblings about the margins; they are unutterably foolish. See, there, I have put at the name of the old blind woman, 'I would play this part well.' Now, doesn't that sound the essence of conceit? Well, if art is the study of a lifetime and then one knows not whether one can play this or that or another part best, where is the glory of it?

"It is my religion; if the stage were polluted, as the narrow fossils think, I could not believe in anything. I rant and rage at mortals who see all the bad of life upon the stage and none of the pure devotion, the sacrifices, the pathetic fidelity and goodness among actors. We are frail, to be sure, and tempted beyond all creatures. We are emotional—that is a portion of the talent we own—but life with us is not necessarily ill-favored or degenerate. Such good women and noble men live long lives among no others than actors. I know them, and see proud, chaste women everywhere among my confrères, and brave men. The public hears most of the unfortunate, the dissipated, the indiscreet of us, and judges the class by these, who are a minority. In any other life, professional or social, moral failings are not bawled out at the market-places; in ours we are the affair of the world.

"Isn't Julia Arthur a lovely girl, and talented? She's not American—she is Canadian. We are so interested in her, and happy that she is in the Lyceum theater school. She could not have another such a training in the world. Mr. Irving is the master of all masters in his art. Why? Because he is he. Had he been a statesman he would have been the greatest of the age; had he been a soldier he would have outgeneraled the laureled of history; had he been a poet—well, it is the man's great personality, his big brain, his beautiful character, which has made Henry Irving the power he is to-day. Ah, he has been so good to me always! So good to everybody.

"Do come see his son's play, won't you? It will be blankly misunderstood by most critics. There is the ethical question, and if materialistic actors played it and materialistic judges sat upon it, woe betide the intention of upholding the morals of the stage. But the leprosy is an effigy meant to tell a fearful story and point a caustic moral. There is to be nothing loathsome in a physical sense. Observe the difference in the presentation of Camille. Duse and Bernhardt cough and faint and grow deathly sick until their very souls seem about to escape in agony, but there is no offensive realism about it, though they are realistic. Other actresses blubber, wallow, and all but have a hemorrhage, and there is no sentiment inspired but one of sheer disgust—they lose the opportunity of sympathy by too naturalistic methods. In 'Yolande' I am stricken with leprosy, but I simply grow milk-white and of marble coldness. I wear a scarlet robe to accentuate the unearthly pallor and symptoms of dissolution. Some people no doubt would plaster themselves with splotches and begin to lose their ears and noses. The grotesque is so close wedded to the tragic."

Miss Terry had talked steadily and brilliantly for an hour in the chill air directly after a trying rehearsal, and Portia, following Guinevere and Nance Oldfield, are not the most restful things, but her voice is always clarion and sweet as a bell in the woods, and she does not save it for special occasions.

On the first night of Mr. Laurence Irving's play Miss Terry was in one of those charming, nervous flutters which sometimes make a first performance the best one an actress ever gives of a part. The scarlet robe in which the color of the wicked Yolande's life is typified lit up Ellen Terry's intense face with new enthusiasm and startling paleness. The qathos of this bewitching siren's plight Miss Terry accentuated

over and above the justice of Yolande's calamity, and the fine lines from young Irving's pen she delivered with singular shades of meaning and music. As Yolande stands under a canopy of flowers, poppies in her hair and triumph in her mien, the discovery of her leprous seizure, the dropping of the spangled robe of Venus, leaving her stricken milk-white and dismantled, was a most statuesque and appalling dramatic instant. Groupings of the supernumeraries and principals were effective, and the splendor of the scene and swift collapse into desolation, Babylonian in its magnificence and disaster.

Laurence Irving is one of the most interesting young men in England. A tall, athletic youth of charming manner and personal beauty of a poetic and brilliant quality. He is dark, red of lip, with a deferential courtesy inherited from his delightful father, and black, curly hair from his mother. He has deep, evanescent dimples, not effeminate but strong and full of character, and he talks with a pretty boyish air of simplicity about his dramatic ambitions and plans. He is the sort of young gentleman who is conspicuously good looking in a ball room among well-dressed men, and the most engaging of companions to meet casually among busier and less elegantly attired wanderers upon Piccadilly or the Strand, and the kind of consolation a stranger to else of London likes to come across in the park walk Sundays.

"Godefroi and Yolande," the dread little tragedy this intellectual young man has written, was a literary astonishment as a work of promise and a consummation to be devoutly honored.

Viola Allen, the charming young actress who achieved such honors in Hall Caine's "The Christian," came to me, in a fine ebullition of compliment after having beheld Miss Terry's "Sans Gêne."

"I wish you could have seen Miss Terry's 'Sans Gêne,'" said Miss Allen, in one of those song-note voices which is not a stage adoption at all, but something quite a part of herself. "She was so captivating, so absolutely faithful to nature and piquantly French. Sometimes when Ellen Terry has a deep tone of nature to sound she is so vividly true that she is commonplace, and certain eccentricities, naïvetés, and personal characteristics creep into her work with a charm her people expect and watch for. For instance, she sits on the edge of a sofa in 'Sans Gêne,' tilts herself forward, or primly touches the edge of the couch and folds her hands, looking straight at the general. Never twice alike, and one night—you see I went often—she tucked her long foot under her as she took her seat and held her slippered toes, after the fashion of a saucy soubrette; of course, the audience was completely carried away by the chic little bit of business. She is a marvelous woman; not ever likely to see her successor triumphant, are we?"

While Miss Terry was memorizing this part a letter came to me from her. She was in Italy, it seems to me. One never knows without a legal post-mark, for Miss Terry never puts any record of time or place upon her brilliant whiffs of epistolary atmosphere.

To quote in part her charming letter, word for word: "My life is perpetual motion, and I'm fairly tired out each day, else there's nothing the matter with me—my eyes have been troubling me, but they are much better now; your American electric footlights tried my eyesight hardly. I remember seeing an American actor (the first week I was in New York) and his whole face was distorted; the natural lights and shadows all reversed by the too-strong lights below. Why, he had no top to his head. His crown was thrown in deepest shadows."

Later, in the high tide of her success again at the Lyceum, she wrote brightly and stirringly of people.

"'Kicky' Du Maurier is so missed by every one; as for his friends—those who knew him intimately will never find a tenderer, gentler creature. His sympathy was sweeter than any one can tell of. It seems to me as if all I know and care for are going away. Think of Leighton, Millais, Fred Barnard, Du Maurier, all lately among the painters—then Morris is a tremendous man gone—a force in the world, but as Bernard Shaw said of him: 'You can lose a man like that by your own death, but not by his.' That's well put, is it not?"

Have any other lovelier things than Terry's eulogies herewith been writ of Du Maurier and Morris and the other giants gone away like the three of David's mighties, who, at the cave of Abdullam, broke through the Philistine garrison for a drink of the waters of Bethlehem?

In the gold brocade of milady and scarlet robes of fantastic law Miss Terry is enchanting.

Portia is so delicate and adorable that careless hands crash into her fragile treasures of variety like storms against memorial windows. The little plan of entering the solemn vacuums of court, donning chic appointments of feminine disguise and tricking a fiancé cleverly is one of the most charming bits of Miss Terry's delightful rendition of Portia. Shakespeare takes such ardent pleasure in mantling his brisker heroines in the accoutrements of masculinity. He revels in the shy piquancy of a virgin up to her eyes in mischief and down to her toes in strange habiliments. He never once unsexes his masquerading Rosalinds and Portias, nor puts other than discreet and fascinating poesy upon their pretty lips, and into this temper of the poet Miss Terry glides with all her sails of pleasantry unfurled, her graciousness bedewed with sympathy, and all her fiber of true womanliness alight with

earnestness and winning coquetry. Her Portia's hair is stuck full of pearls and leaves of gold, her voice is low and attuned to modesty, her carriage and appearance blend with the notion that she is high-born and tempting, and above all float the exquisite appreciation of humor and abundant vitality which make Portia one of the firmest, rarest gems of femininity ever rigged up in the becoming thefts from manly wardrobes.

In "King Arthur" Miss Terry's statuesque impersonation of Guinevere is a lovely and lovable creation. The robes she wears are of the deepest Burne-Jones dye; greens from the bottom of the Ægean and Mediterranean froth in amber and sapphire, strange stuffs and jewels with unknown flashes and conflicting shine, all in a clinging tangle about her long, slender feet and swathing her lithe figure like mermaid garnerings.

In the beautiful Whitethorn wood scene a glimpse of the Terry comedy flashes out in the midst of the noonday tragedy of wanton passion. Under the frown of royalty and an outraged husband her Guinevere rises to appealing heights, and here and there through the mediæval crowding of uncanny fantasies she stalks in rather less human than the ghosts and night regents steering a soul to Avalon.

No matter what she plays, to beautiful Ellen Terry leap all the cadences of pretty compliment. She is neither tragic nor melodramatic, but her Lady Macbeth is a work of art. Her lovely voice is called upon to do sweet wonders, and she wears the draperies Alma Tadema gives to his sirens and ideal queens. She reads the lines so beautifully and puts such fine meanings in the text, such rhythm in the verse, that no other interpretation of the character is admissible beside this harmonious, picturesque one. Nothing of Siddons is there, nor any of the blood-curdling few who have reminded earth of

heaven's exceptional unkindness in this queen's savagery. Miss Terry becomes almost pathetic in the latter scenes of the haunted lady, and when she takes the shivering hand of her lord and says pitifully: "You lack the season of all natures—sleep," there needs no more words to know that she, too, sleeps no more. So many fine and exquisite touches of art lend grace to this Lady Macbeth that the whirlwind force, the deviltry of all others are crude in comparison. Her sleep-walking scene is a weird Burne-Jones bit of impressionism—quiet, spiritistic and vivid, but not tragic. What there is of the virago and tiger in Lady Macbeth is by Terry refined into an urging intelligence, a seductive decision full of vigor, but not terrific nor oratorical.

This gracious woman whose life has been so full, so profitable and interesting, is obdurately unselfish and sensitive to the partial income of life which heaps its dividends up in special treasuries and leaves other existences empty of all but disappointment and attenuated comfort. Her charities know neither bounds nor selected hours, but continue with a perpetual simplicity which has not starts and floods and surprises, but make up a lively occupation of her every-day leisure from work and chain hundreds to her standard, who are unproductive but faithful watchers on her revenue and disbursements of her favor and her quiet belief in all things good and true and altrurian.

MANSFIELD

Half the fantastic nonsense written about Richard Mansfield fades away with the first boyish, simple greeting one finds *chez lui;* the other half explodes parenthetically in the heartiness of his laughter and chivalry.

Some people are born to appear always in misprint, a journalistic metamorphosis drearily affected by various disturbers of fact and matrices. Usually the people most talked about in the newspapers are the least described. A wild-eyed reporter pitches the tent of his vagrant fancy upon a smile, a frown, a cane, hat, or humor, and that means for the higher being a complete misrepresentation. For what manner of man beams his bravest to a hurried scribbler who has not the slightest interest in current history further than that it is an herculean invention to fill space? The cleverest of them are trained to impersonality bordering upon irresponsibility, and they light upon the flying temper of an instant to brand therewith the personality of an interesting man like Richard Mansfield.

His graceful wife, Beatrice Cameron, will never be misunderstood. She is one of those fairy creatures, briskly intelligent but almost translucent in the charming singleness of her intention and temperament.

Richard Mansfield is of as many vivid colors of humor as a rainbow. He is exquisitely satirical, poetic, wise, sparkling, and wittier than any other man on the English-speaking, stage; though that is not such a sweeping compliment as it seems at first blush, for there are precious few boasting any-

thing of true wit among the comedians. His life has been a struggle full of gigantic conquests and bitter robberies. Robberies seizing those sweetnesses of an existence fed upon preference to stand aloof and devotion to gifts transcendent in the purity of distinctiveness. He is a royal wit, a beautiful singer, a philosopher, and a writer; he is charmingly companionable, dilettante and enthusiastic. His April moods are wrapt in clouds through which star-shine creeps; there are no surly tangents to his disposition, but outside influences are sure to produce anything from a savage assault to lonely fury. He is a caldron of molten gold, which burns sizzling blisters or cools in shining treasures, as the quality of contact irritates or soothes.

One night, after "Prince Karl," I stumbled through the alley entrance to a stage door and waited for Mrs. Mansfield and her interesting husband. She came out first, as fresh as a November chrysanthemum. She is one of those trig, willowy little figures which lend themselves in an enviable way to any style. She might set fashions, so trim and exact are her proportions and carriage. Her dress trains stand out like the leaves of a hollyhock, and her ribbons droop and sway with the prettiness of grasses. She is very simple and unaffected, as American as possible, and a lovely listener—which accomplishment is one to be revered when there is always her brilliant husband to lead in conversation.

Mr. Mansfield next arrived in a little hum of contempt for the figures presented after the request bill of "Prince Karl." "Don't you know?" is a well-spring of joy in the Mansfield family. Mr. Mansfield begins, ends, ornaments, vindicates and punctuates his every sentence with this exceedingly English trump card. He does not say it in the least as do our Anglomaniacs, but more as a well-bred and conciliatory Eton man might. Of course it is always the assertion that you

don't in the least know that is put to you with this comforting flattery of dismissal, so there is little or no chance to contradict Mr. Mansfield with his winning assurances and "dont-you-knows?" variegated. "Why do you suppose they stopped the orchestra playing and called me before the curtain in the middle of the piece—the third time, don't you know?" ingenuously inquired Prince Karl as he tucked the carriage robe about Mrs. Mansfield's waist and forgot I was on earth. "Now I can see how for a performance in some way remarkable I might be vociferously reminded of a success, but Karl, don't you know?—I wonder if they expected me to step out of dialect character and deliver one of the delirious speeches I am occasionally coaxed into granting." (Mr. Mansfield had been making some extraordinary *avant rideau* remarks, in general regarded as most discourteous. He was violently criticised for them, but also violently begged for more everywhere.) "I really should have said, had a speech been possible: 'My very esteemed friends, I consented to give "Prince Karl" this evening because I heard the populace was clamoring for it at the gates. What I want to know now is who will pay my expenses? You are very delightful—what there is of you—and I thank you, don't you know? but what happened to the rest of you—where is it *at?*' "

Mr. Mansfield was not in the least tired after the comedy, and something of the youthful, ingenuous Karl seemed to cling to his bearing. He chaffed "Beatie," as he calls his wife, bubbled over in daring little showers of ridicule, and amused himself in the diversion it afforded us. There is none of the "saeva indignatio" which sometimes lacerates his heart apparent in his happy raillery or pungent philosophy. He springs from one entertaining theme to another, and takes that rare liberty of every real wit to poke no end of fun at himself. Once at home be begged the agreeable privilege of

a long meerschaum pipe, or rather two of them, prepared by the valet; then he talked lazily and in such an absorbingly interesting way that minutes whisked into hours.

He absolutely abhors the stage and all of its appurtenances. "If I had the minutest pittance stowed away for support I would leave off acting to-morrow. I think it is positively the silliest occupation in the world. Capering about to amuse a lot of people, or strutting as tinsel kings, shouting challenges in pasteboard forests or groaning threnody at papier-mache tombs. Actors see only the pretense of it all. We have none of the glitter, soft veils of distance, or delightful deception in lights, mechanical devices, or make-ups. It is all bosh to us. The silvery moon is tin and calcium, the swaying trees present nothing but drab canvas and cut pine from our side of the woodland; fountains are as dishonest as local elections, and beauties are painted into frights. It is wigs, it is powder, it is mockery.

"And there is so little of heroic encouragement given to honest American endeavor. When David Garrick played 'Richard' there is no reason to suppose it was astounding, since it was given between the specialties in a vaudeville, but his effort was applauded; he was awarded the lilies of gentle praise and fostering and all the tributes so dear to aspirations. Now a young tragedian is flayed alive for trying. The critics forget that flowers cannot thrive without the benediction of the sun; they will fade and die; so will the timid sprigs of an art beloved. Hope bidden and commendation are the sunbeams which nourish talent, and that must all come first through the listeners and judges."

Mansfield was at one time the cleverest dramatic critic in Boston. His audacious and unique reviews were copied from ocean to ocean, the name of the literary star known only to a favored few. But his journalistic career was brief as it was

electric. Day after day he would be called before the benign editor and gravely condemned for abusing friends of the man who paid him a Massachusetts stipend for his critiques. "He was a dire bad actor, sir," would state the young critic. "Impossible in this paper; he is one of my personal and highly honored friends," was the invariable response.

"It seemed to me that if I had ever been afflicted with the honored friendship of as many bad actors as the manager of that particular paper boasted, I should have committed suicide," said Mr. Mansfield, telling about it.

In the midst of a heated debate upon the price of fur tippets, into which Miss Cameron and I had plunged, Mr. Mansfield interrupted me with an apology and inquiry if I were a singer. I had only just met the Mansfields then, but I mournfully acknowledged to a past full of soprano pyrotechnics, at which confession he turned with an entirely inexplicable effulgence upon his wife and said: "I knew it! I knew it!" with the fervor of a phonograph interpreter. "I recognized that immediately you began to talk, and if not impertinent may I ask your school?" I revealed the college where first my C in alt was allowed to slit the atmosphere, and then mentioned the name of Madame Rudersdorf as authority for my top notes and many vocal promises broken, adding the Iowa names of Kellogg and Foote as accountable for much of the culture uselessly bestowed upon me. Rudersdorf, one of the most famous teachers of singing in America, was the mother of Richard Mansfield. She was a woman of most extraordinary eccentricities and rare cultivation, took violent fancies to certain voices and equally irrational dislikes to others. She happened to approve of mine, and willed me to the Western instructors who were schooled under her iron law.

"Ah-h-h! That is where you got it," exclaimed the great actor, as if my voice culture had come in the guise of small-

pox. "Mrs. Foote and Miss Kellogg were graduates of my mother's conservatory and taught her method. I saw that your voice was posed according to the Rudersdorf theories. It is like biology, isn't it? You talk as I do, from the chest." Which subtle or unconscious flattery left me quite mentally unbalanced.

In those college days young Mansfield was a spoiled dandy about Boston, who wore the most beautiful clothes, mimicked his way into social celebrity, and dabbled in art, in literature, romantic adventures, and debts to an alarming degree. But hours of tribulation were upon him, and he was spirited into the cold, gray sorrows of comic opera suddenly grown sporadic in England, where he began to expand, to materialize, to create and invent.

He was brought up in the most serious of dramatic schools, where the stage manager was more often brutal than diplomatic, and the star was exalted to a degree of dignity unknown in this democratic part of the sphere. "Now the actors do not, will not, rehearse. That is why so many of them are stupid. What would become of a stable of racers if left to their own stalls the year around? Interminable runs have dimmed the wits of more clever people than could whisky and the gold cure. When I hire an up-to-date actor, and a repertoire of eight or ten pieces is sprung upon him, he expires of anæmia the initial week. Where I began to act there was a rehearsal every day as a matter of exercise, if not necessity. We came humbly to work, and accepted our three pounds each week with grateful hopes of another; there were no insurrections, insubordinations, or impertinences. Now an employed actor strolls about with his fifty or one hundred dollars a week, objects to rehearsals, and if I say, 'Go away my man, you cannot act,' he goes away and sues me for a year's salary."

Richard Mansfield's talents are so prismatic, his genius so polychromatic, that mimicry is of course his most keen-edged blade of satire, and he is unsparing, audacious, and original as if he belonged to another more brilliant century. He trifles and romps, but under his mischief shine always the razor-edged cynicism, a knowledge of things which illumines, and a joyous belief in the transient. He imitates, piece by piece, an orchestra, whatever instrument is amenable to sport, but he does it with a complete understanding of the technique of the music-garden; he makes the prettiest speeches to women, and argues viciously with combative men; he has such exquisite taste in the matter of costume and such an artist's eye for contrasts and combinations that his good fortune in selecting millinery and feminine appointments amounts to a cult. Whatever this exhaustless man attempts he does beautifully well. He writes sonatas which are worth stealing; he paints in oils with magic sympathy; he is a small giant in athletics; can order a lady's bonnet with every equipment but economy; can sauce his enemies in twenty tongues; is authority upon vintage, and makes a salad which is Scriptural. Needless to contend, therefore, that a more genial, delightful host could not be ordained than is Richard Mansfield. He is simple as a boy out on a holiday, brimful of reminiscence and adventure; at once a poet, scholar, and comedian, who radiates entertainment in his conversation, inspires admiration and seals friendships by his pleasant candor and thousand accomplishments. He is sensitive and independent to lawlessness. What denser natures could not feel he withers under and frets about, but with all his refined tastes and cultivation he asks nothing so much as peace and appreciation. His celebrated home, in which are hidden priceless luxuries in the way of art and elegance, is in New York, and he travels about in comparative comfort with his

To my friend Amy Leslie
from Richard Mansfield
1897

wife, valet and a caravansary of books and pictures. There is nothing of the poseur or mountebank of lesser players to daub the escutcheon of Mansfield. Mansfield is here on earth, and he is in no wise at all satisfied with the world as it is and ever shall be, but he searches no undue celebrity, courts no favor, and flouts at pretensions and parade. He is charming even in his most despondent moods, when there is the gaping hag of incompetent judgment snarling at him with unmuzzled enjoyment of her own blunders, or injustice and charlatanism impeding his honest endeavors in art or prowling about the hooded confines of his home and inmost heart. But for the most part he is sublimely unconscious of the rankling aggravations of the world. He knows of them, regrets though does not shoulder them, but with Carlyle's Teufelsdroeck, he smilingly broods, "*I mein Werther*, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars."

Once a dainty billet in feminine chirography begged me to name the greatest English-speaking actor.

At the risk of some of the four hundred others finding it out, I frankly put that honor upon the gifted head so decorated by popular acclaim and scholarly opinion, in echoing obstinate contention that Richard Mansfield is the greatest actor in the world. He has the most gloriously equipped artistic genius of the nineteenth century, unlimited in domain and of exquisite caliber. Mansfield is an impulsivist and a king of exasperation to the vast army of inferiorities; he is too dominant to be other than feared, and altogether too great to be at all understood, but the earthiest of ordinaries bow down before his lofty achievements and his mental possessions.

The little note of queries likewise asked whether Richard Mansfield (whose name must have timidly shone in her mind as an answer to her first question) may be regarded a tragedian. If

Mansfield is the greatest actor that means he is tragedian, comedian, farceur, musician, dancer, composer, and inventor. Whatever branch of dramatic art invites the talent of this masterful genius, is by his grace of mind and culture given its fullest expression. He is a dynamo of subtle emotions and tragic force, but he is just as amazingly significant in a vaudeville sketch of infinite lightness and irresponsibility as he is in the fantastic horrors he pictures in Richard's tent dreams. Mansfield sings beautifully and dances as airily as Letty Lind; his comedy is fascinating, and his melodrama beyond competition among the actors of this *siécle;* he plays French farce with the unction of Coquelin and English tragedy with the splendid gloom of the elder Booth.

That is why he is the greatest American actor. The proofs are indisputable.

He is exquisitely temperamental and sympathetic, and no color of emotion escapes his vigilant æsthetic eye. Upon all his art lies the vehement brand of personality, but never is there an obtrusive note arising from the idiosyncrasy or individuality of this extraordinary man; his personality smiles about his art like a halo, but not one of the prejudices and eccentricities of Mansfield—and he has a thousand—ever dare creep into the beatific shrine of his art. Away from the stage he is *sui generis* and brilliantly erratic, but upon the stage he is whatever character his humor and an author advises, always touched with the vivid, unquenchable fire of the Mansfield personality, but unalloyed by any flashes of his own moods or tempers.

As an example of the exclusive delicacy of gift for impersonation an incident occurring during the run of Lorimer Stoddart's Napoleon play points out the loveliness of Mansfield's genius and the irascible sensitiveness of his temper.

He was dressing for the last act, when an awkward stage

hand dropped a broom, which toppled about a second and thumped sharply against Mansfield's dressing-room door. A terrific scene followed; Mansfield clutched at his heart and shrieked for the culprit; he threw open his door and asked of the deserted air whether he was expected to act or were they conspired to murder him, and let the tempest roused by the broomstick shock spend itself showily. Then he quieted down, and in the wings with Mrs. Mansfield I watched the tragic scene at camp before Waterloo.

Mansfield as Napoleon stood a statue of fateful anticipation, his eyes fixed upon the slowly creeping dawn. Everything was silent as a tomb and full of portent when a super stumbled against a stack of guns in the entrance and they came clattering, rolling, and battering to the wooden floor as only a stack of guns can. After the broom episode I expected nothing less than a cyclone of rage or complete prostration from Mansfield, but the pathetic, intense look of prophecy and resignation never left the Napoleonic face, not a tremble nor a fleeting gleam in the sensitive profile nor a move in the statuesque pose. Mansfield could be torn to hysteria over the tumble of a broomstick, but his Napoleon, with a tragic fate in mystic view before him, heard no sound of the thundering down of a pile of guns on the stage; he was Bonaparte before Waterloo, not Mansfield.

He is the greatest actor, and these little things show why.

Apropos of this story, a characteristic letter from Mansfield followed its newspaper publication. He did not see it until months after it appeared, and then sent me a clever note.

In the same budget arrived another letter from Mr. Mansfield, evidently written an hour later, therefore imbued with an entirely different spirit.

Perhaps there is no pleasure akin to the silent appeal from

the handwriting upon an unopened envelope, for eyes beam through the beloved chirography and tenderly sympathetic palms beat sincerely from within the little angular fold concealing news unspoken, while a post-mark is a smiling telepathy as delightful as the sound of "hello" from a voice adored and unexpected.

Letters are always surprises, no matter how long the waits between epistles, and two beautiful missives rrom a savant, brilliant wit, and master of phrase like Richard Mansfield constitute a joy for a day. Particularly as Mr. Mansfield refuses to write upon any but the most frenzied provocation, when his delicious satire is keyed up to inspiring keenness and his courtliness spangled with the sweet dew of compliment. He is the greatest letter-writer I ever knew; he writes the most brilliant letter I ever read, either in manuscript or printed book; so when a generous mail gives up two of these treasures for the taking I know a weeping cup of wine lurks in each. To keep every confection of intelligence he sends when thousands wait upon the movement of his timepiece would be rather unpardonable selfishness, and some of the most interesting items in these posted gifts from a witty and effervescent pen afford me double pleasure, inasmuch as I can give them wings to fly withal, where welcome must echo them to his unknown worshipers.

Of Bernard Shaw's contribution to the Mansfield especial repertoire the great actor has auspicious and clever things to say:

"All fine and intelligent people are sure to like the play, for which reason we don't expect it to run—the number of fine and intelligent people being limited. 'The Devil's Disciple,' it is baptized—Revolutionary period, with political conundrums uppermost. I play Dick Dudgeon, the devil's own, who stands on the gallows the English have erected to hang

rebels somewhere (Shaw calls it Webster Bridge) in New Hampshire, and says calmly: 'Amen, and God damn the king!' I have explained to H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, that I am not responsible for this, and have urged him to have Shaw executed on Tower Hill and to leave me alone."

Continuing, Mr. Mansfield says:

"We are rehearsing—whenever were we not? For after the Shaw play we produce (beastly word, 'produce!') 'King Frederick William I.' Person who wrote it, albeit a literary swell, doesn't want to be known, being *persona grata* at the German imperial court and fearful of losing his convenient head. Of course, I play the old King of Prussia, Frederick William. If we have a cent of money left after these two ventures 'tis proposed to present Shakespeare's 'Henry V,' with me—me—me in a blonde wig and blue eyes and pretty, pretty dresses. We are looking for a French lady to play Katherine, but they are all at Trouville or Aix les Bains. Beatrice has a beautiful part in 'The Devil's Disciple,' quite to her heart—of a sort of Ibsen young lady, the which Beatrice loveth."

However, his "Henry V" intention was to be circumvented by long runs. Mansfield would have been a dream of princely elegance in his "blonde wig, blue eyes, and pretty, pretty dresses," so it was a pity "Henry" did not see the light. "Prince Karl" has gone nimbly cantering down the avenues of fame for no other reason than that Mansfield appears instead of a man of grewsome mien, clad in cast-iron thought or expensive passion, as a gay, caroling troubadour, handsome as a blue jay and graceful as an Alpine sapling. Women buy hundreds of his Karl pictures to one of his Hyde or Chevrial false presentments. They flock to a "Prince Karl" matinée and flutter with delight over his curls, his dialect, his coats and dimples. With the marvelous photogenic com-

mand over his own countenance and the one given him to portray, Mansfield has as many masks as Momus (though I never heard it sworn that Momus went a-masquerading much) and the young king, "full of grace and fair regard" for whom

> "——mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
> To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

might have offered Mansfield grateful opportunities to continue his matinée slaughter of maidens' hearts and eyes and cloy his celebrity with another inventive lover; for Hal, with all his reformation, did not forget how to kiss a dainty lady nor protest devout allegiance in exquisite raillery and boyish tempests, and if Shakespeare can upset the claim of "Prince Karl," art and girl in the abstract shall be better served.

These days, when we no longer "vow to weep seas, live in fires, eat rocks, tame tigers," or regard it necessary to crown honestly bared heads with merit, it is a great pleasure to contemplate the princely altitude of Richard Mansfield's eminence in art, which has grown valiantly, like a rare, strange flower of dimensions and glories, braving sturdily an unprolific and unpropitious climate.

He has struggled unfalteringly to assist and educate the fumbling public which could not tell gold from pig-iron after dark, and he has conquered the country completely; wherever he plants his standard all classes flock there enthusiastically and in generous belief. He is the emperor of classic dramatic art, and fortune and Mansfield are such good friends that all the planets seem to shed pleasant lights upon him from every point of success.

When intimate sympathy of congenial friendship invites his finer exertions, he is the greatest good company and most exhilarating companion ever asked to make merry with a throng. Numbers do not terrify him, but rather inspire him

to loftier attempts, and occasionally urge him to indulge in a sort of courtly archery in which his arrows are exquisite raillery and satire. It is possible that once in a while, if at a board where neither the quality or quantity of human kindness, nor even the mental altitude of his entertainers reach his standard, he is silent, disturbed and abruptly contemptuous, though I have never known him to be other than delightful, and he is usually boyish and irrepressible in his wit, his bubble of animation, and infinite variety of humor.

He sings comic songs and burlesques pompous actors, he gives side-splitting imitations and impersonations, impromptu recitations and delicately beautiful improvisations on the piano and violin. He is effervescent as young wine and inexhaustible, and has such delicious satire, wit, poesy, and abundant accomplishments at his command that no ten clever men can outshine him. He does not hesitate to be perfectly irresponsible and vaporous in his moods, and romps, teases, and pretends in the most youthful, abandoned, inconsequent fashion, but when strange and worthy minds wait upon his prismatic own he is impetuously eloquent and decorous, full of lofty thought and superb expression; he is all courtliness and grace even in his mischievous instants. There are hundreds of delightful fellows amazingly beguiling at table, in a cozy parlor or club gathering, but there is but one Mansfield in the world, and the great man's acting, his culture, his knowledge and conquests in art are momentous, but not so endearing as his many charming personal traits reserved for his selected intimates, his best beloved comrades, and his home. He is usually at a disadvantage, neither deserting his closeted student life nor mixing it with barbaric dissipations enough to keep adrift with the tide of modern social license or the sort of lightness reckless and vehement livers understand and affect. He sometimes does not understand his surroundings,

nor do they favor his sensitiveness and aloofness, but take him an evening among people unalloyed with commonplaces or the dust of selfish stupidity, and he is illuminative and inspiring from the time he enters until he gracefully bids his friends good night. It is possible some very brainy and cultivated men may not quite touch the responsive chord in Mansfield's temperament, but when they do there is nobody so charming, nobody so regal in eloquence or grace of thought, and nobody who makes so perfect a bow or says so many lovely things to lovely women or audacious things to clever men.

One chill October afternoon when the rain beat sullenly against the long windows of Beatrice Cameron's sumptuous boudoir, and we were yawning our regrets over a postponed drive behind her dashing ponies, she suddenly uncurled herself from one of those curious chairs of which she collects dozens for this golden nest of hers, and said with her characteristic suddenness of sparkle:

"Dick's upstairs—let's go make him entertain us!"

Up one tapestry-framed flight of stairs from Mrs. Mansfield's apartments are those devoted to the use of her brilliant husband, and when we invaded his study he threw a bundle of parchment across the room, grasped our four hands, and welcomed us as if we had been sunshine.

"Thank goodness something has happened to wrench the mighty Frederick William from me! I've studied him all out of my head again, Beatie!" shouted he, and cheerfully throwing an orris pillow over the manuscript, Richard Mansfield, with his enticing smile and wittiest mood, cast about him for fascinations to keep us in his den of luxury, utterly unconscious of the enchantment just in being there with his treasures, his rare pictures, and his inexhaustible self. Mansfield's rooms are the rooms of Beau Brummell, not particularly

modernized nor robbed of a single note of the exquisite dilettante, the artist, and the delicate dandy. Everything is complete, elegant, and severely simple, but absolutely incalculable in its comfort, sybaritic attention to ease, and the consummate art of living. Mrs. Mansfield's rooms are dazzling affairs, all cushions and embroideries, quaint bric-à-brac and rare pictures, with walls studded with books as her husband's are, and every conceivable evidence of petted femininity and faultless taste. Decorative bits of sculpture and wonderful tapestries, strange lamps and odd caskets, in one corner a marvelous spinnet inlaid with mother-of-pearl and carved like a grill from Cluny, and in the other a Satsuma vase filled with long-stemmed roses which seem never to wilt or fade, so oft changed they are. But in Mr. Mansfield's room this drizzly afternoon there was nothing much visible but the grace of his welcome, a hazy blue hanging dryly over everything and a choking smell of hardwood smoke.

"Dick, dear, your grate's smoking horribly," said Beatrice, brushing away involuntary tears as I coughed sympathetically and raised a window.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you don't like it," said Mr. Mansfield. "I pulled the log out on purpose. I love wood smoke, and hickory is so infinitely more agreeable than sandal wood or fumes of olive. Wretched taste you have, really, but if I'm to coax you to stay, in goes the log and down comes the window. Now stow yourselves away among the cushions somewhere and tell me what I can do for you. I refuse to sketch either of you in tea-gowns."

"Show me your Garrick shoe-buckles," begged I, and Beatrice said as he opened the case:

"Now, that's over, what else can you do?"

"He can read to me all his letters from the Prince of Wales, Gladstone, royalty, and poets."

"And things," interrupted Beatrice. "Well, you two croon and drool over curiosities, and I'll take a nap," with which sarcasm the dainty lady snuggled down in a big chair and snubbed us.

"Beatie, these are my sleeping apartments," said Mansfield, with a superb mock bow to his small wife, "and you will sit up and be entertained or I'll know why."

Then with a smile of boyish mystery Mansfield said, "I've just smuggled something into the house which Mrs. Mansfield has not seen, nor heard, nor yawned over."

"Never! What is it, Dick?" said Beatrice, sitting up straight as a gladiolus and guessing things in a bubbly monologue.

Then, taking a square package without much promise from the big Chippendale desk, Mansfield unrolled the proof-sheets of a book and said: "It's your 'Blown Away,' Beatie, and I'll read it to you both and let you see the pictures." Then for the first time I heard the delicious satire in baby talk, the elegant phrases and exquisite fancy wrapped up in the literary trifle "Blown Away" by Richard Mansfield.

The story is all about two very innocent little girls, Beatrice and Jessie, who are blown away. Now, what might not happen to two innocent girls blown away? The stories are really written in a spirit of mischief about Beatrice Cameron and Jessie Tyng, and in the original and characteristic preface Mr. Mansfield delightfully intones the *leit motif* of this perfectly irresistible fragment of poetic imagination and wit; a story the veriest infant would listen to wide-eyed and the sagest diplomat laugh over and writhe under its ingeniously half-veiled satire, its chaff at manners, fashions, politics, and everything, from the State and Church to Mother Goose and the Queen.

To quote extracts from the preface is to put into frigid

black and white what was teeming with color and mellow humor when Mansfield read it to me, but it is a taste of that charm which lies in the book; and everybody who takes pleasure in literature hunts will never let this aggressive little work of art escape unnoticed after a glimpse at the prelude.

The book sent to me has written in the precise and scholarly chirography of Richard Mansfield: "With the humble apologies of the author," a line which almost belongs to the delightful preface, reading:

"Should any person labor under the impression that any beast or thing described in this volume is intended for a caricature of him, he is in error. This book contains no sarcasm, satire, or cynicism. It was written as a purely childish and innocent pastime. It hides no sting. It was never intended for publication. There exists no adequate reason why it should have been published. It was thrown aside and forgotten. Alas! it cropped up one day by the seashore—a rainy day. The author read these pages to a number of small boys who could not escape. The smallest and least intelligent boy was amused. He bore out the promise of childhood by becoming a publisher. He trailed the man who had corralled him that rainy day. His object was to wreak vengeance by publishing this book. He accomplished his fell purpose by bribing the author. Nothing remains but to pity the author and execrate the publisher. The author's affection for his wife is his reason for not dedicating these pages to her."

Could anything be more vividly indicative of the pretty mockeries in the book under cover of tender childish sentences, fairy pencilings, and dreamland fancies? It is not only a very enchanting book, but it is really wonderful. Blown into one hundred and eighty pages of space, Beatrice and Jessie do the most remarkably disconnected, amazingly simple things. They chat with rats and roaches, argue with owls, detect policemen on the beat and the Queen off her throne. It is because of its arrant irresponsibility that the charming book of sketches is so fascinating. There is a ripple of laughter in every line, a satirical dig, a perfectly irresistible

current of entertainment, and just as many colors in the fantastic ramble as the imaginative and sympathetic peruser chooses to see. Its depth is quite beyond the dolt and pedantic hobnobbers with unalterable sobriety. It is meant (to be truthful it is not meant at all) for the wide-awake and impressionable brain, the alert imagination, and the sensitive wit which feels every delicate shaft of humor as something akin and magnetic.

Mrs. Mansfield and I listened enthralled that rainy day, laughed until we cried, and hummed tunes to the hundred rhymes, interrupting the drift of the impossible little girls in their impossible little trips, and in the evening, around a bounteously spread table, at which were seated ex-President Harrison and his wife, Lieutenant Parker, a brother-in-law of the General, David Bispham, two other great singers, some guests from swelldom up beyond Murray Hill, and other interesting people, we begged Mansfield to read it again, and, after much coaxing, he did, declaring it was "awful rot." He scowled when we laughed uproariously, and finally threw it aside, refusing to further amuse such a distinctly ingenuous and flighty audience. It is brimful of wit and all that charms; it is written in that rollicking, vivacious mischief which is a part and parcel of Mansfield's infinite variety. "The sad, lone voice" and "the boarding-house fairy" are classics in caricature; "the minister of war," in regard to whom the queen orders the "new servant girl" to "Tell him to come up, and be sure he wipes his boots," is another delicious satire, and the "poet laureate" who "put on his wreath, took the best umbrella out of the stand, and went out into the yard and lay down in his barrel" is the very essence of cartoon character sketching. In certain amateur theatricals a lively charge of platonic cynicism is shot at the stage-stricken societies given over to these unhappy mental diversions, and the

policeman who was "different" is an everlasting delight. The wording is also unique, the chase from art to forests, from moons to parks, from queens to sailors and through enchantments indescribable is immensely amusing.

One night came Mrs. Mansfield slipping through a door, her small tender face half hidden under a pyramid of Easter lilies, and a smile greeting me with the silent companionship Beatrice always showers upon her happiest friends.

"Who was it who said, 'Come to me with a lily in thy hand?' Tennyson?" inquired this floral lady with the smile.

"Oh, no, I think rather Swinburne, perhaps," answered I, hazily.

"Never," decided Mrs. Mansfield, with a prophetic look. "Algernon would have put it, 'Come to me with lilium candidum wilting on thy pulse,' or something like that, don't you think?"

We joined Mr. Mansfield, who was deep in a book, but who never spoke of the volume, instantly starting in to tease Mrs. Mansfield in a boyish spirit of mischief about a palpitating letter of adoration some anxious prairie maid had penned him.

"And her name is Violet, Beatie; don't that send shivers of jealousy down your graceful spine?" Beatie endeavored to work up the desired shiver, and we gradually became possessed of the yearnings of Violet, which never reached the acquaintance or affinity throb, but sunnily basked in the hope that the infatuating idol of her dreams would send her a lock of his golden hair.

"Better give her your old Prince Karl wig, Dick," suggested Mrs. Mansfield. "We couldn't spare a lock of any sort of color from your present crop of locks, could we?"

"Not even for Violet—no. Isn't Violet nice, though?—sounds fashionable and amethystine. By the way, I want an

amethyst of some sort; why don't you buy me one?" suddenly requested Dr. Jekyll in his closest shave for a change.

"Do you know Dick has the most uncontrollable passion for gewgaws and knick-knacks and jingly bits of jeweled trinkets. I believe he is a Gypsy. See the chatelaine he carries now and wants additions to it, please you."

At a heavy chain's end about Mr. Mansfield's waist hangs always a bunch of handsome little articles of gold, perhaps occasionally useful; a police whistle, a pencil, a cigar clipper, a seal, and all the pretty little nothings prettily tacked upon a chatelaine.

"What I want is an amethyst scarf-pin."

"You have dozens, and you never wear one."

"What sort have I?"

"Why, that ruby one you looked at this morning."

"Ugh, that ogre of a thing! I'll give it to the first cabman I want to tip."

"It takes all my reserve will power to keep Dick from spending every cent he has on things for me which I don't want and things for himself nobody wants. He loves to make money just to spend it, that is all," explained Mrs. Mansfield at length, to which her extravagant beau husband said, conclusively, "Well, I should hope so."

"However, I am inaugurating a retrenchment this week. I'm to play 'Richard III,' and thereby we save the royalty to my friend Shaw. Still up in Minneapolis the treasurer of the local theater looked upon Shakespeare as a capable young fellow who ought to be recognized, for he prepared three statements of the receipts for 'Richard III'—one for the star, one for the author, one for the manager—and thought rather ill of my man for saying the author wouldn't be informed."

He naturally is endowed with sacerdotal talents of oratory and a certain capacity for strong beliefs, though they are likely

to be amusingly short-lived; therefore is he a preacher, completely filling out the measure of a pulpit-herald of good tidings.

Once he was requested to deliver an impromptu address to the nuns and pupils of the Convent of the Assumption in Georgetown. Without preparation, he willingly consented, and made one of the most thrilling, eloquent, and fiery appeals the innocent inhabitants of the cloister had ever heard. The sisters crowded about him and cried, the girls were awe-stricken, and the superior wrote a most beautiful letter of thanks to him expressing her amazement at his superb oratory and beautiful purity of ethics. He based the trend of his sermon upon high aims, and was so subtle in his magnificent analysis, so concise and yet so poetical, that it is recorded as a lesson of grace in the lovely convent where it found voice.

Embodied in him is a most vital instance of a man's unique nature finding reflex in his own art.

Endowed with rarest mental gifts, Mansfield is highly cultured, brilliantly accomplished and morbidly sensitive. His moods are eternally whipped into violence by aggravating interruptions, inconsequent opposition, and superficial misapprehension. He is cynical, virulent, impatient, and tyrannical, because he is invariably checked by disappointment in minds and manners around him. He is misunderstood, irritated and constantly annoyed by blatant inferiority and unsympathetic pedantry. But he has a fine, intense nature, with tremendous intellectual exaltation and fiery energy. He is disposed to dreamy introspection and nervous elation. No man can be more delightful in a social way, for his entertaining resources are inexhaustible, and no man could be more gentle, more heroic, or more tender than Richard Mansfield where his higher qualities are met with quiet

appreciation, his feverish moods soothed, and sweetest companionship enjoyed. Mirrored in his own finished art lie all the subtle refinements of Mansfield's turbulent, contradictory nature. He is brilliant, somber, spirited, morose, genial, and tragic, as the part he plays may demand, and all with a fervid realism that is decisive in its magnetism, fascinating in its spontaneity.

It is to Madame Rudersdorf that Richard Mansfield owes much of his reputation for eccentricity. She was a marvel of irascibility and violence. The madame was dreaded as much as she was respected, and Mansfield naturally came in for a share of the accumulated fear of his mother, upon the principle that so awesome a dam must bring forth humanized tantrums. Because of this Mansfield is rather sensitive about his reputation for singularity and intolerance.

One night during his performance of "Castle Sombras," a scene-shifter kept up a tiresome whistling of one tune. Mansfield called his valet and said: "Go tell that man to stop that whistling."

Then after he had given the order he said:

"I suppose people would say I was a crank for doing that, now wouldn't they? Of course they would, yes. Well, now, who ever heard of a man whistling in a clinic, a class-room, or a church? Who ever heard of a man in a dignified public concern of any kind going about whistling? Why should a man whistle in a theater? Does it entertain you? No? Well, it certainly does not me. It seems the rational thing if it amuses the gentleman to whistle that he should go out to the Lake Front and whistle undisturbed and undisturbing."

The influence and inheritance of his mother's intense, despotic disposition and genius for music lie upon Mansfield to this day. He is passionately fond of music, grave, sonorous classics, though by a tangent spin of luck he made suc-

cesses only in the lightest of lyric compositions and bouffe rôles.

He really composed the Major-General's patter song in "The Pirates of Penzance," or so much of it as founded the rhythmic musical chatter of that delightful autobiography of the father of many lovely Gilbertian daughters.

Mansfield, a cultured musician and cleverer comedian than all England held among the young and brilliant light humorists, was prowling about London. He had (and has) the most remarkable falsetto voice, and was in great demand at the clubs, bohemian gatherings, and salons because of his gifts of mimicry and his musical talents. But engagements came slowly to the brilliant youth, so when a provincial opera company was in embryo, intended to interpret the Gilbert and Sullivan hit, "Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore," he presented himself as candidate for the honors of Sir Joseph Porter. Several voices were trying, and finally it came to young Mansfield. Alfred Cellier presided at the piano and was an intimate friend of Mansfield.

"Hello, Dick, what will you sing? Something good, old man; you are just the actor for the part."

"Well," imperiously drawled out Mansfield, with a calm exterior and a shiver tobogganing up and down his spine for fear his petition would be unavailing, as both Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan were there to pick the winners; "well, play 'La Ci Darem.' "

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Cellier, "it is a duet, d'you mean the 'Don Giovanni?' "

"Of course; go on," whispered Richard, shifting his monocle and gazing at the ceiling indifferently enough considering he had had no breakfast and had coaxed the usual exquisite bunch of violets decorating his lapel from an old woman who trusted him until his engagement was settled.

Cellier did as his friend requested, and in a moment the entire committee of critics were spellbound. He sang both solos of the rare old duet, gave to the soprano a deliciously clear treble and to Juan's coaxing a rich mellow barytone, and the conquest was instantaneous, except for crusty old Gilbert, who would quarrel with the Pope on general principles and because he was expected to quarrel. But a celebrated marchioness, a patroness of Gilbert and a personage of distinction, knew and placidly adored the young Mansfield, who was a constant visitor at her house. She was there to help judge and add dignity to the proceeding, and leveling her lorgnette at the aspirant she leaned over to Sullivan and said, "Isn't that Dick Mansfield?"

"I don't know; who is he?" went the rounds, until Cellier told Mansfield, and that polite trifler hastened to pay his respects to his friend, whereupon Gilbert softened, as the marchioness effusively greeted the young singer. So Richard was engaged and sent to Michial Gunn's old Gaiety Theater, Dublin, there to make one of the greatest hits of his life as Sir Joseph.

After a tour of the surrounding country and Scotland, the company was suddenly ordered to produce "The Pirates of Penzance" at Leeds, for copyright purposes, though Sullivan had not finished half the music.

When Mansfield received the part of the Major-General he said:

"Where is the music for this?" flipping toward the powers governmental the verses beginning, "I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General."

"There is none, but you will have to sing them to some sort of jingle," was the answer.

"Well," said Mansfield, unmoved, "give me eight sixteenth

notes and two beats to the measure in the key of G, if you please, orchestra."

Which complied with, Mansfield bubbled out the little ripples of notes Sullivan afterward adopted in the main for the melody of his celebrated patter song.

Something rather droll and completely Mansfieldian came out of this performance in Leeds. Mansfield took kindly to the Major-General, and made a great success in the part. He imperiously ignored the savage law reigning in all the Gilbert-Sullivan companies that no foreign idea was permitted to wriggle in between the splendors of Gilbert "business," and when the pirates hunt up the little scarlet major Mansfield fought valiantly with a nice, stuffy pillow he had brought into the castle for the major's head.

The next week Gilbert met Mr. Mansfield on the Strand, and accosted him testily. Nobody on earth had ever been known to answer Mr. Gilbert, much less contradict him.

"Here, you, sir," said the "Bab-Ballad" conqueror. "I hear, sir, that you dared to interpolate business not set down by me in my new opera. I have been looking for you that I might have the extreme comfort of telling you that your engagement is at an end, and that you can never appear in one of my companies again."

"Oh—ah, dear me!" quoth the irrepressible Richard, while Gilbert's cane in sheer astonishment beat the sidewalk and Gilbert's rage sputtered out of his eyes. "Really, Mr. Gilbert, that is most unfortunate for you, and there is nothing but suicide left to me!"

Then Mr. Mansfield walked away without even laughing.

Those were days of penury and tender illusions for Mansfield. He painted exquisite pictures, which nobody but his personal friends bought, and these were so lordly it took all of his revenues to buy gloves, boutonnières and monocles to

be in the swim. He starved, suffered, and grew, with plenty of companionship and rollicking gayety—difficult to escape when one is a genius and under the rosy shadows of Belgravia. But his comic opera brought him to America, and A. M. Palmer tells of the polarizing of Mansfield's gifts, amiably and truthfully. One day, when the silver head of Mr. Palmer was laid low with illness, I watched with him an hour and read; then he grew retrospective, and told pleasant things of his protégé and charge.

Said the master, for the name of A. M. Palmer is footlight-blessed in the United States:

"It was my great good fortune to come across an unassuming young gentleman of amazing culture and much evident talent for comedy, who has since developed into one of the great actors of America, if not quite the greatest of the century. Richard Mansfield was the young man, and I was casting about for somebody to play the Baron Chevrial in 'A Parisian Romance,' which Cazuran had brought over from Europe upon the recommendation of Scollard, who played the baron, and upon the irrefutable judgment of Cazuran. Over at the Standard, or somewhere, young Mansfield had made a great hit by his elegant performance in comic opera of rôles which he had played in England. Mansfield was quite as much of a beau and æsthete those days as he is to-day, but was of a retiring, shy and unapproachable disposition.

"Somehow it grew to be the fashion to picture Mansfield as a modern Bluebeard, who did all but eat up little children, and it amused Mansfield much more than his calumniators, but I think all but the cheap and unlettered minority, who do not know him at all, understand that except for certain privileges accorded to all incomparable genius, Mansfield lives and acts like almost any other man of similar splendid occupation

and temperamental gifts. Year after year the same actors are employed by Mansfield; some of them have been with him ten and fifteen years, and only those who have been discharged because of incompetency have a word to utter in disparagement of him as a man; of course all unite in worshiping him as an artist. We quarrel beautifully, but I usually have my way if it is not proved entirely wrong."

Mr. Palmer's illness was partly due to a dangerous fall, and when he was able to call upon Mr. Mansfield he limped into the actor's room, his leg in a sling and helpless.

"Dear me," said Mansfield, settling his eye-glasses and bending an amused look of sympathy upon his manager, "the director of me troupe *una gamba poco fà;* what'll become of us?" Impromptu he then paraphrased "Una Voce Poco Fà," and sung it, with all Donizetti's coloratura, set to burlesque Italian words. In his social gift that which impresses deepest, through long years of close acquaintance, is a delightful mental superiority which enables him to be irresistibly aimless and volatile. He is never quite so charming as upon those frequent occasions when Mrs. Mansfield tries to check her own smiles, and says reprovingly, "Dick, please don't be silly."

An estimate of his achievements as an actor would exhaust the entire gamut of portrayal and be simply an interminable enumeration of triumphs, for he began in the most brilliant way, strapped to earth, and now, with wings spread, has soared beyond the mountain-tops in the century's forest of dramatic endeavor. Physically he is a well-built, sturdy athlete, of compact but rather small proportions. His eyes are changeful gray-brown, and the habitual expression of his face absolutely non-committal, which makes his smile rare as it is captivating. He is the most punctillious man of fashion. The very way he shakes hands or makes a bow or wears a

scarf or carries a cane is exactly à la mode, whatever that may be; and his tailors serve him as they would an emperor, and wait until he is good and ready to pay for his extravagant purchases. His jewels and appointments are as costly and chic as a belle's, and he loves flowers, perfumes, and the luxuries which become necessaries in the comfort of a sybarite, aggravated and exalted by the art temperament. But in his work he is none of this, and much more. That he is short and modish and secretive of manner means nothing to a magician of portraiture like Mansfield. He has a trick of making himself appear as majestic as Cæsar or as puny as Hop Frog, and his face is a mobile mask which relaxes into absolute identity with any other face. The wonderful youth of his Karl, the irritable senility of his baron, the beauty of his Don Juan, and the magnificent wickedness of Gloster are each in turn as distinctly emblazoned upon the face of Mansfield as if the tempests of each varied soul were mirrored there.

I once asked Mansfield, with rather more curiosity than manners, how on earth he managed to appear such a guileless boy as Karl. He said: "Why, the simplest thing in the world. It is all a matter of self-imposed mental influence. One thinks one is young and frank and engaging, and immediately one is young and frank and engaging; behold Karl!"

His plays are his very own, pervaded by the forceful originality of his intellect and delicacy of his taste. He has subscribed himself one of the most stalwart educators and producers in dramatic literature. He seizes upon the vital treasures in written books not threadbare and out of tune with the century. He reads, studies, thinks, and dares to attempt. When the public yawns everywhere about him, he does not ask a lesser mind than his own to search for novel and deserving entertainment. He surrounds his genius with capable auxiliaries and equipments, measures the tide of success by

hope and fearless energy rather than public demand, commands honor among the honorable, awakens interest, elevates preference, and establishes an accumulative repute for delightful independence and invariably worthy presentations.

To reach any satisfactory estimate of Mr. Mansfield's absolute genius one must see him in a varied repertoire. The century does not boast a more remarkably versatile actor. He assumes no distinguishing style that lesser lights may imitate, though he entirely preserves personal eccentricities of the most conspicuous indelibility.

Nothing is beyond the mesmerism of his talent, all moods come at his beck and all modulations lie in his voice. His distinctive accumulation of mannerisms sweeps through the phases of a character and electrifies it with an expected illumination, a crest, a distinguishing mark as dear to a connoisseur as the spidery scrawl in the corner of the queen's India shawls or the "Antonius Stradivarius-Cremonem" upon a luthier's idol. In all the delightful characters Mr. Mansfield has given to art nothing more emphatically anoints him the greatest actor in the world—not only of English-speaking actors, but all those on earth who practice mimetic art—as does his deeply introspective Richard Plantagenet.

It comes into history as a new color might interrupt nature; it is all the intelligent graces of the actor, spent fruitfully in picturing villainies most appalling in the character. Like a breath upon frost, all the mental asthma in which this subtle rôle has been suffocated by centuries of actors melts away, and standing in the sun of a giant intellectuality Mansfield's Richard is ideal; generous to the eye, gratifying to the intelligence, and overflowing with deftly blended lights and shadows, instants of thunderous force, and moments of grace, stately as a minuet and fine as point lace.

Richard III has been made a puzzle by the bad acting of

most of the celebrities who have tackled its mysteries since the Elizabethan age; the daring impossibilities and fitful wickedness in the character wrap the part like a bloody pall, through which no ray of even devilish pleasantness could ever pierce. It came to be the thing for bawling criers of verse to attack, and bellowings across the hurt chronicles of the drama echo nothing oftener than "Me kingdom for a horse!" "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" to say nothing of the scarlet-faced shriekers who made young children creep to learn that several unregistered Richmonds were knocking about Bosworth field for the express purpose of running up against Gloster's elocution.

The querulous son of Nyx, who complained because the Prometheus man had no aperture in his breast so mortals might observe his inmost thoughts, knew where sincerest thought is born; not in the tantalized brain, weeping with problems and measurements of profound systems, but in the center of sympathy and emotion—in the heart.

Richard Mansfield's Gloster comes straight from the heart in a sleek and fascinating eruption of distinguished villainy. With magic in his serpentine grace, passion in torrents, and elegancies of diction, superb flights of dramatic intrepidity and skillful probing into the prismatic moods of Richard, Mr. Mansfield has adorned his unchallenged escutcheon with one of the most glorious battles modern actors have made with the classics. And, accommodating Momus, Mr. Mansfield opens his inmost heart so that the world may behold the splendid mechanism of his penetrating thought.

His is a Richard whose voice is full of music, whose wily monstrosities are covered in soft, boyish beguilements and pretty hypocrisies. He is beau enough to dexterously hide the proof that he is a "foul, bunch-backed toad," and sufficiently versed in black art to hypnotize where conditions

favor. A dozen smiles, each with a different curve and light, are at this Richard's lip's edge, and with every change of mood strange depths are revealed in both the smile accompanying and the responsive, surprising eyes. All this at first when Richard stalks abroad and murders laughingly, steals wives, and butchers children in a brilliant swim of careless wit and dashing cruelty. But there comes the reckoning hour, when the soft, hot eyes grow cold and flinty and shadows scare away the courage to smile, and then the exquisite charm of Mansfield's genius pitches this gay scoundrel, drenched in crime, down half-way, where his sins have heralded his coming.

The fine-rounded periods and august dramatics, usually dwelt upon so lustily by every Richard (perhaps because the first did so) are rather neglected by Mr. Mansfield for the more impressive play of emotion and feature suggested by the lines. Such a delicately beautiful bit of acting as the improbable courtship of Anne will likely never be duplicated even in imitation, and the delightful interpretation put upon "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" is worth a life's waiting to know.

"Now is the winter of our discontent," has been seized upon as the dominant note in the entrance speech, and all the blithesome villainy within the speech has been smothered out of it. But Mansfield comes romping on in youthful, mischievous deviltry, with a toss of his cap at "grim-visaged war" and "stern alarums" and conquest writ in every curl of his laughing lip or flash of his wonderful eyes. With the leaping out of Shakespeare from the book to the stage in this first audacity comes the conviction that superficial acting of Shakespeare has been the instrument of his undoing as an attraction to modern theater-goers. Not one out of a hundred of educated amusement-seekers wants Shakespeare at the theater, and it is because the Shakespeare of the theater is

such a disappointment to lovers of Shakespeare in his books. He has grown to be the poet read, not seen, the playwright adored best when not played. Richard Mansfield may lift the Avon library over the footlights again, but it seems a large contract, with a humpty-dumpty suspicion that all the king's horses and all the king's men could not accomplish the feat at this noisy time.

Bernard Shaw, being one of the four hundred witty Irishmen, naturally drifted into the horizon of Mansfield's endeavor, and has given him "Arms and the Man" to rest his good taste upon, and "The Devil's Disciple" to rouse his keenest ingenuity.

Mr. Shaw is a rich and peppery humorist, as deep and philosophical as Sophocles, and as modern as an arc light.

Every line in "Arms and the Man" is of consequence, is freighted with delicious cynicism and vigorous humor. What is witty is victoriously so, and the undercurrent of human temperament and inflammable environment twinkle with sly commentary and laughter. The subject of the story is fresh and new, though it is old as Virgil and pretty as Offenbach. Since "The Æneid" bellowed across the centuries, "Arma virumque cano" every body warring is absorbingly special. The delightful contrast between a thoroughbred soldier without a stir of heroic blood in his magnificent military organization and the fiery, untamed novice at arms, whose bravery rushes to defeat, constitutes one of the adroit sarcasms brought out vigorously by Mr. Shaw. The friction of a cool, disillusioned soldier of the knowledgeous world with panting, emotional, and dynamic temperaments fuming alone in the depths of Bulgaria, is another opportunity for infinitely amusing juxtaposition.

Deftly woven contrapuntals lock horns at naturally disposed intervals in the play; the plot teems with humorous

episodes and jolly surprises, but not in the old-time diamond-shaped mechanism of play structure where everything begins at a given point, works up to a stunning climax, and gently tapers back to the point again.

The brisk, restful play did much for the actor, whereas in "The Devil's Disciple" the infinite enjoyment afforded by Shaw's erratic and scholarly play was entirely due to the illuminating presence of a genius who holds the entire gamut of emotions within the grasp of his sensitive mentality and whose incalculable magnetism seizes upon pulses with the fire of the uncontrollable lightnings.

It is one of those firmly rooted sobrieties on which Bernard Shaw occasionally delights to hang his invincible Irishisms, his caustic shafts of wit and decorative fantastics. Above there are churlish bitterness and scorn, hate, imperial deviltry and small issues; but a turgid undercurrent boils furiously beneath the light-of-tongue scoff and methodical narrowness of the picture, and at delicately attuned intervals a storm of emotional melody sweeps the brilliant conciseness of the play, tearing the fine veil of indifference from terrific import. It is scarcely a play which will inspire faiths or break the monotony of predilection, but as a literary achievement it is exceptional and deliciously changeful with all art in the tip of the pen, though little invitation for the rarer digestion of an incomparable actor of the caliber of Richard Mansfield.

Shaw can no more resist playing horse derisively but in covert mockery than can Richard Mansfield help discovering the arch trickery of his playwright. The delightful sketch of Burgoyne and the scorching references to England's king and England's army are of the same captivating impudence which in "Arms and the Man" so irritated the Prince of Wales. He is unquenchable in his supply of coals, and he heaps them with audacious brilliancy upon Britain and her rulers in what-

ever century he plants the union jack. One astonishing feature of the play is its consistent Colonial atmosphere, its undeniable early Americanism, and its truth to history contemporaneous with the capture of Springtown. Shaw, of course, never saw America outside the leaves of a didactic chronicle, and he is absolutely incontrovertible on most points of the time and the people; and while we were so germane to any other British colony those days there is a breath of the red, white and blue over the rebel plotters and their religion which is indicative to a degree.

Mansfield is a peerless archer; he springs a thousand arrows of divers hues from his bow and still holds a quiverful of surprises, each finer, surer, and more triumphant than the last. His Dick Dudgeon, built upon pretty phrases and swagger, decorated with alternate amazements in cruelty and gentlest nobility, could scarcely be tampered with by unskillful portraiture. For that matter, no part ever played by Richard Mansfield could be touched by other interpreters without blatant sacrilege; who ever heard of number two Brummell or a cast-off Karl? Would the least sensitive of actors ever dare attempt Chevrial, or even take a masked whack at Mansfield's shelved and dismantled characters?

Dick Dudgeon stands revealed a distinctly poetic blackguard, a scoundrelly saint, with the vagabondism of Jack Shepherd and the glorious heroism of Elijah. It is quite due to the dynamic personality and the inherent splendor of Mansfield's talent rather than Bernard Shaw's invention. Dudgeon is the sort of hero women will worship immoderately, because Mansfield aims him straight at the sympathetic heart of his feminine listeners.

Shaw made a faintly sounded love note chime through the play by putting Essie, a reviled cousin of the piratical Dick, in close touch with his variable heart. But Mansfield, with

the delicate sense of poetic justice and dramatic values, instantly robbed Essie of her tender, maidenly charms, her long frock and penchant for smuggler relatives, and made her a brow-beaten little girl with a child's timid devotion to the one kind voice in all the world about her. It was so keen a key to the magnificence hidden deep beneath Dudgeon's swashbuckler bravado and irreligion that it teaches where the distorted Puritan Bible fails to, in this oddly wicked sermon straight from the heart. The little girl is Mansfield's, not Shaw's, and when Shaw roared across the Atlantic for heart interest, Mansfield courteously responded, "Heart interest be damned," to which Mr. Shaw, equally courtly and extravagant as to cable requirements, responded, "Same to you," and there was a momentary cessation of the gulf stream wave between the gifted two.

The Mansfield hands, which are so dimpled and pink-nailed in Prince Karl, so daintily gloved and slender in Brummell and so pale, wiry, and nervous in Richard III, in Shylock stretch out into long, steady fingers, spreading away from a hand with an extraordinary grasp. Likely if a palmist were to read Richard Mansfield's life lines while he is acting there would be a different palm for every character. This wonderful transformation of a very handsome hand like Richard Mansfield's into whatever sort of hand the character he plays may require is a trick of art (if ever art is up to tricks) not universally cultivated.

Nothing could be more deliciously humorous and boldly exquisite than the picture of Beau Brummell Mr. Mansfield has drawn with such delicate and melodious pencils. There is a Rembrandt touch of the period in Brummell's altiloquent courtliness, deliberate audacity, and graceful selfishness. The pathos is irresistibly delicate, and Mansfield—who is Beau transmigrated—could not help giving the kindling touch of

naturalness to all of Brummell's dainty affectations. Mr. Mansfield has hats and caps and beavers for every hour as well as Beau did have; he has his own peculiar leonine walk, his scarfs, and a store-room full of clothes always. Once when I happened to be in his study, Mrs. Mansfield brought in a tailor bill for forty pairs of trousers, and Mansfield sent for the maker of this preposterous trousseau and treated him to the most courtly flattery, ordered seven suits of clothes of specially manufactured cloth, dismissed the nine-tenths-of-a-man in a glow of bliss, and paid him nothing. After he had gone Mansfield said to his wife:

"What on earth becomes of all the pantaloons I buy?"

"They are all upstairs, hung carefully on stretchers," replied Mrs. Mansfield.

"Really, are they?" said Beau, with interest; then turning to me, said humbly, "It's plain to see who wears the breeches in this family."

He is an exquisite and feels the contamination of indelicacy or bad taste in dress, but there is not the least effeminacy in his religion of garb, nor the least responsibility about who pays his decorators.

A colored porter who had served Mr. Mansfield ardently and faithfully woke up one morning to find himself sorely in need of funds, and finally trumped up courage enough to ask the great actor to lend his humble servant five dollars and costs.

Mr. Mansfield, of course, gladly furnished the necessary money, and forgot it immediately. Some weeks after he was surprised by an approach of his impecunious servitor, accompanied by the dirtiest, raggedest, most unrecognizable five-dollar bill it had ever been Beau Mansfield's distress to behold. The darky bowed his way to the actor, holding out the bill and mumbling something about thanks and hopes and things all quite enveloped in the odor of the money tightly

gripped. Mansfield finally remembered, but glared imperiously at the offensive bill fluttering from the hand of his radiant debtor. With an air of typical elegance he drew back from the bill and said in a roar:

"How dare you! How dare you bring me that filthy, plague-infected five-dollar bill! Take it away this instant, sir. How dare you!"

The debtor, to Mr. Mansfield's astonishment, beamed gratefully and muttered undying regards, put the bill in his vest pocket, and said, obsequiously: "Thank you all very much, sah; I do thank you; you is a genlum, no mistake you is; I thank you all very much," and walked away with the soiled currency Mr. Mansfield had scorned with characteristic elegance. Mansfield was out five dollars, and had won the imperishable fealty of the darky when he hadn't the first notion of being either particularly amiable or charitable.

Cyrano de Bergerac, because his last, was his best characterization.

Every last attempt of Mansfield's is his largest, his most triumphant. Whatever he floods with his splendid genius and accomplishments, bends and reaches and colors and glows according to Mansfield's will, and his listeners sit awed and hypnotized into worship by his plenteous sympathy and magnetism, his manifold art, his irresistible personality, his dominating grace of complete understanding and the gift of imparting inspiration. That Edmond Rostand's play of delicate elegance and literary courage should have fallen to the waiting mind of Richard Mansfield's genius is the happiest thing for the poet, who belongs rather to the group of the "noble, gentle, and humble authors" of the Restoration, in the goodly company of Congreve, Dryden, Shadwell and Etherege, outshining all of these in poetic daring and competing with them in exquisite comedy.

It is a play of atmosphere and reflective picturesqueness; it snubs modernity and flighty cynicism; it leaps up in among the asteroids and planets of fancy and drips sparkling honey over the inclination of the commonplace end-of-century literature. The long, extravagant, luscious chords of the blank verse lute are awakened valiantly and tuned to celestial pitch. Edmond Rostand is the comet in whose wake the blinded nineteenth-century poetasters have been wading up to their unworthy knees in light, and stumbling across him in the blatant dark.

The play lies under the briskly coquettish snood of the rascally, fruitful and audacious days when kings and actors consorted, and fops, flirts, and comedians chattered intimately over the flickering candles of the stage in England and Paris; when it was a matter of society and aristocratic moment that Kynaston should wear his most enticing petticoats and Foote produce his most infamous farce with impudence, yet anxiety; when footmen riots were of considerably more import than Addison's dictates, and when a gentleman renowned as a swordsman and dangerous wit could judge whether an actor were too fat or too lean to suit the meaning of the rôle or whether his acting should be at all accepted.

That Bergerac, to whom Pandora left every mystic deviltry bestowed upon her, should have captivated the fancy of a poet like Rostand, is just to the martyr of mistakes made through splendors out of balance with the meagerly equipped humanity of his time—of all time. Cyrano is complex as a mathematician's schedule of the zodiac, and as simple as a nun's prayer. He is all beauty and dignity and sumptuous virtue within, and grotesque, inapt, out of tune, and inadequate upon the surface. He fits in the pictures Rostand has framed him with as divinely as if he had ordained the scenes, and they are all stately and suggestive and picturesque with

poetic spoils of art. The delicate arches of the dramatic construction are as fragile as rainbows, but securely keyed by grace and vivacity and all the punctilious exactness of literary elegance and force.

Cyrano, who, hurt at his own shadow, always caught babes smothering laughter at his countenance when most he wanted to hear their pretty little voices and look into their enchanting eyes; whose soul was locked up in the quarter where students used to scurrilously draw the Bergerac nose upon the corners of the street walls, an index nose pointing the way of trouble usually, and finally inaugurating the "defense afficher" which scolds from every *coin de la rue* in Paris. He is the most towering saint of disappointment the world ever knew, and to his memory Mansfield erects a shaft of gold and builds a threnody beautifully soft and uncomplaining.

Two lost arts Mr. Mansfield revives courageously—the one that dismantled, wounded, and outraged tongue of universal speech—gesture; the other, speech itself, metered and measured in musical cadences. Half the actors do not know what verse-reading means, and none of them could phrase and put melody upon flowers as does this delightful reader, Mansfield. His grace of elocution is song.

The moon-trip story offered Mansfield one of those wind-whispered opportunities which come only to the divine appointed genius. He does not whimper it out in subtle chicanery of pretense at all, nor flounder about with the extravagant episode; he simply sets it to a wild and fantastic parlando melody as eerie as a witch's ballade, and he lifts the episode into startling ghostliness and probability allied.

The "Gascony Cadet" recitation he gives with such superb vocal effects and such splendor of period and vital menace that in the tumultuous enjoyment of so gracious a tribute to oratory a most skillful and difficult maneuver of

delivery is scarcely observable, except to the watcher and the student. By an inexplicable and most scientific treatment of the spirited verses describing these Gascony fighters, Mansfield indicates the bourgeois, the peasant, the rowdy, and provincial enunciation, the patois of Gascoigne. There is no assumption of dialect; quite the contrary, but the stunning effect is produced as a painter puts it in the blunt pattens of his women and the blouse of his peasant men. It is one of the most delightful and difficult elocutionary ruses. Coquelin gives to his cadet the patois of Gascony, thereby needing to color it with no other deeper essence of character, but Mansfield without a glide of his tongue into the mazes of dialect touches his Cyrano with indisputable locality, with country and habit and excuse for everything, even his nose (for, as a matter of fact, the Cyrano nose belongs to Gascony—the men all have big, odd noses down there).

His last act is tremendously effective. The actor brings in Cyrano pulseless and dying, he keeps the tension of the audience keyed up to a point of moaning and tears through a long and varying scene. In the Gascon's last magnificent struggle for the bewitching minute when appetite for fierce fight throbs in his delirium, Mansfield sends thrills through his listeners and sounds as many resplendent notes of gloom and tragic import as the loftiest talent only could reveal.

"The blind might have seen him in his voice and the deaf heard him in his visage."

In "Castle Sombras" Mansfield gives a moment to music. In a medieval niche where a pale-blue starlight creeps in, stands a sonorous organ, and Mansfield, with the magic touch and soul of a gifted musician, plays a fragment of beautiful melody, which gives more color to the character of Sir John than do all his unexpected generosities. The part appeals to

the very heart cords, and the wish that Thyrza's course of true love may be definitely rocky and precipitous starts out with the first escapade of Sir John. He is a man misunderstood, and with a leap into a mental attitude almost defiant, Richard Mansfield in picturesque scoff boyishly throws his own agreeable shafts of insight into the character, because Mansfield himself is probably the most misunderstood man in the world. Hedged in by the fortresses of his superior genius, Mansfield is always on the heights in a Castle Sombras of his own fancy, and he is too true, too courageous, too stately a moralist, too proud of mind and too simple of heart to quibble with buncombe and inferiority, to tolerate stupidity or grovel to cheap haphazard authority. He has been in the graceful but feared boots of young Sir John Sombras all his eventful and brilliant life, and to applaud Sombras is like aiding this great genius, Mansfield, to set aright in a dignified way some of the transgressions against his own fine character, his disposition and his bearing toward his fellow-men.

"Who knows why the stars rise when the night falls?"—*Le Braz.*

Gray hours, bleeding instants, and long-drawn vintages of adversity make poets and angels. Sharp disappointments, sudden griefs, and the aggravations of necessary contact with Lilliputian minds, small jealousies, the unrelenting aggravations of mental inequality, and slovenly assistance, are the stepping-stones to triumph for genius as intrinsic, surmounting, and plummeted in the fastnesses of true art as are the gifts of Richard Mansfield. He is priest, warrior, and poet, for he knows, kills, and creates. His mind is of that seizing, valiant quality which never purchases nor robs, but generates, fructifies, and absorbs all that is magnificent in nature and art. His sensitive, exalted fancy brews suffering for him out of the densities of ill winds and slow tides. He is delving at the

immortal forges of thought, while the fidgety mob which gapes at him is hanging on abaft of the *siècle*.

Interesting as Mr. Mansfield is in his splendid devotion to art, his labor for it, and his achievements in it, after all, this brilliant man is only half exhausted by his dramatic endeavors. It is when he slams the stage door, glowers at the inevitable stage-door alley, and goes silently toward his home that the nobler, more delightful accomplishments of this charming man are unfolded. Treasured friends, a pale, sweet, persuasive little wife, and completely enjoyable environments transform the stern, intrepid star into a blaze of happy midnight sun. He laughs like a boy; chaffs, gibes, smokes fearlessly, and relates the most wonderful stories. He teases his lovely wife, Beatrice Cameron, and pets her as if she were a child. She is naturally receptive, sympathetic, and loyal as a dove; and no house of wit, comfort, and generosity is more blessed in its master than severe, erratic Richard Mansfield's. Goncourt says, "Great men are medals which God marks with the stamp of their century," and Mansfield bears the crest of this waning nineteenth.

FISKE

Once many years ago a little delicate wisp of girlhood arrived to help dramatic art in New York.

She was all luminous intensity, verve, and spirit, fine and sheer as a mist of lace. She came unheralded, and her tiny, sharp little profile framed in an unruly blaze of burnt-topaz hair reflected new endearments upon a waning season. This small eerie bundle of emotions and captivating sense of humors various was Minnie Maddern. What she played was something lawless and amusing; injured ingenuousness in tatters and curtain situations; a play in which Muggs' Landing, Fogg's Ferry, or some equally unpromising wharf shared dismal honors with hurt feelings, proud rivals, and ultimate triumph of virtue. But Minnie Maddern created such a furor that all sorts of extravagant prophecies descended in bouquets of warning upon her surprised little auburn head. She was decorated with foretold mantles about ready to drop from the ancient and honorable but still publicly exposed shoulders of Maggie Mitchell, Lotta, Clara Morris, and a crowned four, idols of America.

But suddenly, when all was expected of her, Minnie braided up her young crop of red hair, smoothed out her emotions and settled down into domesticity of the most unheard of obscurity. She married Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, and demurely refused to comfort a deserted phalanx of admirers, wailing hope in print that she might act again in spite of her love match. Then Mrs. Fiske, at the urgent request of her husband, rather than through any awakened

ambition or preference for stage life, returned to the stage. She frankly insisted that her public could not remember her at all, and modestly denied that any invitation, other than a pleasure given to her husband, was authority for her reappearance after so long an absence.

Charm of the most intangible quality is the greatest weapon of attack intuitively employed by Mrs. Fiske in her capture of an audience.

She has a personality so distinct, so exquisitely spiritistic and original that all the graces of her art are subservient to her own individuality. Her face is a delightful cameo mask, out of which shine deep intellectuality and sympathy, keenly artistic temperament, and a genius that is elemental in its delicate force. Mrs. Fiske is not beautiful, except in the line of new beauty which boasts the uncanny fascinations of Rejane, Bernhardt, and the Burne-Jones models. The eyes of Minnie Maddern Fiske are the chief allurements in her face. They are big and oval, with sensitive lids and long lashes. They change color and vibrate with every mood. In unperturbed instants they are blue as forget-me-nots, and under the shadow of terror or resolve they burn with a tigerish bronze, flash beryl vert and opal agonies. Aside from these telepathic reflectors of emotions and an effective, strangely infatuating grace, Mrs. Fiske is oddly left with no physical embellishments but a fortune in the color of her wondrous hair. She is slender as a child and infinitely graceful, with no archery of pose in her grace. She is so subtle in method that absence of any intention or school is apparent in her perfect technique. The influence of Duse is discernible, but as a contagion rather than a study.

Mrs. Fiske came back to art like a seductive ray from an altar lamp.

She came alive with changeful lights and sweet caprices of

genius. Her voice is cream of music; monotonous, but with that rich effulgent monotony which belongs to the sea, mid-ocean, and loneliness. In "The Queen of Liars" she was demure under a close rein and alert only in confidence to the audience.

Harrison Grey Fiske made "The Queen of Liars" out of Daudet's "La Menteuse," a feathery sketch spun over the trestle-work of a comedy by Daudet and Hennique. That happiest element in drama supports "The Queen of Liars," an appeal to the universal gift of humanity—curiosity, dormant in the noblest mind and rampant in little souls. "The Queen of Liars" lets its audience become partners in the intimate disturbances of an interesting family. Without listening to any tales the curious mind is allowed to come upon this skeleton unawares and see in the open what the world in which the family moves knows not. There is never a moment of alloy in this permitted sharing of the actor's condition. It is a most adroit and winning effect, gained by utter candor of construction and admirable acting combined.

The part Mrs. Fiske played—Marie Deloche—is neither complex nor extraordinary, as she is made to seem to the ingenuous priest, Pierre. She is exactly what any unprincipled, hopeful, and penitent woman of wickedness would be under similar circumstances, providing the woman had sufficient mental strength to carry out her wholly pardonable schemes. Lying is a feminine monopoly. If a man lies it is because he is weaker than his sex. It is the lively and delicious lying of femininity that makes society, breaks governments, and delights the world with fiction. It seldom reaches the lofty heights of tragic episode, but such a familiar ruse as tricking a husband into the crust of his own happiness or willfully and superbly lying in a mistakenly noble fashion for a beautiful purpose is everyday work of tolerably conscien-

tious women. The blunder is to suppose that magnificent structures of peace can be built upon a foundation of lies. But that sophistical and swift form of reasoning is peculiarly feminine, even though it enters into the vast intrigues of state and commerce.

The bridges suddenly pitched across difficulties by Marie's falsehoods are so touched with womanish naturalness that a disposition to smile as at an old friendly failing comes to the most serious auditor at the most serious moments of the play. The exquisite delicacy of characterization given the part by Mrs. Fiske made one of its many fascinations, and nice modulations in delivery, odd and original graces, intensity almost phenomenal, gave enchanting phases to this study in verbal strategy.

With vague sorcery one or two features of Mrs. Fiske's performance were absolutely haunting. The entire last act she sat like a hunted child in a picturesque huddle before the fire, whispering to herself every second: "At six o'clock Olivier comes."

Every insignificant move is made of note by Mrs. Fiske in this act, so devastated by the tempests of impulse. There are not a dozen lines, but the scenes are suffocating in emotional eloquence under the spell of this tiny mine of expression, Mrs. Fiske. Again, in the scene where Olivier's card is produced, the storm of hysterical abandon, wild chatter, and diminuendo into the old refuge of comforting lies are absolutely incomparable. The ring of a hard, devilish little voice crying above the envelope of tender counterfeit, "I never had any luck! I never had any luck!" was most thrilling and realistic.

Something emblematic and far-sounding made this reentree of a charming actress in an unusual play deeply significant.

Mrs. Fiske had kept alive about her a wonderful interest all during her voluntary exile. Either she was totally invisible, or else she scintillated in the very spangles of public surprise.

Nobody knew much about Minnie Maddern until the night a lovely girl with tangled hair of real Titian red and a world of sympathetic music in her mellow voice appeared. She was mischievous as a kitten in the comedy and as full of coquettish grace, and a change from smiles to tears came easily as a flash of lightning. There was immediately inaugurated a sort of Maddern craze. Everybody wanted red hair, everybody wanted to play a part just like hers, and her soubrette triumph was complete. Then she wafted into higher comedy and drama, tucked her pretty hair up on the top of her small head, and played with success at the Lyceum, after which she donned her invisible coat and disappeared for a period.

Then she burst forth luminously as a clever playwright. "The Rose," an exquisite leaf of dramatic literature, was her first effort, and so sweet a play awakened hope that she mght not creep back into her comfortable shell of obscurity without writing something more weighty and at greater length.

"The Rose" was a touching little play, based upon an original episode and treated with great polish. It was in one act, and was beautifully played by five members of Rosina Vokes' company. Felix Morris invested the unhappy Count with a wonderful, realistic invalidism and an ideal dialect. He is quiet, simple, and very delicate in his methods of delineation, and presented a portraiture of thrilling intensity in this man who learns of a hopeless love which exists between his wife and his young physician. The Count, with commendable charity, takes an overdose of morphine, and gives the honorable lovers an opportunity, which a quick curtain after the

Count's gentle death leaves the audience to infer will be duly appreciated by the passion-torn pair.

After this encouraging flash at her deserted public again Mrs. Fiske drew her mantle of seclusion about her until urged upon every side to essay Ibsen's heroines, and except the great women who would not countenance the Norwegian poet, nobody was so especially adapted to interpret his naturalism with such distinction and intellectual depth. She is mentally truthful, a quality the colossal Ibsen lacks. Personally—not that it matters—I cannot see Ibsen, and quite likely Mr. Ibsen—not that it matters—couldn't see me with a marine lens, which condition amounts almost to a friendship, and possibly we might toboggan down the steeps of Skien on the same sled without shoving each other off in the snow. The mass, the bulk, the depth of his mighty achievements amaze and build and evict magnificently, and with signal success scare out most of the actors. Ibsen has not stood the test as Wagner did, for these two started upon the same dazzling trail. Wagner has arrived, Ibsen, from a public point of appreciation, sulks magnificently just where Mrs. Fiske left him, tolerably translated and intelligently expressed.

In Ibsen's poignant sophistry there is always a dismal but touching relation to devout truth. That is all. There is no more honesty in Ibsen than there is in Wilde or Verlaine, but the mighty Scandinavian has, through the average hysterical reasoning of his worshipers, come to be regarded in the light of a doleful but spurring prophet of brave ethics.

He is not. Either his scraggy dullness blunts the Ibsenite perception, or surface study lies over the crafty, sumptuously vicious allurements and precepts taught in every book Ibsen ever wrote. He brutalizes the holier familiarities of home life; he turns facile and covert scorn upon the pretty tutoyant affection of happily wedded woman and man, sug-

gests feverish sin as a result of perfect matrimonial union, and does this graceless favor with the subtlety of an Iago.

In "A Doll's House" Mr. Ibsen lies. He takes an isolated and barely possible case, and proceeds to probe the moral code of the universe. Men do not treat their wives as concubines. A man may; Torwald Helmer, a very cheap, conceited, narrow prig, committed this indelicate and fortunately unusual domestic flagrancy. Henrik Ibsen eternally harps upon these presumed abominations blackening the marriage tie. His insinuating moral does not weld the love-life, but divides the adoration due a wife with fretful consolations found among strange women and less pure loves.

In "Little Eyolf" the same treacherous gold-brick philosophy leers out among the symbols of easily coaxed rats, the little drowned boy's haunting eyes, and scenes of sensuous abandon between Ritta and her husband, with their small jealousies and large retributions.

It is not alone because Ibsen is morbid and nihilistic that he is dangerous as well as pompously dense, but it is because he arrays in cautiously Puritan robes of decoy the oldest and most ignoble of voluptuous vices. He takes away the ardent trust and simple dependence of woman upon her lord and noblest love; he reviles a man for being passionately attached to his wife, reversing the sham sermon upon occasion.

In a word, the stealthy counsel dripping from the weighty honey of Ibsen's rhetoric is that no man should loose the lion share of his better passion within the sacred walls of his own home. Mr. Ibsen flays no man for fierce and buoyant animalism, but flays him if he allows his wife to completely fill his heart, his eye, his senses.

What Ibsen wants as the wife is the complex woman of experience and mental dignity, a capable mother, accomplished hostess, and good cook. If the husband be one of the

robust, stalwart, and honestly magnificent of his species, then let him not look with covetous eyes upon his own wife. If she should be witty, beautiful, fascinating, innocent, and altogether adorable, let the husband beware lest his charming wife allure him. Ibsen never makes this plain statement, but that is what his platform urges.

Do not make home a golden cage for a beloved bird, but an altar hemmed in by the amiable proprieties, and if the tender and superior husband wants a "sweet, gay lark of a woman" about him, let him not make his wife that gracious treasure.

If a man must have a doll's house, let him build it among the lotus-smothered forests, upon hidden hills where whispering lindens tell no tales, and let the "sweet, gay lark" of a woman be her of the tawny, unloosed braids who stretches her tempting nakedness upon tiger skins and damask, who sighs out intoxicants and lures with half-closed eyes. Not the bewitching creature bound to love, honor, and obey, but the bewildering siren paid to divert, entice, and destroy.

These are Ibsen's subtle plagiarisms from the Orientals. Slay imagination, blot out delicious confidences of no import, blind husbands' eyes to wives' exquisite charms, and there behold a perfectly arranged Ibsen household. Teach wives to spy upon the forbidden epitaphs of the world's happiness and stumble over and wound her husband's nature in the vain endeavor to "look upward, toward the peaks, toward the stars and the great silences." Bosh! A jolly lot of moral snobs shall there be in this Ibsen Altruria.

If ever there was a complete and objectionable prig, carefully painted to puppet a play withal, Mr. Ibsen's Helmer is that special numbskull. He is neither bright nor sober nor magnanimous nor sympathetic, and no woman on earth could be excused for borrowing three hundred pounds to save him from a consumption.

Mrs. Fiske is ideal as the happy little affectionate doll, Nora. The character is congeneric with Marie in "La Menteuse"; both women expect lurid deception to lead to the eternal white paths of peace; both women are put to hysterical straits and moments of hideous disappointment.

There is all too slight a difference in the conditions and mold of the two characters to exhibit delightful Mrs. Fiske in her most delicate variations of talent, but Ibsen cannot be interpreted by other than just such a brainy model of nervous and spiritual force, and Mrs. Fiske stands in adoring awe of Ibsen.

Any Ibsen play is profitable though agitating study, and Mrs. Fiske's performance in its entirety is scholarly and earnest.

An infuriated Scandinavian once arose out of the United States postal accommodations, and demanded in a lingual roar whether I had read everything Henrik Ibsen ever wrote, and in the original Norwegian! Imagine! From "Katilina" to "Paa Vidderne" in Skandanavik. There are some timorous consolations in limited literary researches.

Problems invited Mrs. Fiske, and she fearlessly constituted herself an elucidating interlocutor for Mr. Ibsen's conundrums. The effort was admirable but profitless, and Mrs. Fiske's searching eyes were turned in the direction of novels which unpreparedly became the enamored of play-writers and manufacturers. Certain flowery, sulphurous sketches happened her way, and these were given beautifully.

What there is of Minnie Maddern Fiske is awesome in its quality. She is tiny as a sparrow, and shrinks into herself before unguarded inspection, but her personality is a superlative influence impossible to avoid wherever Mrs. Fiske allows it to glow, and her mind is of a finer, clearer, more exalted tenure than that of the other women who belong to her decade of

success. There is that vividly convincing noumenal investment in her intellectuality which is the piping note of philosophers rather than actors and maskers. She sees things stripped of hallucinations, though her enthusiasms are keen and lasting enough. She has, with something gigantic in the stroke, hewn for herself a path to glory under that light which we gamely and smartly call "art," with very amusing ingenuousness regarding its province and embrace. She is away ahead of the century in the ethics of her metier, and talks in an overhuman way about an advance which has not been whispered in the cloisters of the drama.

She is so fragile and ethereal physically that the might of her mental independence is occasionally uncanny, particularly those days when her frail body is racked with tremors and her pulses need the allied calm of companionship selected and absolute seclusion from outer irritations; days when she wraps herself in smiles and soothing mantles of obscurity; days when she talks beautifully to somebody who will listen and pretend to understand or hearken and know what she means. Upon these special days I have been admitted into the sulkery of this small eerie priestess, and wondered, learned, and dwelt upon her brilliant discourses.

She is much alone, but loves congenial thought and certain companions, and her finest instants are those when she creeps out of a chrysalis shell of rest and indulges in animated lectures upon the drama. Her deep, strange eyes, amber and opalescent by turn, burn very brightly as she talks when she is interested; her red, obstinate hair curls up at the edges and straightens at the roots until it is in a mussy halo around her sensitive face, and a pretty color comes and goes in her cheeks and lips, and she constantly gesticulates in a dictatorial, illuminative way all through her conversation. She has a habit of asking a question which has no earthly chance

To Aunt Lelia from
Mamie Dodd Locke

of being answered unless she responds to her own query, which she does frankly and decisively, and one day when she gave me the warmest measure of her confidence she disclosed an unconfessed belief that acting was in the way of becoming an exact science.

"I sense the architectural precision of method," said Mrs. Fiske, half-closing her witch-like eyes, "and a certain algebraic requirement in balance and weight, and equations which are deeply glossed over with the vagaries of temperament and inspiration, but which are nevertheless plainly mathematical.

"We submit to the exigencies of nice pretense and the cleverest ways of making a point, and intuition is gravely allowed fine license; but when it is reduced to essence, to principle, it is by scientific rather than purely artistic methods that triumphs are achieved or perfection is accomplished. It is all entirely undeveloped, so far as I am concerned, and I cannot explain my certainty, except in the most vaporous assurances without much more than a feeling which is little more than premonition, as sure as we fathom the secret of highest expression, so sure am I it will be decided—not to-day, but sometime—that acting has all the elements of an exact science. And it will not put dramatic art in harness, nor ossify style, nor in any way impede the liveliest mode of expression. It will add an inexhaustible vocabulary to gesture and to pose, will enrich the resources of talent and give genius a guiding star to intricacies now only vaguely guessed at in the dark."

Something of this influence shows in Mrs. Fiske's exquisite acting now. She is original and impressive in everything. Her comedy is captivating and prismatic, and her tragic force is a torrent of passion bridled. She is as special as Duse and as intellectual as Modjeska, and is ceaseless in an endeavor

fortunately approved by the public in a general way, which must be pleasant enough to a lady who wants to reduce the privileges of oratory and magic sway of audiences to theorems and tabulations. Nobody can follow the cool fountain heads of Mrs. Fiske's scientific aspirations, for she came meteoric in among the stereotyped, the devitalized processions of modern actresses. Her flash was like that of a phosphorescent exclamation point, vehement and unusual and streaming with impressions lasting as the memory of her Tess, her Giulia, and her Ibsen women. She is a learned elf, too brainy for her delicate health, too enveloped in dreams to be especially practical.

Her "Tess of the d'Urberville's" was sensational, but such a vivid note in the century's achievement that it sounds a timbrel in the distance. The gravity of her portrayal, the ingenuity in her treatment of the robust, earthly, bedraggled heroine of Hardy's realistic story, her transversion of the author's picture and elevation of the theme to an intellectual plane without distortion of the morale of the romance or destruction of any of the author's tenets and pictures, were departures possible only to a classic actress of splendid intelligence.

Mrs. Fiske is a product of New Orleans, and a tinge of the Creole lies upon her temperament, her varied witcheries. She has inchoate ambitions to essay Lady Macbeth, and what her subtle, insinuating graces of mind and person might lend to the dame of shadows and nightmares can be guessed but hardly fathomed. Mrs. Fiske's genius is turbulent only in its depths; there is no surface to her brightest fires in which might be caught a flash of warning or hint of that which she may do, only her endeavor must be impressive, must be uplifting and in the nature of a surprise in its simplicity and completeness. She is one of the beautiful astonishments

belonging to the end-of-century school, full of charm and perfume and delicious spiritual influence.

She entertained brilliant audiences in "Divorçons" and "Little Italy," a bill of completely fascinating and divers opportunities to prove how wonderful an actress she is and how inexhaustible her exquisite talent is, how special, gracious, and tremendously powerful her every phase of dramatic expression proves under the call for versatile and scintillating interpretation. In "Little Italy," a fiercely hysterical and naturalistic picture of American slum life, Mrs. Fiske presented a daring and vital spark of tragic impulse. Her sensitive little face aglow with subdued passion was a study in fiery transits of emotion, in splashes of intense glory and pathetic denials. From this rôle her almost inextinguishable personality was shut out, though it still kept flashing up in illuminative darts, as one of the features of this really remarkable and thrilling exposition of a new quality in brilliant Mrs. Fiske. The touch of Napoli in the throat tones of her Guilia and in her marvelous eyes brought out a stubborn light which flamed and smoldered and rushed into a blaze under the frown of a lover, and sunk into blunt embers with the lash of fate about the head of the transplanted Neapolitan girl.

There is no other American actress of serious drama who could reach the heart of so fragmentary a portrait as Mrs. Fiske does in this forlorn, passionate waif fluttering in bleak American metropolitanism.

It is a thing of atmosphere and emotional fever abrupt as a sultry little thunder shower and as impressionistic, the beauty of Mrs. Fiske's interpretation of the character being in its swift vital strokes, which shriek in tragic warnings even in the most commonplace moments of lack-luster conversation.

The little scrap of literature affording Mrs. Fiske this rare chance of pictorial tragedy was written by Horace B. Fry,

and is saturated with the American slum "dago" atmosphere, most carefully fretted with guide notes to a condition of magnetism, which would bring about us such vivid recklessness as that which develops the tragedy. It is good because Mrs. Fiske avails herself of the one thread of expression, and because in spite of rugged construction its brevity is convincing and satisfactory.

Frederick De Belleville never in his long list of hits made so generous a donation to portrayal as he did in the Americanized Italian, whose heart is sundered and soul riven by the speedy occurrences of a wicked quarter of an hour.

Sardou's "Divorçons" is another of Mrs. Fiske's daintiest morsels of comedy intrusion among her solemn endeavors. She is an odd Cyprienne, and has a piquant sobriety through all her escapades and preferments, which is a quaint innovation in the chic Parisian anecdote.

Minnie Maddern Fiske marks a silver strip of shore banked for eternity close to the ocean of unsettled, battling, and contaminated art of the nation. She is introspective and so keenly intellectual that she volatizes all that is material and earthly in portraiture, reduces nervous force to impulse overwrought with the very decorum of tension, and subsidizes emotion by a superlative intelligence spiritistic in its vehemence.

So extraordinary a figure is Mrs. Fiske in art that no compass points quite truthfully to her aims and achievements, for she can be measured by no ordinary standards. She is an entity in attainments and intentions, standing aloof without any of the traditional signals of ultimate or immediate triumph under the shadow of classic drama, and yet she is progressive and the most serious genius among all women in America. Her chastity of artistic purpose, her depth and crystal sincerity, her strange skill in sounding clear tones through vague

meanings are not gifts but results, and through all her profoundly interesting endeavors the scepter of supreme cultivation and mental acuteness dominates relentlessly. Warmth shines through but never upon her work, and the reckless glow of natural, irresistible talent never floods an instant of Mrs. Fiske's perfectly poised, incomparable distinctness, her carefully weighed dramatic tenets and her oddly matched emotional shades.

She is a wonderful, small, and graciously endowed lady, with as many difficulties abreast of her career as ever sunk a cruiser, but she is indomitable and brilliantly equipped for bitter encounters, and every antagonism or encouragement leaves an imprint of charm upon her genius.

In "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" the greatest of Mrs. Fiske's abilities are called into action, and her supremacy as an exponent of purely intellectual interpretation is announced in every inspiring stroke which brings out the splendors of Hardy's Tess etherealized into immortality. It is one of the most thrilling, superb revelations recorded in modern drama, and the very audacious dignity with which the actress craftily seizes upon the germs of greatness in the author's exposition of a social condition, casting the influential character in a mold of her own, and streaming a sympathetic but individual illumination upon the inventor's own strength, are achievements possible only with fine and imperial assertiveness of genius and intellect.

A frail, trembling, hopelessly afraid Tess she brought; not Hardy's brawny, splendid animal, with a heart of gold and big passionate eyes, with wild silences and tornadoes of agony, but a shrinking, womanly, tragic shadow of despoiled girlhood, a winsome phosphorescent martyr, with eyes dry of tears and in a fateful smolder under every mood or torture.

With a strident force of spirituality Mrs. Fiske has received

Hardy's creation in her sensitive palms and absorbed the ethical conditions of his heroine, has accepted his great creation and her appalling environment. But she has impinged upon Tess so much grace of mental inscription and expression that, while the problem educed by Hardy stands out valiantly, it is not illustrated through his invention, but Mrs. Fiske's brilliant interpretation and explicit art. Her Tess suffers identically with the magnificent unfortunate pictured by Hardy, but it is another woman, grave, brooding, and tenderly illuminative. It is Hardy's tumultuously harmonious Tess crystallized and made of soul instead of rampant blood and earthly saintliness. Nothing so appealing has ever been brought to bear upon the sociological argument clogging Sudermann and Ibsen or exciting Pinero, nor has ever so resplendent a spiritual tempest been governed through the temperament of an actress. Mrs. Fiske's Tess is a flawless mental consideration of accumulative tragedy wound beautifully about a woman's slender, yoked, and submissive neck. She is a sympathetic drudge, a coward blinded by her conscience, and a thing so emotionally sensitive that love comes upon her like a fresh, sweet scare, leaving her in a tremble of insecurity and abashed allurement.

From a dramatic point of contemplation Mrs. Fiske's Tess is a triumph of etherealized individuality over literary candor. She is bluntly discourteous to the inventor of the character she portrays spiritually. Hardy is savagely dictatorial in his draughtsmanship, but he is curtly waved aside by the brilliant actress, who simplifies his picture and touches it with a magic feminine and exclusive, illustrates his theme by reduction rather than amplification, and eclipses his frank realism by definite subtlety and acuteness of delineation. Body and soul, Mrs. Fiske's Tess writhes under an incessant, possible, and flaming lash, but there is no token of her martyrdom

in the frozen mask of her tiny sybil face, nor in frantic gesture nor electric chromatics of elocution. She is almost automatic under the curse of poverty and the whip of human unkindness. Only in flights of suddenly roused sense of her wretchedness does she spread her little transparent hands above her head, as tendrils of a falling vine reach out for help, or press her beating eyes with a cold, steady palm; these are her two emotional punctuation marks asked of gesture; for the rest, she is limp and unutterably pathetic.

Since Mrs. Fiske elected her genius to the high office of emotional acting her method has changed very little. She has studied out her own beautiful salvation in art, and has eliminated the commonplace, the erotic and sensational standards from her curriculum. Repression has been reduced to so fine and precise a point that much of Mrs. Fiske's inconspicuous dialogue is didactic and monotonous. But even this evasive stroke of art has an effect upon moments when calls for intensity or dramatic force might exhaust the vitality in the situation. The first act is placidly melancholy and full of hesitation; the second alight with timid hope and grateful passion, with a climax testing the deepest resources of power at the artist's command. The pretty archness suggested in the lines and situation allowed Tess after the wedding is rather neglected, and hemlock or mistletoe might as well have been upon her tawny hair as bridal blossoms for all the wonder or ecstacy they seemed to put upon her. But when the fatal blow of amazement strikes her the wonderful transformation into a frigid statue of misery makes the quiet dullness of her gayety a lively recollection. Her big, fathomless eyes glow and speak books full of woe, her face grows thin and white and lengthens into mute despair, and womanlike to the letter, when the proper young gentleman she adores stalks virtuously away after her confession, she huddles into a small

tragic heap on the floor and wrings her hands that her heart may bleed the more readily. In the scene at the Marlott cottage of want and selfishness Tess drops back into the submissive, purling monotone of defenseless resignation. Her voice is colorless and sharp, her attitude that of dumb expectation and irritable sympathy. The trickle of desperate laughter which she lets bubble into the climax of her outrageous undoing is hideously real and dramatic, but all the rest of the act is kept under tight rein and the weight of inevitable degradation and grief.

The fourth act gives Mrs. Fiske the immense opportunity for abandon and nervous variation. The stolid, contemptuous moral servitude lies upon her like a bedraggled pall, until another still more cruel surprise lifts her into poetic crucifixion. When her deserting husband appears, she wheels about like a dislocated arrow and wilts vaporously before his pleading eyes. It is one of the beautiful moments in Mrs. Fiske's impersonation, and is followed by a stubborn, corpse-like attitude in a chair from which she peals "Marian!" in bell voice, twitching with pain, and completes the effect by slow, frosty explanations coming like apostaxis of the soul as destructive and icy as hail in summer.

Then comes the murder, a veritable triumph of emotional pantomime, indescribable, but teeming with splendors of realism and ghastly trifles of business, signals that a grossly tortured mind is giving way, and then a sentimental cajolery most human and sympathetic.

Au moins, with this Bluebeard key, her delicate apportionment of physical strength illumined by an exalted spiritual grace and intellectual supremacy, Mrs. Fiske unlocked the cautiously guarded public heart, crept noiselessly into its warm affections and inspired its everlasting awe and love of her.

IRVING

Henry Irving reaches all hearts by his own splendid humanity. He is kind in a cold, monumental way most beautiful and most truthful. He has the paternal instinct developed to an inexhaustibly embracing degree, and all his various publics are within the circle of gentle enchantment; the lowliest, the most fatuous, the superb, and the foolish all find tolerance with Henry Irving. If a stupid house of people insist upon interrupting a play and impersonation by shrieking for a speech in the middle of an act, Mr. Irving never hints that they are idiots, but sweetly accedes to their abnormal requests, and speaks in the loveliest of sentences to them, thanks them from the bottom of his big heart truly, and wins each one present ever and forever. He is of that solid gold of balance which makes saints or admirable sinners, and there is nothing so bewitching in his strange personality as the ample assurance of perfect beauty of temper and pensive acceptance of lesser thoughts than his splendid own. He is imperturbable, affectionate, and simple enough to believe in the might of the commonplace; and this instigates the measures of his dealings with art so that what he does appeals to all classes. He has been the unconscious founder of a school; the model, the sculptor of formal oratory and of a peculiar dramatic style. He has cast a singular glamour over obvious faults, and his potent magnetism and intelligent forces make all things in Irving shine as though they were right. His influence is paramount among actors of the younger coming class, and that it is exalted and fructifying is proved by his own

splendid career, made slowly to expand in a grandeur international and undisputed. He will be censured, of course, but imitated and borrowed from, so long as actors speak.

His methods are so daring, his individuality so vehement, and temperament so intensely dramatic that every sort of stage ambition will reach for some dower of this strange and luminous gift of striking fire with audacious originality.

There is a friction in his manner and devices absolutely antagonistic to the expected and approved. His unharnessed emotion, metaphrastic interpretations, and injection of a consuming personality into every reproduction of a character or creation of a picture, disturb and amaze the believers in a school of calm, exacting casualness. He acts, acts, acts all the time. He is devoured with a flame of conscious power, is quickened with the light of genius and shrinks from assimilation or envelopment. There is always the color plastered thick and rich upon his picture. There is never a moment that he imposes suggestion of more than highest art—that which is nature. His every move is governed by a rule his own, not that of stereotyped direction or advice. His stronger self peers out of author's sketching and poet's liberty; he is photogenic and conclusive in every motive or achievement, by aims and regulations quite his own and yet imperative in their actual skill. That which is within him, a better part of soul, shines through the impersonation, absorbs the character rather than sinks into it. And always there is that vivid reminder that it is a spiritful thing of art.

Irving is an impressionist of the most stalwart vigor. He splashes his engravings with great clouds of gray and black, he lays on vermilion intensity with the prodigality of Cheret, and swelters sentiment in verdure, passion in tumultuous exaggeration which is the plenteous surfeit and lavishness of art, not untruth to nature.

He is the one marked inventor in all the host of nineteenth-century actors, who has swept through the firmament of fame leaving in his path a school of infinite promise, an audacious interpretation of indisputable rubrics, and innovations at once judicious and sensational. He is a tall, spare man, whose every move expresses thoughtfulness, whose pleasantry is naturally infectious and whose face is no less interesting than his quaint and alluring disposition. His profile is strong and chiseled sharp enough to approach the savage, yet his smile is a wealth of mild protest against ungentleness. His forehead is a study in plastic marble. It is white against the shaggy brows and odd, silvered hair, and it is smooth or scowling or a dozen other strategic surprises of intimation by drifts of sentiment. His head bends, as do the heads of all brainy men, and with the healthy curve at his neck come broad and graceful shoulders, stooping a trifle to the exigency of the weighty head. He is one of the most interesting of men, and the simplest in manner, conversation, or pretensions.

One day, together with a sleepy and mentally tattered quartet of devoted souls, I wended my way to Harvard Junction early and vacuous. Harvard Junction, to begin with, is not Harvard Junction at all, but purely, in most chaste railroad parlance, nothing but Harvard. That is enough so far as it goes, but it goes only around one block, and brings up suddenly in front of a valiant beer sign, where a citizen informs the reminded thirster that Harvard is sober to suburban distinction on Sunday and the sign is a mute warning to faithful foam ingurgitators. When there is no seething yearn for libation stirring a stranded visitor it is not cheering to have excessive virtue thrust in the face of a desperate query about a drink, but Harvard was hurt to the throbbing center when the dyspeptic and gasping quartet faintly yelped for

frothy entertainment or immediate removal. The intention of this trip was a courtesy to Mr. Irving, and the train was three unkind hours late. The knell reached us two at a time, and then the plaint which went up met the approval of the proprietor of a long, red, comfortable hotel, covered with March-tinted vines and hospitality. To the dimity-curtained front room of this inn we glided and heard with jubilant enthusiasm odes on dinner-in-a-minute and train-in-an-hour, neither of which enjoyments was intoned in the first fretful shocks of delay and drought.

In time the train bringing the distinguished arrivals steamed into the yards, and we boarded it tumultuously, squeezing in the narrow aisle leading to Mr. Irving's compartment of the special car. The great actor was there himself with hearty greeting, and he immediately asked warmly after divers friends, and kept up a delightful battle of wit and compliments until Mr. Bram Stoker carried off the men and the obliterated chaperon of the party, leaving Mr. Irving—who had no lordly title then—to tell of his encounters with Western audiences, and laugh in his voiceless, contagious way over more distant experiences. He was enchanted with California; raved politely over the climate, the fruit, the enthusiasm, the ladies, and the audiences. His reception had been something memorable, and his regard for America's prodigal resources grown close to awe. Repeatedly with earnest eloquence he said then much that he has heartily indorsed since in more august company: that America is a country which must thrive, must triumph, without government, nationality or diplomacy; the natural treasury so infinite, so inexhaustible, so overflowing with plenty that the luxury of its gifts had startled him into amazement.

Henry Irving's loyalty to America is not a thing of recent expansion. He has always avowed in England that his tours

in the United States were tremendously enjoyable, aside from the financial weight of the returns.

When Mr. Irving visited California he was immensely diverted by the study of the ways and means of the Chinatown actor. We exchanged confidences upon this very punk and curious phase of Thespic existence, and when we had finished Mr. Irving was inclined to withdraw his exception to the praiseworthy custom of beating the bad actors with a rawhide thong, and considered perhaps a possible and desirable rule the exclusion of Chinese actors from the public highways.

Said Mr. Irving, his long Momus dimples slitting his cheeks, as they do when he thinks a humorous thought while his slow speech is on its way:

"I am of the melancholy opinion that the bad Chinese actor is not even 'good to his mother' as they say out West."

He had watched through a play which lasted a week, given down below the uncertain soil of 'Frisco, and the tragedy touched him deeply, as did the acting.

In an interview with a sad and almond-eyed tragedian, who bewailed his fate to be in the thrall of genius, Mr. Irving had endeavored to reconcile the Celestial mummer to his bonded state by the assurance that there was one man whom America and England and all the world revered, and he had been an actor. The Chinaman asked what name, and Irving said, "Shakespeare," which immortal cognomen fell upon untutored ears, as the Oriental tragedian had never heard of William.

Regarding his trip to underground Chinatown in 'Frisco, Mr. Irving was more lucid than any man whom I have known to visit the wonders of that rodent village, though he was rather depressed by the condition of the Chinese actor, as he discovered that the soaring Thespian of China is not rewarded with the respect his calling imposes.

At the end of the season at the Lyceum Theater in London, Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry entertain their intimates in the most lavish though informal style on the stage of their famous house of drama. It is a spacious dwelling in this mansion for splendid puppets animated by Irving and Terry. There are commodious dressing-rooms conveniently leading from the stage, and in everything the historic window from which has shone the light of all of the famous characters consigned to their delivery, seems equipped for turning into a reception and banquet hall.

One summer Mr. N. C. Goodwin and I met at the stage door of this enviable court of honor as invited guests for the evening. Neither knew the other might be under the same sign of the zodiac, and promptly—much to the consternation of a long line of distinguished guests—Nathaniel and I fell upon each other's necks and wept.

It is good for weary eyes to see Nat Goodwin when and where least expected, and especially far from home. It is good to hear his ringing American voice, and watch him gather foreign friendships and enmities as handily as a Tacoma Indian picks hops.

One beautiful characteristic of Goodwin's disposition is his fervid home attachment. Not that Nathaniel is given over to the hearthstone habit, for he cares to wander from his own fireside as often as the fire needs a hod of coal; but he is a loyal, patriotic, and star-spangled-banner chap without allowing his wing of the eagle to spread through anybody else's front window. Nat loves London, from the Strand out to Old Brompton Road and back to the Tower, but he never neglects an opportunity to curl up the corner of his sensitive lip at anybody who is not in a position to hurrah for something west of the Atlantic tide.

In we crowded, to be instantly selected for special favor

by the courteous and thoughtful Sir Henry and Miss Terry. We were the strangers, and with the grace of a chancellor Mr. Irving devoted more of his precious time to us than we had the faintest notion of consuming. He introduced us to everybody celebrated, and some of the august gathering were famous for music and others for play-acting, and others for titles, and many for poetry and stupidity, and not a few for personal beauty and sprightly wit. Into the throng Nat plunged, frankly winning everybody he chose and glowering where he was bored. There were long, sumptuously decorated tables quite the stage around, and a constant British nibble—they do such a lot of that sort of thing in the land of pudding and plenty—kept going on during the delightful party. Nobody seemed to want anything, but it was a kind of complimentary nipping of cheese and cake and sipping of luscious drips of wine, just to be companionable and charming.

I do not remember finding Mr. Gordon Craig at the Irving reception, when Mr. Goodwin and I were so amiably singled out for gracious favors, but Miss Ailsa was there, the center of attraction among Miss Terry's lovely young friends.

Miss Terry wore black Spanish lace, low neck and elbow sleeves, and a huge bunch of nasturtiums in her strange tangle of gilt curls.

"Had to wear it. You know I have just two new dresses every year for evening wear: a black one and a white one, that's all. The white one is a wreck, and Edy, my girlie, made me wear this," said the rich actress, picking up her fluffy skirts in airy pathos.

Toole was there that night, limping from a gang-plank fall, but happy and chipper and talking of America.

"I would like to go over to your country again," said the gallant old actor, "but perhaps they might think me too old, eh? That's all nonsense. Nobody's old till they've been

dead awhile. Soon as I'm well I'm going over once more to see whether the ladies in America are as pretty as those they lend us once in a while. I have seen more handsome women from America than from any one other country that contributes to our enlightenment."

An adorable old lady, sitting on the chair where Mr. Toole leaned, tapped him with her fan and called him some eighteenth-century names at this ebulition of compliment. She was one of England's most famous comédiennes. Her voice was still musical, though trembly, and she called me aside and told me about watching the candles being lighted in the windows when the country illuminated to celebrate the battle of Waterloo. As an instance of the granite fidelity of London to its idols, an incident of the evening in which this dainty little old lady figured, proved both loyalty and solicitude most astounding to us of a wilder, blunter and less cautious people. There was an audience in which the most lordly, aristocratic, and genius-plumed men and women of London sat to enjoy Nance Oldfield, Don Quixote, and the beloved old follower of the "dook" at Waterloo. At the exquisite finish of the Conan Doyle fragment the little old lady arose in her box in the upper tier and leaned far out to applaud, eyes full of tears and lips moving excitedly. Immediately she was recognized. Applause and cheery calls of her name and waving of handkerchiefs at her *loge* associated her in the affectionate approval thundered at Irving. The actor bowed courteously to her and kissed his long, steady hand, and the whole house arose and shouted for her gleefully, the Prince of Wales and his daughter, Princess Maud, and their attendants, joining in the polite hubbub of remembrance. She wore funny little velvet bands at her wrists and a flowered silk frock of moire, her plump neck covered with a fine lace bertha and her throat decorated with a velvet strip

upon which was pinned an old miniature of Albert Edward, the Prince Consort.

It was pouring rain in a heavy, unrelenting blanket, as it can only in summer London, and Mr. Goodwin had been escorting dampened young ladies to their carriages, helping Mr. Laurence Irving and his father out in this necessary nuisance. Nat found me in a hallway, just as he was entering after his third exit with arms full of blowing and shrieking maidens. His hair was dripping and his collar turned up, and his skin pink and white as a doll's from tussling instants with the big burly storm.

His hat had been a very swell up-to-date silk tile of much import, and he turned it around dubiously and said, chuckling at the blisters puffed up over its glossy sides, "Say, look at my hat. It's a burnt fritter."

Sir Henry Irving is honestly very fond of Goodwin; likes his imperturbable good humor and his inexhaustible wit, his frank Americanism and his fidelity. When in London Goodwin is the recipient of many charming courtesies from Mr. Irving, and to the best of his ability Mr. Goodwin carries his honors appreciatively and returns them sumptuously.

Wherever Mr. Goodwin plants his well-shaped foot, there is he recognized a figure of distinction. He has wonderful adaptability and some beautifully bad manners, which instantly render him a personage of importance by default.

At a swagger affair in London, where considerable of the aristocracy was brushing elbows with the Bodley head fraternity and where celebrated actors, lonely poets, wits, politicians, and beauties all talked at the top of their gifted lungs and endeavored to bore each other successfully, I met in close attendance Mr. Irving, Mr. Goodwin, and William Terriss. The English actors reluctantly consigned my countryman to me. Mr. Goodwin had been jovially buffeted about in the

throng around Sir Henry, and had an ominous glare in his big blue eyes and the acknowledgment of a blawsted American thirst upon his lips, but he was courted by everybody.

Irving is always suave and literate. His personality is so distinguished and lovable, his genius, brain, and equipiose so far towering above any other actor in England or in England's history, that the distinction bestowed upon him by his Queen was simply an honor his affectionate public would have given him were it within the power of publics to decorate rather than applaud. His knighting came when the country was torn into shreds over a furious election, but it was probably the most universally approved and indorsed action of the crown that season.

In the midst of the excitement a most fitting testimonial from the actors of Great Britain and Ireland had been tendered "that most magnificent man and artist, Sir Henry Irving." The gathering of celebrities was something stupendous, none but actors and writers being permitted the courtesy of admittance. There was wild enthusiasm and a rare, healthy good-fellowship about the ratification which easily lend themselves to description. The superb casket containing the Pinero and Bancroft addresses is a work of great art. It is crystal and gold of imposing size, and was designed by Forbes Robertson.

Consisting of an entablature supported by twelve fluted Ionic columns, it is classical and dazzling. In the front panel there is a delicate inscription commemorating the knighting of Irving and his comrades' sympathetic appreciation of this honor of state conferred on their profession through so splendid an actor. There are masks of comedy and tragedy, beautiful clasps and scrolls, and an ornate volume of Levant morocco, containing the autographs of nearly four thousand members of the dramatic profession, lies in the casket. Cheers, prolonged hurrahs and greetings welcomed Irving

With tender greeting,
Henry Irving. 38

after most eloquent addresses had brought him to response. Sir Henry was pale and trembling with heartfelt emotion, and his words all sweetness and simplicity idealized.

So many Americans were present that a special place of honor was set apart for their benefit and their enthusiasm knew no bounds. Their stanch loyalty to England and the actor-knight inspired about half the dramatic profession militant of England to rush over and lay siege to the American treasury. They would think on Sir Henry, walk down to where a colossal carved marble statue to one very fly Cornwallis is illumined with the pleasant statement:

"HE DEFEATED THE AMERICANS WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER."

then gather in all their dropped "h's" and bethink themselves of a route wherein some more American conquests might be carried on with comfort and profit.

From Glasgow, where he was convalescing from a severe and wearing illness, a letter came from Sir Henry Irving to say he was better, and to wish those who love him in America a merry Christmas and happy New Year.

He wrote nothing of a visit nor immediate hope of regaining his usual magnificent health, but that both these privileges might be accorded so great and so good a man and one whom America follows faithfully wherever he may look upon the New Year's dawn was a universal desire.

His letter was a serial in two excerpts and a couple of distinguished blots, in which the only visible punctuation was an exclamation point after his signature. Mr. Irving's chirography has a kaleidoscopic tendency as chameleon-hued as Punchinello's coat. Not only does the celebrated actor's writing depend for its appearance upon the pen, the ink, the paper, and the blotter provided him, but upon his humor and the time of day. Ordinarily it is an indistinguishable, treasur-

able and exciting scrimmage of slant lines, wriggles of ink below the lines, and dots for the "i's" to be distributed according to the happy recipient's most comforting delusions.

The letter it was my honor to decipher without a key was written at intervals and had as many shapes as vowels can assume, subjoined by exciting departures in the matter of consonants and capitals. It was begun full of cheer in Birmingham, resumed during an attack of sciatica in Edinburgh, and completed during convalescence in Glasgow; and all these influences and climates were vivid in his precious chirography. With this disposition Irving seldom receives credit for more than lending his autograph to letters, but as a matter of fact he is a punctual and very charming though didactic correspondent, and not half the strange hieroglyphics blamed upon Mr. Bram Stoker are justly laid at his Irish door.

Henry Irving is the most describable man in the world. Men of genius rarely are. Simply a telling of the height, the contour, the eyes, nose and mouth of Mansfield would no more compass his appearance or give a definite idea of his personality than would a negative. Mansfield cannot be photographed or described or painted; contact and close view are imperative for anything like a truthful notion of Richard Mansfield as he looks, as he seems, as he is. Every character he has ever created is most pictorial and responsive to perfect reproduction for the mind's eye. They are plastic and vivid and overwrought with the candor of exquisitely flawless art, but Richard Mansfield cannot be depicted. How he looks is not conveyed by the enigmatical gentleman who holds aloof and refuses to speak from a cabinet photograph, and nothing of his personality can be caught by the wariest and deepest of reporters.

I doubt if Mansfield, any more than Shakespeare, will ever at all be preserved in life-like exactness by sculpture or paint-

ing. It is not possible that the slender little chap with a prig affectation of beard and pellucid expression of self-content handed down from Stratford-on-Avon can be Shakespeare's image. Quite the most inconsequent dandy allowed among the solemn glories of Westminster is the dapper marble lounger marked William Shakespeare. The noble frown of Longfellow completely eclipses the lightness and emptiness of this graven image of the idol of all ages. Shakespeare has been reduced to an overhanging intrusion of forehead and acute inflammation of the eyelids. His beard and bald head do the rest, and that is about the way poets and painters and inspired stone masons shall perpetuate Richard Mansfield; without a tithe paid to his inscrutable personal idiosyncrasy and his brusque disposition to secrete himself within himself.

Irving's genius is allied with another metal, and he lends himself humanly and pleasantly to the easel and brush, to the chisel, to the eye, and to perception. A clean-cut report of the build, the pose, the tints, the countenance, and utterance of Sir Henry Irving is a complete and infallible description of him, a compliment to his person and his temperament, and a succinct address of himself to the universe. Sculpture and painting shall revel in his rambling, loose-jointed physique, his deep-set eyes and strange brows, his long, imperious arms, his smile of ineffable mystery and intelligence, and all those distinctive peculiarities which have cemented his popularity with indelible and affectionate remembrances. His pictures and statues are as like him as those who knew claimed the Emperor Napoleon's were of the Bonaparte. He looms up darkly above even men of size, and his face is grandiloquent but exceedingly gentle. A smile breaks out of the gloom of his severe countenance in a perfect effulgence of light. When he is lazy and indulgent it is one of the most beautiful of smiles; when he is arguing successfully it brings a ghostly

snap of Mephistopheles to the corners of his big, fine mouth, and the Irving eyes glitter threateningly when this one smile proclaims likely victory. The Satanic touch inseparable from the Irving personality is a grotesque contradiction to the great actor's impulse and his disposition.

There is an essence of paternal sweetness and forbearance about Henry Irving, which is one of the most tangible of his attractions. His odd stammer and hesitation in speech add to his charm rather than subtract from it, and his gracious frankness and simplicity of politeness make him very companionable and appealing. A wonderful smolder of magnetism lies in his face, and the twitch of muscles with which he ejects his simplest words makes his sentences impressive as if he drove them at a listener with brads or silver spikes. He is extraordinary in all things, even in his coldness and exsanguious friendships, which last forever and forever.

He has a sly sobriety of humor which grows immensely attractive when it is recognizable enough to anticipate.

Once some persons of much dignity and wealth came over from Ireland with the Lord Mayor of Dublin to present Irving with a degree of high honor conferred upon him by the greatest Dublin college. The eloquent man of the party rode away and failed to return at the appointed time of the ceremony, and an abashed aristocrat, with more moss-grown Irish titles than delightful Irish wit, was commissioned to act instead of the prepared speaker. The consequence was that the occasion was scarcely on a par with the green island's repute for eloquence, though the magnificence of the bestowal and the company were worthy brilliant things. The documentary evidence of the degree was beautifully framed in lichen-decked bark and grained wood from a famous old tree at the college, and it was altogether a most auspicious affair. After the gentleman of inexhaustible lineage and limited vocabulary had

presented the scroll to Sir Henry, and had been assisted to his adjectives by the Lord Mayor and his Dublin representatives, Irving arose and spoke with his fascinating stutter (in which his eyebrows and chin assist reluctantly) and made one of the deepest, most deliciously veiled orations ever offered Ireland.

He was sincerely proud of the compliment, and he loves Dublin better than any place in the world, and stands in magnificent awe of the famous college. Sir Henry fixed his unfathomable eyes upon Nat Goodwin, who was in the congress of wit and beauty about, and except to bow in courtly submission to the donors of the gift occasionally, he never released Mr. Goodwin from the pleasant spell of his gaze.

After the speech, which was a masterpiece, everybody cheered and congratulated the newly matriculated doctor of letters, and Nat turned to me and said with his Cupid's bow smile, "Can you beat him—can you tie him! Isn't he a corker?"

Irving was entertained by the Clover Club, and lapsed into his mellow, comfortable after-dinner mood, which is inevitable and the most becoming of all his tempers. When speeches begin he settles down in a soothed broadcloth heap, with his long, white hands in a "steeple," and listens with pleasure to everybody and everything. There was a lull in the tornado of Clover Club wit, and Irving, without looking up, said, "Major Handy, sing, will you?" Nothing could have been further from the wildest possibilities of the Major's dreams than vocalism, and he ventured to say so, amid shouts of derision and the usual Clover whip and spur.

"Well, do something, Handy — you do things, don't you?" definitely commanded the knight of the evening.

One evening an enthusiastic encourager of classic dramatic art asked Irving whether he did not think it would be a very fine thing for his son and Miss Terry's daughter to appear in

"Romeo and Juliet." Irving shook with silent laughter, and said quickly:

"It would be a very fearful thing for Shakespeare and the public; it might be pleasant for the children."

Either at the Shakespeare festival or the presentation of the loving cup offered to Sir Henry in commemoration of the title and honor the Queen had conferred upon him, Henry Miller was requested to deliver a translation of Tomaso Salvini's oration to the concourse of actors gathered in celebration. Mr. Miller, who is never anything unless frigidly intelligent and sane, instantly bethought of his American voice filling the air immediately after the golden roar of Salvini's poesy in the language which is music, and appreciated the only way to score was not to try. So, with exceeding fine taste, he read the Englished speech as if he were slowly translating its splendid periods from the Italian. It was an immediate and resounding success, and everybody congratulated Miller upon his wisdom and his talent. Irving, with his accustomed courtesy, sought out the young gentleman and complimented him sincerely.

Then Mr. Miller, whose whole career has been molded upon and after the life of the great English actor, told how Sir Henry had influenced him.

"Visions of a tempting offer to immediately join the Lyceum forces swept through my flattered imagination as I related how a scrap of literature floating about, telling of Henry Irving's struggles, his disappointments and disadvantages and tribulations, had really decided my going upon the stage," tells Mr. Miller. "Imagine the droop of my crest when he said suavely, " 'Ah, then you are an actor?'

"It was so long before I could appreciate the humor of this unintentional attack upon my hard-earned commission to play," acknowledges Mr. Miller, sententiously.

Henry Irving's genius in its expression, its dominion, and its terrific conquests is like unto the glory of the four winds. It rides pell-mell over the invulnerable pillars of art, devastates canons, raises new monuments of dignity, and creates fearless exceptions and grave problems, but it conquers withal and convinces, and is the source of more solemn beauty and truth to might than all the plodding devotion to the sunshine and changeless seasons of art.

Mr. Irving's faults are those belonging to excess of force and dynamic mental possessions too large and vehement to be governed by the rubrics of the stage. His mannerisms have inspired an especial school, his supreme mastery of suggestion and guidance of inspiration have been the greatest chain in preservation of exquisite pantomime and the poetic note of mysticism in dramatic art. He is the dictator by silent, almost reluctant acclaim in the matter of method and interpretation, and is a figure of such gracious success that the era resounds with his triumphs, and history strews his passing with bay and wreaths of violets.

When Henry Irving arrives he comes as a presence which is felt in all classes against all moods. He is equipped with a personal magnetism acting like an explosive upon the even temper of the hours, and there is an unacknowledged but undeniable flutter of the minor elements when this gentle indicative asserts his temperamental authority among a people. One of the most observable talents of Mr. Irving is his quiet but infallible mode of making himself felt within all circles, however charmed. There is never bombast, nor blazoned promises, nor claims, nor noisy asseverations, but through subtle diplomacy, and above all, for ever keeping to the actor's litanies and devoirs founded upon public demand, Sir Henry Irving is welcome, is worshiped and honored everywhere—because he is a fine man and an incomparable

caterer to the public appetite to be fascinated and enlightened and lifted by the more beautiful things possible to dramatic art.

The gallery boy in England is a different sort of citizen from the watched, brow-beaten and intimidated little ruffian of America. Here a little unusual noise from above is rewarded with ejection or threats, while in England conversation from the pit is the expected honor of everybody worthy the attention of the grimy sixpence critic. Sir Henry Irving discreetly cultivates his immense following from the East End, and during his friendly addresses he bows submissively while questions are shot at him from the pit—clever ones, too, and pat—answers directly and makes chummy promises to the dusty gods.

I remember the farewell address Sir Henry made in London, just before his departure for America for one of his visits, and he spoke feelingly to his Lyceum patrons from the streets and byways. He said, "I shall miss your simple friendship and your worthy criticism while I am far away in the United States—" and a voice from the pit interrupted, "Aul right, 'Enry; you kin gaow hover, but you've got to giv' us 'Richard III' w'en you're 'ome agine."

Mr. Irving promised the Shakespearean production with the greatest attention to the request before he proceeded with his address.

When Laurence Irving's play was put into rehearsal Miss Terry smuggled me through the stage door and let me watch the process of preparation.

It is a greater educational privilege to watch Henry Irving conduct a rehearsal than it is to see his most scholarly character delineation. He is clothed in a long black top coat, loose and wallopy about the shoulders; his hat is a peculiar turn of silk and his long, fine hair hangs in a silvery fringe about his ears and throat. He never sits still except to think

out a difficult situation, and his decisions come so swiftly that sluggish intellects are kept moving in a disheveled sort of gallop to follow him in an amble compared to his pace. He acts all the parts in turn, injects understanding of the lines and new meanings to the sentiment intended, throws fine force into tame orations and lifts elocution or declamation to soulful possibilities. It is at a rehearsal where his mastery over dramatic art is most indisputably sounded.

"Um-ah-yes—not a bit like it, my dear man," said Sir Henry, as he stalked into the position of a foppish lover and spoke his line and suggested the most emphatic gesture for the actor. "Ah, there it is again," softly cried Mr. Irving, raising both his hands up flat open, level with his temples. "Seems to me there is extant but one gesture; everybody raises up his hands like this for love, for entreaty, for curse, for prayer, always this same flat raising of the hands, so. Now here you are (to an archbishop in a proper rage), so 'Before heaven I swear'—or whatever it is—up, up and out so and there, see?" The archbishop saw, but repeated the same gesture that the warning was directed against, and patiently the celebrated Irving went all over it again and again until something bordering on direct imitation was reached.

A beatific cartoon of a ballet master was everywhere, scheming pictures, building columns of girls and arches of men and dreaming out probabilities likely to be squelched. He had arranged a particularly effective chorus with terpsichorean movement, and stood beaming way to the back of his marble bald head, saying jubilantly to Irving, "Is it not very nice?"

Irving watched the movement through, and then said meditatively, "Ah-um-yes, exceedingly nice, indeed—cut it out, please—it doesn't mean anything." Ballet creators are so likely to think out beautiful things which mean nothing.

Constantly the keen dramatic insight, intense sympathy, and delicacy of the man Irving are revealed. When Yolande is stricken and abased, a true lover comes to her with impassioned words. From out the shadows Sir Henry interrupted, soothingly:

"Mother her a little, my boy, mother her; she is a poor, wounded bird; to make manly love to her would be inhuman. Go to her protectingly—motheringly."

And when he discovered that I had been enjoying the rehearsal he came up to me with that ineffably winning smile of his and said:

"Aha, so you've been desecrating our orisons with curious eyes, eh? Rehearsals are like prayers of the faithful; here we confess our manifold incompletenesses at the altar of Art, and supplicate for strength to do better—to finally achieve the highest. This is the confessional."

The addition of Laurence Irving's galvanic story of "de Sallières, avec sa bouche orde et lepreuse," to the famous triple bill, including "Nance Oldfield," "Don Quixote" and "Waterloo," made the Irving divisions of the program flow with singular warmth and beauty.

Coming in tenderly after the leper legend and Quixote, the loveliness and simplicity of the dear old soldier of Waterloo shone out like the pure-in-heart beatitude. Mr. Irving's picture of this beloved old man of past wars is the most delightful and complete character sketch of simple grandeur which the great actor has given in years. The pitiful droop into childish grief over the loss of his pipe, the modest outbursts of natural pride, infantile revival of valorous recollections, the humble submission to honorable poverty and acceptance of tardy generosity of comrades are such beautifully pointed differences in the etching that sympathies are held fast from the beginning to the quiet last muster of this unknown hero.

Student or art life of this century can scarcely be complete without one glimpse of Irving's "Straggler."

And to whom better than Henry Irving could Cervantes have consigned his strange, wise man of the wind-mills? The Irving idiosyncrasy, his keen insight, his intellectual depth of conception and mellow humor all elucidate the vagaries peristyled about Don Quixote by those inveterate difficulty-seekers who tear poetic fictions to tatters looking for mysteries. What the Spanish romancer meant by Don Quixote is clear as Hamlet, and neither of the characters has ever been let alone in its intrinsic simple worth. Somebody with boggy ideas is always interpreting them for better minds, but at least Henry Irving develops what is noblest and most amusing and pathetic in the immortal Spanish dreamer, and invests the character with a poetic dignity infinitely entertaining and true. Irving is such an incomparable comedian it seems disloyal of him not to devote more of his time to unadulterated comedy. His Quixote is drawn after Doré with a splash of Castilian in the color and a mock mediæval humor in his make-up. The gravity and sweetness in this humble knight of simple bombast are the gracious surprises of truth. Nothing leads Irving away from the adorable goodness of heart in the misled chevalier of Dulciana. Neither obstreperous laughter, which lies there for the taking, nor wild applause tempts the actor from the crystal depths of his consideration for Don Quixote. It is an introspective, tender fantasia, full of genuflexions to the author and sympathies folded bravely around the character.

Mr. Irving is of his own school; he is master of an exceptional curriculum of acting, and has as many followers as there are young English actors.

To have had the luxury of Mr. Irving's illuminative pro-

ductions has been a seasoning of American taste in and for the play.

Henry Irving as Shylock takes upon himself the gabardine witchery of Jewish distinction, the real man from Jerusalem the Golden; with flapping draperies, deep, hungry eyes, fantastic virtues, and grewsome avarice.

There is not a fragment of Shakespeare's intention lost in this Irving Shylock. Intensity chained by scoffing roysterers and new creeds, tangled interests, and smothered affection; the volcanic fierceness of faith, piteous in its earnestness and fanaticism; the tumultuous cravings of nursed and silent hates are all voiced in the complex utterances and wails of a sad, embittered old man.

The cruelty of driving the aged Jew into another and detested religion is forced out of the trial scene. There is more of obstinate saintliness than appetite for usury in Irving's Jew. The shrinking of this tower of biased strength from new customs, devotions, and grooves of happiness seems more reasonable than lawless.

It is a Shylock full of Oriental strangeness, wild fits of vituperation, and thirst for the life and property of the despoilers of his revered altars. It is a splendid dramatic effort; it is worthy of Irving, which is equivalent to assurance that it is worthy of Shakespeare.

It goes against the tenor of the times to feel sorry for this implacable, miserly Hebrew, and still the magnificent royalty of race, inheritance, subjected grandeur are so pointedly dealt out by Irving that Shylock attains lofty pathos. His draperies, soft and faded into beauty, his antique customs and stern prejudices, his smoldering affections and blazing hate are all blended in a sensitive, masterful picture by the Irving skill. The part acquires weird patents and adornment, becomes a vine-clad monument to a race undone, a monarchy

dismantled. There is less of the objectionable old man whose name has become an adjective of contempt in a language not his own, and more of the dignity of a fallen nation, a proscribed and ardent worship, intoned in Irving's Jew.

His scene with Tubal is so overflowing with petulant anger, strident grief, and excess of abandon to various emotions that the intention of the scene is drowned in driving action, and only rises in effulgence after the whole story is unfolded. Then this storm of interfering elements breaks over the play and stands out the one omnipotent government of the Jew's whole engrossment of revenge. The erratic bits of satire and succinct wit tipping the melancholy and the ire of Shylock are sharply touched with metal by Irving's interpretation; tapped suddenly and effectually as if a mental hammer struck at the Shakespeare humor and brought out odd rings and echoes of the poet's sardonic inferences. Nothing could be more picturesque than the fine old textures, scarfs and cloaks and cassocks, Irving winds and drapes and hangs upon this stooped, gray-haired old miser. Every fragment of a robe, his headgear and sandals, are from the marts of another century, another people.

The voice, face, and picturesque wrappings partake of Jerusalem in decay, and the prophetic color of religion and race thrown over the Shakespearean fancy gives to Shylock the pathetic sublimity of Eugene Sue's wanderer. It is a question whether Shakespeare meant this giant of sentiment and revenge should make the irritating lack of Christian charity among tantalizing Gentiles conspicuous through a mysterious pathos rising above the impertinent sanctity at large in fresh Christendom. But Irving's Jew, despite the bond, is finer than any Christian gentleman in that special Venice. He is mighty as an ivy-suffocated tower against a field of johnny-jump-ups, and his majestic flavor of antiquity

and solemnity makes the infantile scoff of gay, young, sparking Christians very shamefully weak and cruel. There is even a shadow of lost race and cause sighted under the pound of carrion flesh desire which takes away the suggestion of bloodthirsty sin.

Every actor who has breathed life into the etching of Shylock leaps into some new pitfall of suggestion or brings out some audacious venture of interpretation. Henry Irving fits his own unextinguishable mannerisms and fire to the immortal Jew. It is Judah capitulated to Irving. Not a smoldering vat of savage hatred and revenge, for my ducats and my daughter are so inviolably knitted in the Irving interpretation that Shylock borrows something gentle in the jealous hold of paternity.

There is never a moment, no matter how *vive* the portrait, that Irving ceases to stand behind his presentation of a character as an artist believing in his own work. It is given as a picture, not a realism; a work of art, not a transfusion or transubstantiation of some other nature than his decisive own. The character is assumed by him, not as a strange mask which hides the actor, but rather a luminous veil through which the actor peers bravely and assertively.

His mantling of "The Merchant of Venice" is superb. Scenes that groan with luxurious fidelity to time and place. Romantic corners and depths of lighted darkness. Old walls and Venetian streets, staircases that look beyond the time of Raphael, and mural tints that speak antiquity.

And Irving's Jew is a resurrection, as well as the robes of his Jew. He is the ghost of a race prophesying; foretelling and threatening, a phantom precursor of events alive with emotional fervor or invidious craftiness; devoured by gnawing vengeance, or pathetic under the whip of sudden Christian supremacy and injustice. Eugene Sue, Shakespeare, Dickens,

Hall Caine, Crawford, and the other elect have each loaned the Jew the generous intonations of a century's drift and widely distinct style, but Irving's Shylock is a study, a lesson, and a picture indelible as a blood-stain.

The most subtle, succinct and fascinating characterization in Irving's repertoire is his Louis XI. It is humid with crotchety old age and craven ambitions. It is aflame with smoldering fires that burn like marsh phosphorescents or dull torches struggling through fog and mists. With all the cowardice of a slave in Louis, Irving keeps him none the less a king. He is not knightly, but royal; not courtly, but kingly, even in extremities of littleness. The character is distracting in its variations and flooded with contradictions which are dipped in vitriol acidity by Irving's mental grasp. Of all the parts the great Englishman has interpreted, Louis XI stands his own by virtue of creative introspection and the photographic sensitiveness of his temperament and his own negative inductions.

It is the test of power to sway, to impel admiration; to take a character without a quality of pardonable smallness, much less virtue or sweet brightness, and hold a public in enchantment over the picture, over the illustrative art of the sculptor.

Perhaps in the waning century there shall not be such another profoundly analytical and polychromatic portrayal of a dramatic character as the Louis XI of Henry Irving. The depth of intellectual probity, the mighty grasp of conflicting emotions, of inexplicable mental and moral deviations, the notes of physical decay and spiritual ferocity in the vicious old fanatic of Valois are things too marvelous to be wholly digested by the casual worshiper.

The accentuated degeneracy in Louis' face, his cringing, cowardly religious fervor, his superstition, brutality, and

abject servility to stronger wills than his own, are each in turn taken by Irving as a fragile gray thread of infinite use in the knitted excess of a fascinating and superb dramatic work.

In exquisite art Irving touches the eccentric vagaries of Louis with a grim and most diverting humor. A humor born of querulous instants of sincerity and a characteristic curtness in the wicked, old, suffering king. The death and strangled vituperative choler of Louis are made so vivid that the pictures of these horrors shall linger in the memory. With a morbid security in the conviction of never beholding the dramatic like of Henry Irving's Louis XI, the public admiringly quaked before its realistic suffocations of vice and the superb art which make the work a marvel. Whenever Irving plays this part the world is handed a golden scroll incomparable.

It is a perfectly charming mental exercise to follow Henry Irving in his literary surgeon practice of dissecting and diagnosis. He opens new veins and strikes new arteries in the most intricate shield of classicism. Tradition is kissed away with Sir Henry's most courtly gravity, and fine incisions made in the vitals of character reading with deeper, more convincing art than the reputed nobility of the drama ever lent to their prompt book bequests.

SARAH BERNHARDT

The play is by no means the thing when the miracle performing the play is Sarah Bernhardt; on the contrary, like Koko's flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la, the plays have nothing to do with the case. Had Hamlet been able to secure Sarah to pour dope into the ear of the player king, she would have scared the murderer into confession all right without any dizzy mental effort from the accusing prince or any further play.

The appearance of Madame Bernhardt is a social event of greater note in America than the unveiling of any work of literary art might be the world over. People go to see her because she is she, and if there is a new tragedy it shares eclipsed honors with her art, her gowns, her jewels and her latest caprice. Superb as she has always been to Americans, never before could they take her so completely into unstinted worship as they do to-day. Her subtle art is not so much vain pantomime nowadays, since most Americans understand French, and have been initiated into the sacred music of beaux arts and lofty intentions of genius.

She is so wonderful a creature, so supremely gifted and beautifully emphasized intellectually that what is best and finest of her is in that exquisite bounty of art she bestows upon her adoring public.

She draws youth from the mysteries her celestial genius reveals to her, she is supple as a girl eighteen years old, she is keen and sweet of eye, high of pulse and vehement with the superabundant force belonging to the young, the believing

and the speedy, fretting under the spur of undaunted hope. Any other grandmother who could boast Sarah Bernhardt's peerless genius would likely own her secret of youth. Sometimes together they mock at the ingenuous decaying simpletons of earth, do fleeting beauty of youngness and its divine endowment, genius, and they run the gamut of conquest locked arms. About Sarah Bernhardt this wonderful combination shines in a nimbus and knows no time. She clings to the minor harmony of monotony in her voice, which is as true and softly inviting as violet petals, and the Egyptian mask of her countenance grows more inscrutable and fascinating as the years touch it with perfumed wings of starlight. Betimes she is in a temper, but mellows so observably under the ecstasies violently expressed by audiences that even her disastrous, slim, lynx smile, with its magnetic seduisance, radiates something of real womanliness and warmth in response to polite hurricanes of applause and approbation.

À la maison Madame Bernhardt lives under low, soft lights, and speaks in the silver monotone she has cultivated until her conversation ripples musically along like a song. She inclines to filmy gowns, half lace, half vapory silk, which keep her in a seductive shiver, so that costly furs, sometimes with hideous little heads snarling from the edges, are thrown over her knees and about her shoulders. A web of lace over her tawny, obstinate hair, and pillows, shawls and scarfs around convenient, to lower or increase her temperature. Except that she is toujours gamin, ready for a mischievous argument or a smart romp, she is exactly the same off the stage as she is there where her genius illuminates. Largely because she is always masked, always putting herself in some plastic mood or burning some new charm or brewing some new trouble. She aims to be as fascinating and takes as much feline pleasure in the complete subjugation of one guest sitting

SARAH BERNHARDT

familiarly over a grate fire in her own hôtel as she does in her greatest efforts in tragedy. She loves the game of winning favor. To simply please a transient companion she makes herself soft, tender and impulsive, with caressing flashes of coquetry and chic willfullness that are most amusingly piquant. Her supple figure is straight, lovely to look upon, graceful as a heather stalk and inviting as only the peerless Bernhardt can be.

Her femininity, her sexuality is so vivacious and intemperate that she coquets with everybody from her confessor to the stranger within her gates; with everything from her pets to the thermometer.

One very moderate Ash Wednesday a succession of trifles tricked Madame Bernhardt into a dozen moods. Madame was chilled when she reached the theater and sat wrapped in furs and icy shivers until 8:30 o'clock, when everybody in the audience was parboiled with the extra furnace heat necessary to start Madame Sarah's circulation.

The chairs were too low; Madame had them hoisted on temporary stilts of wooden blocks, and in the second act of "La Tosca," just as she had drooped over into a luxurious armchair in one of her most fascinating poses, a block rebelled and shot out into the footlights. With a most engaging smile she accepted the situation, and all that is graceful in her awakened when she used a pretty little bamboo chair instead, frail as one of her own transparent hands. A charming concession upon her part and delighted acceptance upon mine took me after the fourth act to her dressing-room, where I found her with her bronze hair flying and in her trembling fingers an inoffensive little gold hair-pin reeking with blood from her head. Accidentally Darmont's intense hand had jammed the murderous little weapon as far into her scalp as occipital barriers would permit. She wept a little, pouted a

lot, and then broke into a wealth of smiles when the small, impertinent dagger was thrown away. She is like a spoiled child always. She was entranced by the splendid audience that had greeted her "Leah" in the afternoon, and gave me a sweet, pleased imitation of the gloved applause and gentle "bravos" that were showered upon her by the ladies. The matinée house was packed with lovely women, elegantly attired, and their charming appreciation delighted Bernhardt.

Her dresses are studies; such blending of unusual colors and such matchless turquoises. She wears cinctures, buckles, medals and clasps, all with great specimens of turquoise, big as trade dollars, and cut oblong and thick. Madame Bernhardt is most adorable anywhere, in any rôle, but to catch her in a melting mood while she sips apollinaris in her stage room is the place most to enjoy her unique personality.

That night she was in the most springlike mood, full of gay witticisms and pretty speeches about America, sighing for rest in the mountains and ready to kiss her hand to a friend or quarrel with a manager, whichever arrived first. She keys her voice in a higher, more girlish register than usual, and there is a note of sympathy in it sweet, and true, that somehow goes into the depths of hearts responsive. Everybody likes her better than ever, herself and her pose of the instant. She is adorable.

After the intense third act in "La Tosca" Madame received an ovation. The curtain rang up, but unfortunate Brizac, the stage director, had given orders to "strike," so the vision of divine Sarah endeavoring to smile recognition of a thousand gloved hands, while toppling scenes, scampering shifters and irregular confusion, divided honors, overpowered the inflammable artist.

A very sweet invitation from Madame Bernhardt kept me behind the scenes while the misguided curtain swung down

again. Drawn to her full height, with eyes ablaze and her soft, clinging dress lifted high enough to show her stamping foot, she flew at Brizac like an outraged panther. She was beautiful to watch in this just, glowing rage, every threatening gesture grace-given and feline. She was not acting, but her own feelings had possession of her frail, trembling self and exhausted her. A pretty, black-eyed maid half carried her into the stuffy little star-room. The maid came out, and in gentle French begged me to wait until Madame had "found herself" again.

On my way to the room I captured an enrapt youth with a Napoleonic face who had seen Madame Bernhardt at the Porte St. Martin when she first appeared in "La Tosca." Assured that Madame would like to look at him if not talk at him, we went together and were again admitted to Bernhardt's presence. She has a smile that welcomes one, and it comes first in her eyes. By the time it reaches her fine, thin lips there is a good deal of it, but most gracious, engaging and enticing. She was in the gentlest, most alluring mood, but worn almost to faintness by the last exhausting scene and following exasperation.

A tall, eminently "bien fait" young man was introduced as "mon fils" and dispatched for apollinaris. It seemed rather a mild stimulant, but positively is the limit of this hard-working woman's rousing allowance.

She is easy, amiable and subduedly animated. She has a cheering trick of leveling her marvelous eyes straight at your own, and you suddenly become disastrously transparent. Her foot moves all the time she talks, with a fascinating bend in the instep like a head-arch of the lovely, deadly coral snake. A great St. Bernard dog lay at her feet as we talked of the curtain misfortune with cataneas repeating plenteous adjectives of the affreux, douloureux, terrible and malheureux

class. She greeted my proposition to introduce the handsome young man, and nearly knocked that very delightfully American youth off his pins by a radiant smile and assurance that he must be an artist because he was so like to Worms, the great French actor.

Bernhardt has a small family of priceless canines, into which aristocratic yelping colony I was expected to venture with the asseveration that none of them approved of strangers.

That was one of her special nights. Not in the first dawn of Sardou's most fascinating "petite sauvage" could Bernhardt ever have played "La Tosca" with such a superb sweep of animation, soul and absolute abandon. She entered with a world of light in her characteristic smile. It is an enchanting sort of shadowed smile, sad even when most mischievous and sparkling with coquetry. She is naïve as a convent postulant, infatuating as an houri, and silhouettes each rapidly passing emotion with decisive and delicate outline that is simply marvelous. There has never been an exit so full of wraith-like grace and silent eloquence as Bernhardt's disappearance through Scarpia's door after the uncanny religious ceremony over his murdered corse. Her tiny hand slowly opens the door just the width of her small palm's profile; through this invisible partition her bronze head almost imperceptibly vanishes, her long ciel-blue robe lies against the panels for an instant like a strip of cold, accusing moonlight, then suddenly she is gone, and the black door looks as if it had never opened to let this spirit woman fade through its portals.

Bernhardt is a perplexing dramatic outlaw, amenable to no government but the irresistible whirlwind of her own intensity. She is a solitaire, unmatched, unweighed; her name in deathless letters will shine on the scroll of fame with Sappho, of

Lesbis and Cleopatra. Without the wealth of endowment imperative in classic delineation Sarah Bernhardt will be vividly remembered when Molière and "Phèdre" are intombed in history. Her own somewhat obstinate, childish motto is the most lucid reason conjurable in answer to questions of her right to the glory of ages.

Neither guided nor guarded by high art's limitations, she moves in a realm evolved by her own incomparable temperament. With magic audacity she upsets tradition, rule and custom, and where least art commands she seems most abandoned to divine fire. A perfumed radiance animates her presence and her genius, like a ghostly captive bird, spreads untamed wings straight to the stars. She is totally unlike any other triumphant exponent of tragedy; in fact, she nearly escapes unquestionable distinction because of her unusualness.

"La Tosca" burns with the enervating fire of corrupt power and slavish religion. It is hideously licentious and brutal. Three of the scenes are absolutely untranslatable in our frank, honest language. Victorien Sardou's most beautiful rhetoric, skilled stagecraft and realistic potency cannot shut out the shameless parade of vice untrammeled and repulsive wantonness. In the great dramatic scenes of "La Tosca" Madame Bernhardt's tragic force leaps out like forked lightning, illumines the morbid ethics and reveals Sardou's enchanting poetry, noble enough for a more worthy subject. The great French playwright weaves the drama around Bernhardt. Each scene is etched in absolute intrinsic finish. The play is made of five little plays. Each act is complete as an expression of some one of Bernhardt's wonderful gifts. The first act begins only when the fascinating actress raps at the chapel of St. Andrew's door and says in a coaxing, youthful soprano: "Mario!" Half hidden in La France roses and day lilies she enters, and the entire scene is written in Sar-

dou's best vein of high light comedy. Her trainante voice is tuned to girlish jealousy and impetuous adoration. She is deliciously light, airy and capricious through an exceedingly risque scene and brilliantly volatile with just a soupçon of solemnity around the mater admirabilis shrine.

Between the acts she was as democratic as Coquelin, whose dressing-room is a rendezvous for any number of admirers. That evening Madame Bernhardt hurried girlishly in making her dress changes, gossiped breezily, chatted prettily with the Napoleonic young man, and he listened enraptured. A mallet thumping like an indignant trip-hammer, interrupted, and with ardent hopes of meeting again, I dragged the bewitched Napoleon out into the greenroom. He was walking on air, indiscreetly bumping his beautiful brow against recumbent church steeples and dissipated scaffolds. He was suddenly seized with a yearn to give France a lift. He divined that a sad-eyed soldier sitting on a pile of sky must long for the land that discovered Sarah and macaroons. So Napoleon halted before him sympathetically and said with an inward attack of the rickets: "Vous-avez voyagé beaucoup après ayant quitté la France?" The answer came like a cartridge explosion: "I'm wid yez, but I'm Irish."

The delightful madame appeared just in time to enjoy this joke with us, and laughed like a pleased boy over it. She is altogether the most extraordinary woman. Whims and moods fit her as helmets might a hero. She is fascinating in any phase of temper. She has a wonderful variation of humor and a personality that seems apart from her real self, like a soul standing outside her frail, nervous physique.

No pen, no brush could ever quite express the magic passion-breath that warms and vitalizes Bernhardt's exquisite talent. Music seems the only phase of art wherein all her power could be marvelously told about, intoned in colors that

paint that subtle something music alone might utter with the wonderful suggestion of eternal youth about her. One thinks of Haggard's Ayesha and fears the last appalling collapse when most sensible of her buoyant freshness. She bubbles with a girlish lightness one moment, is petulant as a spoiled race-horse or terrible in baffled rage the next. "She makes hungry where most she satisfies; for vilest things become themselves in her." Soft, enchanting poetry drips from her lips in liquid music like rain-drops from a robin's wing.

Eyes—what eyes they are! Bernhardt's eyes can never be any one unvariable color. When you talk pleasantly with her they are soft gray. When she is spurred to murder Scarpia her wide-open eyes seem light, electric blue. Under the holy exaltation of Jeanne her eyes look out beyond the earth like cloud-set sapphires, and Cleopatra has the long unfathomable orbs of Egypt and of Circe.

Bernhardt's Cleopatra dawns like a vision of tropical seduisance and soul-entrancing passion. She treads on air, her lovely, half-bare feet scarcely touching the Egyptian earth. Always curled up in graceful attitudes, leaning against a sphinx or stretched lazily out on a rare embroidered couch, she scarcely stands upon her feet ten minutes in the whole play. Luxuriously royal, she never moves but her weight is lightly laid upon a slave or in some lover's arms. She counts the hours by twenty graceful turns upon a silken divan, or else is perched upon an antique chair like a peeping bird, scarce touching the edge, and airy enough to take wings to Egypt at an empty word. She carries lotus flowers and pomegranate or wreaths of orchids, and calls upon the buried treasures of the ages for jewels too rare to name, too countless to enumerate.

There is a breath of Egypt's darkness, a flame of Egypt's sun around about her. Warm, tawny hair hangs damp and

thick about her pretty shoulders. Eyes strange and most entreating shine out of her sensitive face, tanned to the verge of olive. All covered with mysterious nothings which insinuate audacious bareness, and bound hand and foot in such Etruscan splendor that queenliness seems almost goddess lavishness. Pink pearls and monster turquoise girdles, with strands of sea-born glories without name. Broad belts of filigree, picked out in diamond-studded cameos and strings of opal to her skirt's embroidered hem. Scarabæ quivering at a fairy tether hunt over her bare arm and supple neck. Nothing can compare to the priceless grandeur, the sybarite luxuriousness of Sarah Bernhardt's picture of a curse and a queen.

She is like a blossoming cereus that unfolds at midnight and suffocates with perfume until dawn, the living, palpitating embodiment of the "nag of Egypt."

Discarding the untold mines and wiles of Egypt, Bernhardt creeps into the Maid of Orleans with her series of long-spun monologues, pointless melodrama and dialogism. The most trying speech is the monotonous, unreal poem wherein Jeanne describes her divine summons. Bernhardt stands with her small hands clasped at one side of her throat. She never moves her fine, sensitive face, nor seems to breathe, but speaks like a voice-inspired statue:

> "Un soir, comme j'etais à gènoux en prière,
> Une voix m'appela dans un jet de lumière;
> J'eus peur et je pleurai; la voix s'avanouit
> Et le rayon de feu disparut dans la nuit."

The technique of Sarah Bernhardt has been brought to such a state of exalted perfection that it approaches the hybrid. Her voice is not that of speech, but of song, and it is "placed" as exquisitely as Patti's or Melba's. She is interested in all the intricate possibilities of the theater, and continually delves. She takes everything au sérieux: tea,

affairs, love, frocks, literature, dissipations, charities, escapades, all that which makes up her mosaic life. She belongs to Egypt, to the Orient, and wanders with her wondrous eyes turned to the sun.

Madame Bernhardt made a deep impression upon Isset Pasha, and in compliment to the great comédienne's art he invited her to visit his harem, something almost unheard of in the pasha's ménâge; Cora Urquhart Potter and Madame Bernhardt being the only two women known to have been admitted into this delicious convent of wives during the last decade. Once within the sacred family, Madame Bernhardt was besought by the frolicsome girls—for they were most all very young—to act for them, and after a laughing hesitation and courteous refusal she allowed them to coax her into a recitation. They were very pretty and chic, and the general comic opera appearance of the entire harem amused and captivated the impressionable Bernhardt. They cuddled around her on embroidered pillows and divans; one or two stately, learned ladies with grave faces talked sorosis and classics to her in piquant Turko-French, though most of them knew no French at all; and the more dignified, thoughtful dames gracefully begged her for tragedy, as sometimes among themselves they played little poetic comedies or idyls, but none, of course, possessed gifts of exalted enough degree to attempt the greater art.

So, after a pleased deliberation, Madame Bernhardt decided upon the third act of "Phèdre," and began the subtle, menacing measures of Racine's solemn verse. To her absolute embarrassment and distress, they thought it was an enormous lot of fun. They giggled, laughed out loud, and tittered girlishly as Sarah's magnificent voice rose to splendid heights of music. Finally one little black-eyed woman, who had been particularly diverted, rolled over from her odah

ottoman and beat her slender hands on the floor, nearly crying with laughter at Phèdre's oratorical force. Bernhardt was in a cold perspiration when she finished, and could not be induced to forgive the harem for its misinterpretation of her recitation. The great artiste's feline grace and sweeps of tragic power were the funniest things the harem had ever been permitted to enjoy, and when informed of their blunder they listened with astonishment to the news that women who were permitted to go to the theater went there to weep and grow thoughtful and be wrought up over acting. They had understood, most of them, that the theater was a place for joy and laughter and amusement, and they had meant to pay Madame Bernhardt the most adroit of compliments when they laughed at her Phèdre.

Bernhardt was not so clever as Modjeska, who at one time was requested by a herd of Brittany shepherds to recite something in "American" for them. They are densely ignorant and innocent, these Bretons, and know little of the human art of laughter, so they were thrilled to the heart by Modjeska's recitations in the patois, but they had heard of her American triumphs, and longed to hear the language. Not having anything English upon her tongue's tip, Modjeska with much archness and wit began to toll off with superior intensity and grace of elocutionary light and shade, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," and so on up to three hundred. The peasants listened intently, and applauded modestly when with a tremendous whirl of power Modjeska would wind up a sentence, exclaiming majestically, "Eighty-nine! Ninety! N-i-n-e-t-y-o-n-e!" She had solved the problem of gesture and punctuation completely. It was these the peasants applauded and enjoyed, rather than the eloquent words and phrases, or even sentiment, and of all the things she had given

them in the entertainment the "American recitation" pleased them most.

M. Armand Silvestre, being one of the most interesting of the charming maniacs, has made some stringent remarks in fascinating verse, has contributed pretty ideas in luminous multitudes to the art of saying nothing beatifically, and has the inner eye demanded by an immortal to view things through purple mists of thought too deep for clear utterance, and too tumultous for other language than groans and shrieks various. His "Izeyl" was in all stealthy probability built to gratify Madame Bernhardt's worthy ambition to be scriptural. Since the opening dawn of fame for Bernhardt that exalted goddess of passion has yearned to be central figure in the Oberammergau, and once had a specially designed Blessed Virgin sketched as a part she wished to originate. This flouted she set her amber eyes upon the Magdalen, and when frowned upon, the religion passion fermenting in her brought her to this heathenish saint of the Padmas, which Silvestre's imagination and Morand's funereal vitality have created dolefully but beautifully. Izeyl is Magdalen, and the tragedy is simply the Christ-story set back in the Hindu Buddhistic era, honeyed with sophomore poesy and delicate imagery, freighted with the mysticism of Stephane Mallarmé and the insane wallowings of druidistic phantoms.

"Izeyl" is the sort of play the dictatorial plutomaniac Nordau would roar about till of scarlet visage and swollen throat. A Magdalen who rushes vividly and theatrically into the meshes of religion is an everyday amusement to the honest spectators of the world's mischievous wagging. Women of the town are eternally on the verge of stupendously hysterical reformations. Sometimes they limit it to chewing gum, to quitting smoking, and often go as far as the Salvation Army with a hurrah, or to mission church prayer-meetings for a

week. Nine times out of ten it is love sickness breaking over their callous souls, and once in a rare while it is lasting and earnest. Izeyl is a shade more sincere than Yolande, but both these cypriennes so confound passion for a saintly man with expansion of soul to a god's shrine that there is small dependence to be put upon the fits and starts angelic.

Izeyl is a rôle in which Bernhardt's inherent hunger for the fantastic is satiated, and her contagious animalism is live as a tiger's. In the first act she is like a creeping ray of East Indian midday; her velvet tones drone out music, and her insinuating glances captivate and inflame. She is barbaric herself, and her weird personality belongs to an age in ashes and forgot. How she ever leaped into this nineteenth-century tide of conventionalism and rationalities is the query of the world, and in Izeyl she shakes off her cobra skin of modernity and basks in her own title, her own atmosphere and her own morbid ecstasies.

There is a tattered soothsayer who seems privileged to round up the royalty in Izeyl's country and tell them a few things unsociable but advisable. This amiable nuisance is responsible for much of the horror in the disturbed principality, and breaks in upon feasts with the cheering scoop that *la mórt c'est la chose eternelle*, and is the voice crying in the wilderness, but it is an ancient and strange land where he calls, and the beauty of his prophecies is in hieroglyphics.

The other parts are the merest sketches, phantoms screaming across a troubled sky, but real and vivid and pathetic; and it seemed so singularly appropriate that a soothsayer should dog the elastic steps of Bernhardt! There ought to be one at her hotel to cry something when it is time for her butler to say, "*Madame, est servie*"—the most commonplace forerunner of indigestion.

Bernhardt's home has the silence which clings to Lang-

try's, only it is an Oriental hush, heavy with strange perfumes and sultry draperies. There is never a door to slam, nor a rush of sunshine where Bernhardt abides. When she takes the sun she takes it savagely in streams, as she would a narcotic or intoxicant. She is a sybarite, and her house is a nest of gorgeous art where the Byzantine revels, and antiquities group about her like attendants upon imperishable temperament. Her vivid personality reigns even in the decorations of her abodes, and when she is in the mood to swim in luxury she does it as Cleopatra might, and when she has the Arcadian fever no cottage is too chastely devoid of splendors, no garden too bright, nor any companion too innocent. Once in a while she affects the primeval, and then she races to a promontory harsh as the point of a javelin, and lets the sea beat against the walls of her tower of secrecy and rest her dainty ears from compliments and from praises.

The last time I spoke to Madame Bernhardt she was dressing for Magda. Her voice was soft as chartreuse and had a glisten in it like the shine upon pearls. She would not be hurried, and opened her mouth in a scarlet excuse for laughter when they submissively warned her of a possible curtain wait. Youth hung all about her as an infant clings to its mother's skirts. It flecked her strange eyes with depths aglow in brown topaz, and lay upon the soft, colorless skin of her neck and shoulder. She is as yearless as the stars. Nobody could tell, as she wound little fashionable scarfs and chiffons about her Magda, whether she were a schoolgirl about to read a valedictory or a rosebud preparing for her eye-opening ball. Certainly nothing on earth could assure a guest that the delicately wayward, brilliant thing moving about among the velvets and silks hung upon the walls was a grandmother, a regal empress of tragedy, dictator to the world of dramatic and plastic art, and confounder of pretentious attempts in let-

ters. A life freighted with triumphs, with wild extravagances and outrages, with erratic impulse, strange caprice, and utter contempt for the sobrieties which preserve, has left Sarah Bernhardt cloyed with the tendrils of spring when autumn should be upon her with its grays and tears and mischievous wrinkles. She is the amazement of physicists and sculptors, and the complete wealth of her genius has not been fathomed except that it is beyond that of any other among her kind.

She takes no heed of time; perhaps that is why time has forgotten her. Sometimes, at two o'clock in the morning, she will, after entertaining or reading or studying, begin work upon some weighty affair, a book, sounding a play, or sketching a picture. Night after night crawls into day with Sarah Bernhardt wide-eyed and in the throes of mental occupation. In exchange for this abuse of hours she takes no exercise if she can avoid it, but envelops herself in furs and embroideries, shuts out lights, and sleeps gently as a babe, when the youth-and-health searchers are out prowling around golf links or climbing mountains.

She has the gift of protrayal so wild-grown and imperial in her nature that she is politic in her acting, and an actress in her simplest politics. She can play any part in all the world of parts, no matter how foreign to her own ideals or customs, her sympathies or inclinations. Duse must be in sentimental tune with her characters; she must have material lofty enough to lift into her own poetic mind and soulful enough to ask for her inspiration. She is such a flower of a woman and such a creature of subtle impressions and exaltations! She is sincere and lovable, and ceases to act the instant the curtain divides her from the footlights. Bernhardt feels and dreams and thinks and lives in a dramatic haze. Not that there is any pose or any need of pretense for a splendid Bernhardt, but because it is absolutely natural—to

be Irish—for her to act. Once going over to Paris from America, Madame Bernhardt was expecting her son Maurice, whom she loves devotedly, and she said: "I have been practicing a greeting for Maurice when he meets me at the landing, and I am afraid I can never quite say, 'Ah, my son Maurice,' with exactly the intonation, the inflection which will carry all I want to go to his heart. I have been rehearsing it in my cabin, but I have not yet found the real voice tone." She was as innocent of ruse in the matter as if she had been learning a song, but it is a part and parcel of her unique composition. Duse is as simple and plain a lady as her land ever nurtured; Bernhardt is fantastic, even in the matter of her deepest and noblest affections.

The splendor of a genius so transcendent as Sarah Bernhardt's is never veiled by opportunity's limitations nor shadowed by any medium of expression. She is never less or more, but eternally the same glorious Bernhardt.

It matters little what the play may be; she is there and her marvelous illuming individuality pervades and supersedes every other consideration. She queens it over the prismatic gamut of emotions as Patti does a chromatic scale. From the tremulous purple tones of tenderness to flaming violence and rhapsody of passion, she holds the undisputed sway of a favored goddess.

She has an acute faculty of making much of very little. In "Leah" her graceful spreading of a tattered brown cloak over her dead father is one exquisite picture that is imbued with awful desolation and piety. And when she reaches up on tiptoe to watch the wedding through a church window the pretty air of infantile loneliness is most pitiful. She has a hundred telling little gestures that mean more than a sweep of oratory. She can shut her eyes and look deeper into a listener's heart than any other wide-eyed actress on the stage.

Her voice is attuned to silvery happiness or leaden woe. In poses there are pictures wherever on the stage limp and ductile Bernhardt moves.

Sarah Bernhardt is a creature of utterance. Every sensitive nerve, every vein, every muscle in her composition speaks. Her foot, her hand, her lips, neck and back, all express. She is unapproachable, incomparable and heaven-gifted.

RÉJANE

Not even Bernhardt has that somber, burning and mystic humor in so all-pervading a smolder as it comes in Gabrielle Réjane. Bernhardt is Egyptian, lotus-fed, and tragic. Réjane is joyous, buoyant, incongruously unexpected in everything, and overcast by an irritating pathos. Her grace is a perplexing, serpentine brusqueness, and her beauty a puzzle; her temperament a witty, distracting sadness, full of surprises and enigmas.

Of her dramatic art Paris stops ranting when a Réjane interpretation is at hand. She is famously daring, brilliant, and effervescent as a geyser sulphur spring. There have never been any limits to the pluck nor attenuations in the breadth of Madame Réjane's methods. She is the old Quartier Latin transplanted; she is Moulin Rouge incarnate, epitomized, but in such a poetic, roseate, and engaging personality that even her disdain for ordinary stage proprieties is delightful.

Gabrielle Réjane is of the mystic, degenerate, explosive productions of the century; *sui generis*, luminous and scintillating as a poet's raptures. Above all, she is of the hour, *fin de globe* and end of the dynamic, inventive, and dissipated race. Her talent is of electric and distinguished force, volatile, emotional, and absorbing. Her art is advanced to the threshold where Raffaelli swirls his chalks and pastes his extensions, to where Beardsley records creepy suggestions of eroto-mania in all earth and humanity, where Nordau rushes in with

Lombroso's sword and slashes down lurid canvases, shrivels symbolism, and knifes abstract, over-human decorations.

Just here, delicious, radiant, and incomparable, stands Madame Réjane. She is not strange of feature, because from the scaly, lustful profiles of Beardsley's grotesques peer dozens just such devilishly fascinating faces; out of Wagner's fulsome leit-motifs arise the Réjane inexplicable, overpowering technicalities. She is that type of personality which grows like a glorious poison flower, deep-dyed and breathing infatuation. She is fantastically pretty, ensnaring even the old-fashioned pink-and-white devotees against reason or art. There is a nocturnal, emblematic, and disturbing element in her sensuous attractiveness. It is not beauty by all the signs of plodding clods, but among the idealists, the prophets, the artists who impatiently push away the fogs and clouds incumbering realistic dawns, Réjane has been foretold in a hundred audacities. The story of how Beardsley created a mouth and how nature impertinently appropriated it for Réjane is old as any Whistler fib, but it hints the decadent adage that life at best is but a craven imitation of art.

To Paris there belongs a bewitching sylph of imagination, a poem of exquisite femininity, born of French gallantry, impressionistic art, and chartreuse rouge.

That she really exists outside of volatile boulevard compliment, Dumas and Bourget literature or Cheret posters is a question neither permissible nor spirituelle, but she is as much a part of French history as St. Geneviève or Catherine di Medici. This mythical abstraction of seduisance and incomparable charm is la Parisienne. It is doubtful whether she ever materialized in such glorious perfections until the advent of Gabrielle Réjane.

Voilà, the realization of all of Boutet de Monvel's dazzling piquancies in billowy petticoats and bewildering eyes, Spiri-

don's infatuating wraiths of enticement, and Dudley Hardy's boa-wound heroines in two stunning colors. The vagrant spirit of Réjane must have hypnotized latter-day painters of woman into foretelling, foreshadowing herself, for she is the incarnation of that intangible, rare, yet omnipresent creature of dreams in French literature and modern illustration.

Aside from the grace of verifying French chivalry and substantiating the furbelowed rights of Paris to an essential, special being of allurements, Madame Réjane is so wealthily endowed with wit, dramatic genius, peculiar, haunting expressiveness, and emotional expansion that she brings with her an awakening bell in art.

Still she did not reach the American pulse. Eleonora Duse was quite rebuffed by the public's pocket-book, Coquelin and Hading drew no money from the country, "L'Enfant Prodigue" was completely ignored, and Madame Réjane gleaned nothing but a scrap-book full of flowery acknowledgments of her art and winning personality. It is trying to think that out of these great stars not one has been thankfully received by the American public.

Madame Réjane, in her embroidered Empire gown, perched upon the edge of a huge trunk in her own apartments, is a vastly different sprite from the stumbling, archly blundering sans gêne washerwoman of Napoleon's court. Close observation brings out all the splendor of her deep, restless eyes and a thousand pretty refinements of manner, speech, and seductive loveliness.

Her face is like nothing seen in femininity except in the sirens of dreamers who paint ideals and picture fantasies. Eyes large, mystic, and Oriental, looking out from under odd brows, which lift and quiver in eternal inquiries; an indescribable mouth, wide, thin-lipped, but voluptuous as a tropical night, and such a fascinating little nose—a nose which laughs

at all the rest of her prophetic, wise, and hungry visage. Turned up suddenly, with slender pink nostrils that dilate emotionally and express as much as her wondrous eyes. Her neck is long and beautifully curved, and the miraculous, restless small head sits upon it like a poppy on its slim, downy stem.

She has an attractive, deferential fashion of listening with her eyes aflame and her picturesque head tilted at a bewitching angle, and when she talks her tiny hands fly and her shoulders quiver and her eyes throw varying lights upon her funny little mask of a face, like a battery of prisms.

Her hair is thick and fine as bronze floss, waved in tumbles of reddish gold. There is no arrangement or attempt at effect by carelessness, but it is perfectly characteristic of the dainty woman whom it crowns, and is lovely beyond compare. She was calm and cool and prettily composed, as if the ardor of a difficult scene had not in the least taxed her, and the climate had not seized upon her delicious voice and made exhaustion pardonable.

"Where will you sit, and then in mercy's sweet name where shall I?" said she in a gay, hospitable manner, shoving the only chair in her room toward me, and finding an unsteady resting-place for herself on a dangerous, narrow window-sill. There was a perpetual babble of French coming in through the open door and Candé's bluff and hearty voice above the others. A ripple of music designated the proximity of Aimée Martial's whereabouts, and the clatter of gossipy tongues insinuated the voisinage of Napoleon's court, but it was only as a sort of background to the pretty bombardment of wit and compliment which riveted attention upon the eerie little elf smiling at me from the rim of her window, like a saucy, amiable gargoyle of new beauty.

"Monsieur Porel, my husband, has gone to Paris, where

RÉJANE

my two babies await us with very small concern whether we ever return or no. My seven-year-old daughter stays here with me. She speaks English excellently well, I am told, with a funny British accent which is quite fetching; myself I do not know, for I cannot speak one single word.

"We are not in such a hurry over in my country. Everything seems to arrive about the same; but we do not rush out to meet affairs in such a youthful, exuberant way as you do.

"It is immensely interesting here. The whole country is in a fine anxiety and haste. It is exhilarating and amazing. I wish I had nothing to do for a month—just to enjoy the whirl and noise and extent of America.

"Monsieur Maurel speaks excellent English, does he not?" said Madame Réjane upon the mention of the great singer's name, and she "deplored" much and "desolated" a trifle and indulged in some more Parisian lamentations to learn that neither Maurel nor Madame Bernhardt knew anything more than did she about the language.

It was Madame Réjane who gave utterance to the piquant answer regarding her acquaintance with Madame Bernhardt. "Of course you know Sarah Bernhardt?" suavely intimated a sanguine reporter.

"Bernhardt? Madame? *n'est-ce-pas?* Oh, yes; I have heard of her in America," naïvely fibbed the witty Réjane.

Madame Réjane's name is Reju, and it seems a pity she ever changed the chic, eccentric abbreviated accident in nomenclature which is an audacious symbol of her own exquisite personality. She has a very delicate, polished manner, gentle and pretty as a rosebud débutante. Everything is joyous, contented, and alluring to her, and in her own lovable disposition is a charm not outweighed by her bizarre personality, which infinitely fits the atmosphere of bohemia, the sultry recklessness of the century, and vainer intoxications

than simple refinement and womanliness. She is so contradictory and variable in temperament, and so even, gracious, and elegant in manner that she is a study in whatever pose assumed.

"As for America!" said Madame Réjane, with a delicious little gasp—"mercy! but there is *beaucoup de movement!*" The slightest note of satire strikes brusquely upon her cunning, wolfish ears, and she repeated her astonishment and the "*beaucoup-de-movement*" assertion, accompanying the exclamation with a dramatic little lift of her knees, a duck of her red head and a shivery fan of her fingers before her closed eyes. Just whether all this was to express her complete fright at the tearing mad tumult of the town or that she had encountered a hail-storm of soot and coal dust, or whether it was too inspiring a village to be expressed by less than a spasm, was not quite clear; but whatever she meant to infer, the delightful instant of pantomime was immensely diverting and inviting to inquiry, as everything Madame Réjane does excites query.

She is not at all like anybody to know, not at all like anybody to see, to hear, to pass judgment upon. Her name is almost an adjective for the incomparable, the delightfully singular and scintillating.

TREE

Herbert Beerbohm Tree is blonde as Skjold ought to have been, is ruddy and vigorous, with shoulders of an athlete and eyes of a philosopher. He is quite six feet high, and broad-chested, with the round, taper waist so envied by early poets and all actors. His hair is scant, golden, and straight, his eyes a bright blue, made lighter by pale flaxen eyebrows and lashes.

There is no possible guessing at his age. He has probably carried the same acknowledgment of years in his healthy, huntsman visage since his college days. He is nervous enough to be a delightful cynic, and humble enough to have all good things come in pleasant surprises; this disposition is itself an elixir, and with the British inclination to breathe deep and walk far, to revel in inevitable dangers and avoid unnecessary storms, Beerbohm Tree will be young forever. He is more likely to say gentle than sarcastic things, even at the expense of missing an opportunity to be witty and agreeably bitter. He enjoys fine tables and the brush of companionable equality, he tells capital stories, is a master of compliment and a fascinating adversary in argument. There is no subject too abstruse, no literature nor art too modern or too antique to find him unprepared with certain convictions and handsome opinions from his point of view and that of connoisseurs. He has satire singularly free from venom and a slow, amusing humor, so original as to suggest all the classic humorists without affecting the style of any. Perhaps three more charming people have never come from London to America than are Beerbohm Tree, his brilliant wife, and his brother, Max Beerbohm.

"Tree is a fantastic thing we've tacked on, you know," airily explains Mrs. Tree. "We're all Beerbohms, plain as Max, but we never let anybody know it."

Mrs. Tree is an irrepressible budget of gayety, as effervescent as a French woman and as daring as an American. She talks in a bubbling, joyous monotone, starred with a babyish lisp that forestalls a pardon for an occasional pretty, friendly impertinence, and lends inexpressible naïveté to all she says.

She is slender, pale-olive and dark-eyed; her hair is dull-brown and rather unruly, and she heeds dress as little as any thoroughbred Englishwoman will. She has the Bernhardt profile, and a hint of the Egyptian mask touched with a strange mischief, as if a masquerader from the obelisks had presided at her birth.

She is sympathetic, passionately charitable, and absolutely unpretentious. It is exceedingly beautiful to hear this mother of adoring children, model wife of a goodly man, and virtuous embodiment of womanhood, broadly proclaim friendliness for the wayward unfortunates of her sex, to open her eyes at any especial claim to notice because of her abiding by the laws of society and nature. It is a relief to know that virtue is not so rare a commodity in England as certain other excellent wives and actresses have led American gullibles to believe, and comforting to learn that bad tempers, moderate talent, and undefiled motherhood do not always lock hands and scramble for notoriety as the sole representatives of purity in Britain.

Mrs. Tree is the essence of enjoyable amiability; she is piquant, simple, a devoted mother, a proud and loyal wife, and is particularly sensitive about reference to her tender womanliness and her pattern home life.

"Why are they so rare a capital placed at the command of

Herbert Beerbohm Tree

an actress—these ordinary, peaceful, domestic, and plainer virtues of wifely honesty and home affection? There are thousands who do more good than I, and those not so happy are not to be blamed but pitied. It is so provincial to fathom genius with a kitchen clothes pole, don't you know? Because a woman is a prim little wife it is no sign she can play Lady Macbeth or Camille, is it now? Nor should her great art be confounded because of social lawlessness. What people of the theater do, aside from acting upon the stage, is, of course, immensely interesting to the world, I find, but we of the play-life really live at home very like other human beings. When eccentricity does accompany talent—and it all too often may—it is not the woman whom the public is asked to criticise, but the artist, and—there you are!"

All this profound sermon was in full swing one morning when Mr. Tree and Mr. Beerbohm strode in to interrupt it. A wave of fresh lake breeze came in with them and slammed the door after them, and the look of one and presence of both sent conversation off at a tangent.

"We have been walking miles along this splendid lake shore," trumpeted Mr. Tree, as he pulled off his own ulster and gave a bracing twist at the collar of Mr. Beerbohm's top coat. "The air is biting and impudent, and the paths something prehistoric, but I felt wonderfully restored after it, though it was a rough-and-tumble trip in a way, wasn't it, Max?"

Mr. Beerbohm furnished an unqualified shudder, and pushing his damp, silver hair from his youthful forehead, whispered, pathetically, "Well, rather!"

Max Beerbohm is delicate and dark as his famous brother is stalwart and blonde. Mr. Beerbohm is quiet, satirical, boyish, and skeptical in a breath, and never quite seems to have his hand upon the pulse of conversation, a habit which renders his casual and serene interruptions immensely fetch-

ing. He is fragile and poetic. Mr. Beerbohm has much of Oscar Wilde's irresistible fatalism and epigram; he does not talk so sporadically, but says equally as much as Oscar, and is quite as witty in a solemn, confidential fashion.

Mr. Beerbohm is a delightful feuilletonist, whose shafts of whimsical humor and more sedate compositions have found best vent in "The Yellow Book," "Vanity Fair," and the sprightlier, more advanced of the magazines. His books are admirable rather than many, and his style of wit has already seized an enviable place of its own in modern literature. He was full of astonishments various and amusing to note during his first visit to America, and America was equally full of astonishments over the dapper and special Mr. Beerbohm, the like of whose toilets the aborigines had never beheld outside the pleasantest farce, and whose bewildering dialect and satires were deep but delightful.

"Max is a fatalist of the most austere and satisfying sort. He is too abnormally lazy to be anything else, of course, but it is refreshing to have somebody about who is not in the least alarmed at the strange manners of hotel directors or the explosive prices of cabmen and confidence parties," said Mr. Tree.

"You know I do not in the least mind having a clever thief rob me if the sum is not crippling, but I have been the object of more beautiful games of street play-acting since I came to America than London could conjure up in a decade.

"A well-dressed person of suave bearing caught me easily in New York. We are great friends of Alma Tadema's family, and, with the world, worship his genius. Well, this attractive stranger told me in an impressively secretive instant that he was a brother of the Tademas, had come to grief in Texas, and dared not apply to his relatives for assistance. I had no thought of looking for a family resemblance, or asking for a

letter, but willingly emptied my pockets, and asked the gentleman to call at an appointed hour the next day. He never did call, and upon inquiry I discovered a large, expressive American guffaw in identification. He was no more related to the Tademas than to me."

"Herbert is such an unmistakable mark for them," idly obseved the author of that deep little misunderstood essay upon cosmetics which brought out so much critic erudition where sunny judgment never thrives.

"Nobody ever asks me for anything more than a cigar light, and as I favor cigarettes I am left in exclusive loneliness most of the time. Really, Herbert's experiences with the persuasive impostor are gradually stealing from his innocent soul the flavor of trust. He has already cultivated an irrational suspicion toward any man who slaps him on the back. Now I, in my verdant faith in man, instantly suspect a fellow who does not in greeting jovially deprive me of at least temporary lung privileges." There is a constant battledoor and shuttlecock chaff at each other going on with this interesting trio of foreigners. One is equal to the other's gibes, and each has a distinct mode of wit and fashion of teasing. Of the three Mrs. Tree seems to be the most inexhaustible. "Max, what a fib all that is!" gayly accused Mrs. Tree. "You know you have faith in nothing under the sun; you are decadent, impossible, and despairing." Then turning to me with a melancholy curve to her throat she said: "I heard him say with pathos as he put on his gloves this morning, 'Life is one long disappointment; nothing ever comes off but buttons."

"All women are lovely and kind—er—that is, except the female who complained to the steward when I ventured to light a cigarette in the grill-room after luncheon to-day. Wasn't she a trial?" said Tree.

"Had a voice vaguely suggesting a posthumous pig."

"Quite."

"A pig in its last wail before being made into a hand-bag."

This brisk little volley of frivol reminded Mr. Tree of talents in the family other than dramatic and literary, and upon the ragged margin of an evening paper he penciled a line of Berkshires graduating artistically into a Berlin hand-bag.

"Max has a great charade. I will draw it for you," smilingly offered Mr. Tree.

"Better let me," anxiously preferred the author of the black-and-white joke.

"No, I will, Max," swiftly interposed Mrs. Tree. "It would be ever so unbecoming of you to draw it yourself and then listen to resounding praises; besides I've dined out several times upon my success at it, I assure you."

This charming argument was settled by all three giving me a sample of the joke, labeled "The Conversion of the Jew." It was as clever as a Chat-Noir impromptu and as limp and swirly as a Beardsley trick.

"Shaw is a mischievous wit, plucky and Irish as clover. You know it was Shaw who took such an amusing rise out of Gilbert over the cab order," volunteered Mr. Beerbohm.

"Oh, no, that was Yeats," corrected Mrs. Tree.

"Not a bit of it," decided Mr. Tree. "It was Hamilton. I had it credited to Barrymore, and that is about as near as wit ever roosts upon its home perch." The story was, according to the infallible Mr. Beerbohm:

One night W. S. Gilbert blustered out of the Lambs' Club and found a leisurely person in the regulation dress suit of butler or emperor, standing hatless outside to breathe in enjoyable tanks of London night air.

"Here, you," snorted Gilbert, "call me a four-wheeler."

"You are a four-wheeler," urbanely replied the person, with a distinguished salute.

"How dare you!" foamed Gilbert.

"Oh, by all means a four-wheeler, my dear sir; anybody could see you are not a hansom man," again responded the person addressed, who, so far from being a butler was nobody less dangerous than Bernard Shaw, the Irish wit and playwright.

Before Herbert Beerbohm had added Tree to his good German name, and before either Mansfield or Beerbohm Tree was an actor, they were tolerably good friends with sympathetic ambitions and meager funds. They used to walk out together at night when the market streets were deserted, and Beerbohm, who was as poetic and intense as Mansfield was satirical and witty, would break into Shakespearean recitations, much to the dismay of St. Paul's pigeons or the watchmen of the bridges and empty flower booths. One night they had wandered down to Covent Garden market, and Beerbohm was full of the witcheries of the moon and "Hamlet."

"Give us that once more," laughed Mansfield, after the soliloquy. "I think you are a trifle worse than usual to-night."

"I will not unless you will come to some other place than this horrible haven for vegetables decayed; no wonder I'm off," growled the long and slender Herbert, as Mansfield still laughed, perched upon an upset barrel of cabbages.

"I refuse to waste Shakespeare on you and rotten cabbages," roared Herbert.

"My dear Beerbohm, the cabbages are not half as rotten as your Hamlet," responded the encouraging Mansfield.

Fast as money pours into the Tree coffers, so fast does it find immediate expenditure in costly productions on a scale of splendor rivaling those of Mr. Irving. By his continual perseverance, his lavish hand and artistic intensity, rather

than a heart-claim such as great actors acquire, has Mr. Tree built himself into a tremendous popularity. His picturesque and lofty figure is followed by the admiring cortes of the East End and courted in Mayfair. He is a power wherever he is, even if he is not congenial with the paramount element present, when he simply sits apart and waxes monosyllabic, as he does without a qualm if he likes. In sympathetic companionship he is delightful and brilliant and romping with animal spirits. But if the right sort are not about him he positively refuses to unbend for any purpose whatsoever. Sometimes he is very amusing in his absolutely undiplomatic social independence. He even does not take the consolatory unction of rabble "idolatry" very much to heart, and the least vain public man melts under that. Once, trundling along through one of the crowded London thoroughfares, Mr. Tree's cab gave a groan and a one-hoss-shay thrill, reeled off one of its shaky wheels and let down the gigantic Beerbohm through the split floor of the collapsed vehicle. In a minute he was surrounded, recognized, and extricated from his couch of splinters. Newsboys, gamins, laborers, and clerks first spoke his name in awe, then offered services, and finally grew bold enough to inaugurate an impromptu reception in honor of the cheerful disaster. They cheered him and asked for his hand, they gaped at him admiringly and quoted certain of his most famous stage speeches. Tree stood bareheaded, staring straight up at a dull brick wall, his blue eyes stretched under a terrific frown. He moved, and his uninvited guests moved, too. He was silent as the Trafalgar Square lions and as magnificent. Finally he dug both hands in his trousers' pockets and began to scatter largesse with a despairing recklessness. His shillings and pence jingled gayly about, and the rabble scrambled for it, when, like the angel with the flaming sword, a titled person of eminence who deeply admired Mr. Tree, was

amazed to see that celebrity's blonde pate tower above a mob stopping her carriage. With a wild pitch of his final silver, he strode to the lady's conveyance, bareheaded, begged her to rescue him, and breathless he explained away his embarrassment of popularity as they drove on amid worshipful ejaculations.

The Beerbohm Trees used to live in a quaint house in Sloane Street, in which the most scholarly, charming men and women in London would meet and enjoy a wholesome, hearty companionship. Over the quilt of grass hemmed in by a pugnacious wall dividing the Trees' backyard from Sir Charles Dilke's, was a window in Pont Street, from which I used to signal good morrows to Mrs. Tree and her beautiful babies. One morning she beckoned to me with a cautious smile, and I ran over to the Sloane Street house. Up the gobelin blue carpeted stairs, and into her pretty living-room, I went, where stood Mrs. Tree brewing a strange cordial-scented decoction quite unfamiliar and somewhat suspicious. Mrs. Tree is enough like Bernhardt to appear her best when most purposelessly decorated. She had on a loose half kimono garment of livid jaune, and about her head a bournous of orange silk wound as a maharajah twists his head scarf.

"Don't mind my negligé, will you? They've been washing my hair; that accounts for the canary swathing. I'm making an American drink for Mr. Tree, and thought you'd like one, too," explained Mrs. Tree, all in a commaless sentence.

Pouring out a mystic, turbulent combination of spectacular liquids into an exquisite glass, dipped in sugar and lemon juice, Mrs. Tree handed me the drink with the conscious grace of Ganymede triumphant.

"Have a cocktail," said Mrs. Tree, with anticipation in her pretty eyes. If she had said, "Have a prussic acid punch," it would have achieved a less surprising result. It was a work

of art. There was everything in it the market afforded, including fearful threats of instantaneous and incurable ebriety. But it was like Mrs. Tree to be gracious and thoughtful and pretty in her friendly courtesy. Their house is one of the pleasantest in London because of Mrs. Tree's comeliness, her frankness and charm of esprit.

At a gathering of wits and artists and musicians such as only London can command, the Beerbohm Trees were with Mr. Alma Tadema and George Du Maurier, and Mrs. Tree immediately opened her heart and arranged that I should meet Mr. Du Maurier and his daughter at the Tree home next day.

Poor, dear Du Maurier, with his shrinking fear of publicity, worn health, and excessive diffidence, was not accepting any formal invitations anywhere, nor meeting strangers, but Mrs. Tree's impulsive enthusiasm had easily gained his promise, provided there would be a prayer that nothing should be written of him. He was abnormally sensitive about notoriety of any hue, and he had suffered inexpressibly from that which he regarded, if not unkindness, at least intrusion upon a cloister seclusion he wished to maintain in spite of his celebrity. He was almost hysterical about some of the inconsequences, the pleasantries and jests tossed up in the air after the author of "Trilby," and that exceedingly notorious siren of his own bore a name he shivered to hear. She was a forbidden topic, though he was interested to know how she might be impersonated on the stage. It was arranged, however, that we should meet at Mrs. Tree's, and then, ah me! upon consulting my engagement card I found I was booked for Sandown, and I could not accept. But Mrs. Tree had made up her mind for the visit, and she cast about intrepidly for some way that the meeting might occur. Two letters awaited me upon my return, both of which are precious, because they were the

keys which slowly opened for my admiration a most wonderful and worshipful life, with its sufferings, its tender sensibilities and trials.

Some people are so sympathetic that the impression upon meeting is that they are very old and beloved friends, and George Du Maurier was one of those rare souls. He dissolved into submissive, fraternal intimacy wherever he sensed appreciation, and was the most exquisitely attuned impulsivist whose spirit wings brushed the earth's top for a while.

His own celebrity hurt him as profoundly and as bitterly as if the public had accused him of a wrongful deed. He was unstrung over many smart little shafts of satire aimed at his "Trilby," as if he had never made dainty cartoons frosted with sharp contempt and cynicisms. He was very weak and ill the day his six lines were answered by my knock at his study. He answered it himself and came shambling out with a pen in his beautiful hand, which trembled observably in his greeting. He wore a shade over his unhappy eyes, though he removed it for a second at a time while we talked. He was cheerful and brightly witty, though saddened by his hopeless ailments which so unfitted him for tremendous efforts. He sat in the shadows of a darkened room, though a long handsome drawing-room in soft blues and grays opened out from his nook in the alcove. Confusion of papers, pencils, chalks, and books clung to his corner, and the priceless timidity of art which hung about as shy as the possessor of this simple domain was most touching and exclusive. Privacy of a delicate and pathetic quality clung to Du Maurier, and was an appealing element which only the grossest nature could affront.

"I have written a book," said Mr. Du Maurier, thoughtfully, "one which you will see before I do. Tell me in a friendly way whether you like it or not. I have called it 'The

Martian,' and Tree says that it is rubbish; so do some other people, but it is the only sentimental thing I have allowed myself for a long time, and I hope I won't be bullied into changing it. I have taken Algernon Swinburne—who, except Paderewski, is the most poetic specimen of manly beauty this prosaic century has among its mortals—as my model for a hero, and everybody is sure to take to him."

He explained the supersensitive acuteness which he gave to his hero, and I think that must have been a pitiful gift of Du Maurier's own.

With all his destructive objection to hearing a word for or against Trilby O'Farrell, he was anxious that she should be well represented in the Tree production of Potter's dramatization of the story. A tall, lovely girl was ushered in that he might judge whether she would suit his fancy for Trilby, for Mr. Tree humored the gentle prejudices of his friend and literary counsel. Du Maurier glanced at the statuesque creature once, a fleeting, piercing glance, and said:

"Tell Mr. Tree to let you try to do Trilby, will you?" and the amazed beauty was shown out in a trance of gratitude.

His own boy and one of Henry Irving's boys and much untried but interesting talent were to be employed in the Tree "Trilby," and Mr. Du Maurier was in considerable of a flutter over it, not as his own success, but his friends'.

"He suddenly asked whether Lillie Langtry were still so wonderfully beautiful as ever, and said: "When I sketched Trilby I always thought of the Langtry brow and profile. Did you ever note how exquisitely her hair outlines against her face about the brows, about the nape of her neck and temples? She is the highest type of plastic beauty we have ever seen in England. I was very fond of her, and I hope I may see her sometime before I—go. But she is very gay and

worldly, and has little time for a sick admirer who cannot look her up, I suppose."

The continual presence of his counted hours on earth was one of the most touching elements in George Du Maurier's personality. He did not talk of it at all, but the resigned acknowledgment of it edged its way in little conversational halts and swerves in the most pathetic and angelic calmness. He wanted me to look over a famous collection he had of original drawings by Hogarth. These he loved in a living, breathing way most bewildering, and he would rise to feverish praise of them and put his tendril fingers close to their precious lines, and smile and continually wipe his eyes and explain each beauty with enthusiasm.

"I ought never to have tried to write another book," he brooded, "but it is astonishing what an infatuation there is in a train of sovereigns and dollars. I have quite gone past the joy of producing books and pictures, but one is never too ill nor too old nor too tired to make money."

He was restful and gentle and in a mood of confidences that day, and the simple beauty of his life and ideals, his resignation and his unconsciousness of grandeur were more imposing than a monument. He would rush youthfully into admiration of some of his old comrades of the Quartier and others in London, and suddenly droop, almost wilt, in contemplation that they had vanished from his life except as spoken ships. He told pretty stories about his models, his dreams, and his thoughts. He had a boyish way of deferring his judgment without in the least altering an opinion to whomsoever he talked, and his plaintive invalidism and grace of thought, his spiritual splendor and physical ruin were part of a saintly tragedy in which the strategy of Nature had been to equip and then rob viciously, tenaciously, and without mercy a soul all glory and sweetness.

Stories tracking inspiration to the gate of its incubator are the best in the world, and Du Maurier's Little Billee whilst he was a Paris exotic, waited longer for a model than any of the Du Maurier pictures.

"When I was making the sketches for 'Trilby,' " said Mr. Du Maurier, "I was at my wits' end for a model for Little Billee, and had quite wrought my entire family up to a point of sympathetic anxiety with me upon the subject. What I wanted was a boyish Jimmy Whistler. So one Sunday morning, on our way home from church, there was a united sigh of relief when I rather excitedly called attention to a handsome young man standing by the fountain in Hyde Park, immediately recognizing in him exactly such a youth as my book picture needed. I had, of course, you know, very little use of my eyes, and my daughter said:

" 'Why, don't you know who that is? He is the son of the linen draper, the little boy whom you sketched years ago because of his beautiful head and shoulders.'

"I went over to him then, and sure enough it was the same lovely child face—mature, but not robbed of any of its beauty. I reminded him of our earlier friendship, and asked him if he would favor me with some sittings for the character in 'Trilby.' He was shy about it, thought he could not, and half refused, but finally consented. He sat for all the pictures used in 'Trilby' for Little Billee, and several other ideal heads and profiles. His name is Evans, and I have just received a letter from him in which he discloses a longing to adopt the stage as a profession, and begs for an introduction to Beerbohm Tree, with whom he would like to test his virgin fortune as Little Billee in the coming Tree production of Potter's 'Trilby' adaptation."

Du Maurier's own son, Maurice Du Maurier, appeared as Dodor in Beerbohm Tree's production. Young Du Maurier

is a handsome boy not quite twenty, with his father's refinement of feature and much of his artistic instinct and taste. John Hare thought the youth had talent, and he appeared with that distinguished comedian, displaying considerable grace and adaptability.

There never was a genius so abashed and startled by the golden ghost of his own fame as George Du Maurier. He was a gentle, delicately poised artist at heart, and shrank from the sharp personal lights which celebrity throws on that self which a conscientious, artistic temperament robes in the sacred attire of art. There was no affectation or priggishness about Du Maurier; he simply was in a cold funk over his sudden and unavoidable success. He was sensitive and retiring, and immeasurably more interested in the possibilities of his last book than he was in the triumph of "Trilby."

Du Maurier's wit was caustic and his sense of justice as balmy and clear as his humor, though he rebelled over the blue pencil scourge which ruled in alien editing of his copy, and these little ripples of scarlet indignation veiled in gauze threaded very effectively through his black-and-white copy.

Tenderness from ocean to ocean stirred America with affectionate regrets at least, if not a nearer sentiment, in grief for George Du Maurier when the end came.

It was here that his books found glowing honors and immense popularity, not in London or the provinces, still less in his own birthplace, Paris. Repeatedly he had said, without any regret or fear, " 'The Martian' will be my last book."

The sad little prophecy so pitifully fulfilled touched me more deeply when he said it than it does now in the look back over his years of suffering, his enormous labors, his triumphs, and the serenity following the turmoil of his overflowing life of achievement.

I never met so gentle and soulful a being as George Du

Maurier, nor so abnormally sensitive a man. Art instinct was so vivid within him that he bewailed with a childish sort of savagery that he had none of those exquisite curves of physical beauty, none of the color, poise, or dignity art would give to a man who merited all the world said good of Du Maurier. So unstrung were his nerves upon the point of his physical lackings that his ardent friends and admirers took special pains to circulate in print false descriptions of this mighty man, all emotion, grace of spirit, and loveliness of heart. For this reason very few honest descriptions and fewer frank pictures of George Du Maurier ever reached the public, which knew him through his work. Even now distorted drawings of him make Du Maurier a stalwart, soldierly person of upright carriage and fiery front. Alas! He needed none of these fine shadows of celestial favor to make him a splendid man, nor had he one physical item tallying with the paintings given to the world.

At no time of life could Du Maurier ever have been either a man of brawn or strikingly military proportions, and the author of "Trilby" was a small, insignificant, trembling martyr, with eyes shrinking from the light, from work, from the world; eyes which flashed sympathetically with wit and brilliantly with satire for a pale, cool instant, and then sunk into a blue shiver of dullness. Not a feature of Du Maurier's face met the requirements of art except perhaps his smooth, intellectual brow, tender mouth, and his upper face, which was like Gay's a bit.

One day when I was shut up in Du Maurier's fine, darkened living-room, he leaned over to me in his nervous, appealing way, taking off the heavy colored glasses that covered his poor eyes, and putting his long, transparent hand over both of mine, he said, intensely: "Read 'The Martian,' won't you, and understand me in it? They don't quite like my title,

and maybe I'll change it, but read it whatever I call it, for it will be the last book I shall ever write."

I was inestimably hurt by his depression, but could say nothing but the stereotyped jesting things which nobody could mean.

Then he went to the odd little double door-windows which are so common in London, opened them wide, and leaned against the casement with his handkerchief thrown over his eyes, but the glasses in his hand. He closed the blinds again, sighed a little, then told me a delicious story of Beerbohm Tree, of whom he was very fond, drifting back to his sad mood at the end of it, and saying, absently, "I shall see 'The Martian' printed, maybe, but never write another."

Here and abroad a host of adoring friends mourn Du Maurier, and the land of story devourers misses him, and those to whom he allowed his vivacious wit and lovely soul to flash intimately have enshrined him enduringly in their heart of hearts.

Du Maurier may have remembered the matchless Langtry brows and neck in molding Trilby, but she "came out" our American girl, Mary Anderson. Miss Anderson even had the Trilby *bel canto.* In a crush of royalty and its attendant firmament of genius and abominably attired British beauty, I saw at Beerbohm Tree's "Fedora" Mary Anderson Navarro. She was pale as an unawakened Galatea and as sweet as a white rose. There was a tender droop to her chiseled mouth and faint little grooves of strange contentment about her eyes and lips. She is wonderfully happy and retiring, is armed against the vague tragedies of existence by her own study of heroic mimic sufferings, and is the gentlest, most glorious American who ever deserted our worshiping prairies. When asked about her home with us a faint, plaintive smile flits across her face, as fleeting and mysterious as a spirit rose leaf

dropping from the clouds, but it is quite a certainty that she never intends to come back, though our Mary, who is not at all ours, refuses to say so.

Interesting personages seemed to take flight from that attractive corner of Belgravia where Sloane and Pont Streets exchange topographical courtesies, and where Pinero planted the poetic feet of one of his cleverest plays. Perhaps that is why they moved. It used to boast cosmopolitanism, Americanism transplanted, where it most successfully thrived. Pont Street was alive with social impossibilities and nobility in close conclave. Art and letters found tenting grounds near where Shelley lived and greater men died. Bohemia was in lordly hands about the corners of this pretty avenue opening into Sloane Street and upon Cadogan Square. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the earl, lived just around the park; Mrs. Langtry held court in Pont Street; opposite her dainty palace was the house of the Swedish ambassador, and next door a mansion built by the famous owner of the horse Cloister, whose honored race-track name is sunken into the marble steps leading to the gorgeousness made by his winnings on the turf. Down the street and into Chester Square, duchesses, Americans, and barons, a countess, a marchioness, two beauties, and three celebrated artists distributed hospitality; near the corner of Sloane and Pont was the brass knocker to Beerbohm Tree's home, and Sir Charles Dilke lived in an adjoining house. With this sort of a neighborhood almost any whim of fashion is sure to be tolerated, and whilst it was quiet as a nest of monasteries, no portion of the swagger West End was a place so likely to offer Mr. Pinero's eccentric social incidents food for shelter.

The strength of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's talent lies in variform masks. He is an actor whose greatest success must be made by no immense achievement in one part, but exquisite differences in many. An actor whose place in art is enviable

and whose endearment to the heart of any public must come to be incalculable.

The man has no stage personality, but is a composite of as many tempers and physical disguises as master creators can devise; his height, voice, weight, and carriage vary with each character he assumes. The face, figure, hair, and marked points of human appearance are usually considered enough to constitute complete character assumption, but Mr. Tree is definitely a conspicuous stranger in each new man he pretends to be. Tree is enslaved to arts dependent upon the brush, ardent study of gesture, pantomime, the moods of elocution, and the whims of nature. He has no mannerisms, no friendly eccentricities, no incomparable fire which must stride through the genius of dynamic actors, actors of peerless temperament and glowing individuality.

He has taught much in the old art of absolute sinking of identity of the actor in the work of the artist.

Make-up of accuracy must be a singular inclination in which tall, athletic actors find release from the sort of all-pervading excess of themselves in a cast. Beerbohm Tree is more given to detail than is Hopper about his property belongings. Mr. Tree had more paraphernalia carefully prepared to excite wonder in his impersonation of Svengali than the cleverest clown would concoct for a pantomime. Amazing whiskers and eyebrows, boots quite impressive in their exceptional toes and expressively villainous heels, and a complexion dastardly with shadowy green, and a shine upon everything from his coat collar to his sleek, greasy countenance. Then there were sheets of music and broken ivories, pianos which pealed forth mysticisms as Tree rolled his eyes in wicked tantrums, and everything, including long, threatening finger-nails of prodigious hawkishness, was helped by the skillful exaggeration of material additions to Du Maurier's Jew. Tree always

has a forest of traps lying about the stage with secretly arranged carelessness, and his entire gamut of pose and much direct effect are entirely dependent upon "props." Lillie Langtry, when she was in Tree's company, took mischievous delight in misplacing all Tree's properties. A book lying on a table which Tree would open in a nonchalant way, and a half-drawn curtain he toyed with in agitated moments, a rose-leaf thrown upon the floor and a pipe hung against the fireplace, each had its mission in his performance, and Langtry would slip in and tuck the book under a pillow, eat the rose-leaf, draw the curtain wide, and Beerbohm could not act without these mainstays to his characterization. Tree's wigs and pads and boot-tops would make a town fair stare without an actor to wear them, and the histrionic talent of his gloves, his hats and umbrellas shall excite wonder and respect long after a lot of dramatic things shall have been forgotten.

He has fructified the germ of character investiture and helped aspirants to the mystic trick of molding a hundred faces out of one and breathing fresh dispositions into every faintly outlined creation. There is no empiricism nor cheat of the senses, in his artifice, and no mesmerism in his art. He is as honest, up-and-up, and scholarly an actor as ever trod footlighted boards, and yet with all his fantastic powers it is not at all probable that he could put that overwhelming stress upon the imagination which reaches an audience through Richard Mansfield's Jekyll-Hyde, or kindle the furnace of terror that Irving's dream in "The Bells" must, however often these too startling impersonations are beheld. However, Mr. Tree's volume of talent is a most elusive cloud to grasp. It is clear as crystal, but full of prismatic lights and surprises of a cold, driving sort which last only in passing. It is the quality of talent which prepares judgment with expectation of defeat, and tempers enthusiasm with a factor of kindly prejudice.

The sum of Mr. Tree's work is amazingly great. He is master of the mechanism of dramatic performance, the science rather than the art of stagecraft. His high intelligence gives him advantages over most of the protean delineators of character, and his multitudinous successes have made him the celebrity England and America acknowledge him to be. With genius alone he could not have accomplished half the labor for the play that his skillful molding of character from cool study rather than intuition has done.

As many characters as could well be crowded into a career have decked the repertoire of Beerbohm Tree, and in each one he has been a revelation of studious penetration and elegant finish. His Gringoire, Demetrius, and Marchant bear no earthly relation to each other, nor to his Hamlet, nor is the grewsome Dane akin to any other man whom this commander of spirits and types and bodies shall materialize.

Of late years the occasional and abortive attempts to portray Falstaff, whether the merry, duplicious, philosophic Jack of "Henry IV," or the rawer, grosser, and more blusterous balloon of conceit swaggering through "The Merry Wives of Windsor," have been altogether mechanical and feeble in comparison to Beerbohm Tree's magnificent hulk of bombast.

With the fall of the old and racier school of actors Falstaff became an impossibility; neither did the younger men have the genius to grapple so tremendous a character nor the inclination to preserve it.

The "Merry Wives of Windsor" Falstaff is a poet's rhapsody of the glutinous, gaseous, braggart carnivori. Controversies regarding the meaning of the wheezy knight have never stilled since the Lollards raised objections to him. Actors war over his plethoric vices and squalid virtues. Comedians weep because he is not played, and cultivate abdominal preponderance in obese hopes to reach Jack's mental and moral

measures via the midriff. Critics—alas! the critics! They have singly and in double teams pranced about witlessly with scourges raised against the part, against all actors baffled by the part, and against each other for diverse opinions.

But Beerbohm Tree completely solves the Falstaff riddle, gives Shakespeare at Shakespeare's richest, and flowers art with a superb character painting worthy Hogarth, Van Dyck, or Rubens in brave fields.

It is only with this master-creation that Mr. Tree can be ultimately and valiantly judged. All his other fine impersonations but led inaccurately to the forest of his endowments. Each a distinct and vital stranger to the other, his characterizations have been remarkable in vivid portraiture and his gift has shown the quality of carefully educated talents rather than usurping splendor of genius.

But Tree's Falstaff is bloated with the wine of mental dower, is fed upon the plums of deep thought, and built to rollicking enormity by that endogenous method which makes mountains out of mushrooms. The hugeness of Tree's Falstaff is not alone in his physical stuffing and padding and puffing to monster height and breadth, but in that artistic growth which comes from the inner self, profound study, and overpowering execution.

His Falstaff strides upon the stage a behemoth of limb and jowl, he writhes in gluttony, prodigious appetites, and swagger enough for Jack the Giant-Killer. He is a mass of trembling dispositions and brag, an unlovely but not altogether unlovable rogue of kindly, homely, and simple belief in himself and fear of all threats; a coward, a blunderer, and hearty "deadbeat" of admirable strength.

He is fat to exudation, is blear-eyed and stuffy, pillow-shouldered, a meaty-legged and snub-nosed god of all grossness, his voice hoarse with adipose tissue and gin; a blubbering, blatant, and bungling knave.

In every item of physical construction, intonation, and carriage, Tree lived the Shakespearean rascal over in fresh vitality. His voice, most of all, held out wonder offerings. It never broke from a gurgling rasp, and rolled out sentences with such precious abundance of humor and solemn coarseness that in Falstaff's throat lay half the art of Tree's great characterization.

The protean adroitness of Mr. Tree is infinitely more interesting than his empire over emotion or his divination of character, and it is in the long and trying run of popular occupation as an idol of audiences that Mr. Tree must be most successful. He is built straggly and tall and finely chiseled from his crown to his pointed toe, but that does not keep him from changing the half-starved glare of the ballad-monger to a frown over puffy cheeks and thick lips for the suspicious Demetrius. He is an arch-master of the magic of make-up, and is wholly given over to close-knit detail and technique. He has a face seemingly veiling fires which never break through, eyes which burn but never blaze, a mouth that does not melt into warm smiles, and a countenance which expresses nothing plenteously, but lends itself in plastic amenability to artistic disguise and indication. It is a face from which little emanates, but upon which the faces of the world can be painted.

Mr. Tree revels in probing characters. He goes at them with scalpel and knife and plenteous medicines of his own brew. He is an abrupt and unfaltering diagnosian, and nothing from Grundy to Ibsen can escape him. His representations invariably bestir controversy; and Hamlet, the classic rôles, and delicately poetic heroes have been seriously regarded as among his greatest triumphs, though a certain style of virile character-part undoubtedly affords him the largest opportunity for his splendid talents.

MARLOWE

"* * * Angels named her
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars
And framed her in a suit of white;
And they made her hair
Of gloomy midnight
And her eyes of glowing moonshine * * *."

There are no stormy flights of genius, no startling throbs of passion, in the dainty Marlowe's acting. She is as cool and fresh as a pale November dawn, with soft tints, trembling smiles, and fluttering sighs instead of soaring ecstasy; moist eyes, low tones and simple pathos instead of intense emotion. She is classic in a nun-like frostiness, which melts only when her splendid eyes light up with spirit and her voice warms into rich contralto sweetness. Her art does not seem so much an accomplishment as an emanation. She is natural, buoyant, youthful, and lovable, and has a beautiful chance to win at her own pace; for there is nobody in the race exactly classed or equipped with her own quality, and Julia Marlowe always rises to any dramatic requirement with a buoyancy which is tempestuous, a brilliancy which is captivating. Her dainty comedy bubbles up with pretty lightness. It never quite approaches brilliancy; in fact, there is always a breath of pathos in her laughter, a taste of tear-drops in her roguishness. Her face is wrought out of the same alabaster as Clio's and the goddesses of mirth and mischief. Deep dimples in her chin, eyes for all moods, and a bewitching little nose has Julia, and with the intense fervor of her emotional genius

which burns in these same eyes and trembles in her pretty dimples, Marlowe's face in repose expresses nothing so much as highly intelligent appreciation of comedy.

Where rowdy dissipation is required she falls short by natural dower of ingenuousness. She cannot help a pout, and her notions of ribald song, freebooting, and spring wickedness are most uniquely vague.

Marlowe's voice is a treasure out of all compare with other women's voices. As Hal she pitches the rollicking lines in a clear, warm, limited register. Her laugh is spontaneous and rich as the upper notes of a barytone or *tenore robusto.* She must have a compass of at least three vigorous octaves to turn her voice into such a boyish channel one day and hang it to the lark's stars next. For in Viola, Rosalind, and Juliet nothing could be more lovably feminine, sweet, and soaring than Marlowe's voice; in Galatea and Parthenia it slips through her lips pearly and even as the beads of a jacinth rosary slip through a nun's cool fingers. In Hal it is a sunny, buoyant voice of tender masculinity and fine timbre; in Valeska a sultry, passionate, and stormy contralto with a bitterness in its minor pitch.

There is a starry place in England waiting for Julia Marlowe, and the atmosphere, the timely art life and environment of London invite her temptingly. But she has grown to be such a thorough American and holds so valorous an affection for her adopted country that there is no dazzle in England's necessity which can quite eclipse America's opportunity.

Spurring her on to wider experiences and greater attempts, there have come into her career forces with advantageous and fruitful faith in her genius, courageous speculators who believe and make their respectful homage good by splendid investments in Marlowe preferred stock. Little of the commercial talent enters lovely Julia's composition; she

is trustful and susceptible to wise counsel, preserving much of her childish dependence upon maturer judgment and willingness to be directed in everything but her métier. That she grasps with her own strong hand, and guides, speeds, and tempers according to her own finest inspirations. She has a faculty for application, not the avid rapacity for consuming hours which has stubbornly aided Sarah Bernhardt, nor the supersensitive *poco tiempo* disposition which thwarts Duse's chance of universal conquest, but a steady, industrious, and spirited devotion to growth.

She brought to the vividly colored rôle of Valeska a wonderfully expanded power, with deep lights and shadows of emotion, fine polarization of spiritual force, and a distinctive quality which none of her earlier classic ventures revealed. She is not much older, but she has lived since Parthenia and Rosalind made her famous, and it is upon the poison-tipped arrows of experience that genius feeds, upon sharp griefs and stormy conditions of soul. With divine rudeness have all these mighty taskmasters torn away the remnant of timidity sheltering Marlowe's inmost moods, and now with the batteries of her own greatness brave though fighting against heartaches and wrathful instants of indecision, she stands in the shadow of knowledge before wide-open windows, through which she takes sure aim and revels in her own artistic security, her own emotional wealth of sympathy and feeling.

She is a serious lady when she has slipped out of the fiery mold of Valeska or Juliet, and sits cozily about among roses and books. Everything is of moment, and she pries skillfully into meanings and warnings and wastes much time upon worshipful but not particularly profitable friends. She is one of the truest, firmest, most unselfish of women. I have known her so long that her career has been a spirited something running right along by my side through more than a decade

of years. She was a dove-eyed girl with grave lips and a checked mischief which leaped out of her deepest dimples once in a while when she was merriest, only to be thrust back as if fun were not much meant for her. Then she grew apace, and developed into a classic actress and an artist, but still a little girl, and it was a wedding ring and a traveler's budget of discovery, the sweet building of impossible fairy castles, and the sudden shattering of idols which made a woman of her in an hour. She is less grave than when she was a dainty slip of a girl, and inexpressively lovely. She laughs heartily, and likes the comedians better than most companions, loves amusement, and is just beginning to live in a round and hearty way. Always, though, with the serious things closest to her, and her work forever above all else. That is her life, and she finds keen enjoyment in the forward moves she has made with so much unconscious majesty. She has very few of the frills and tantrums of the average genius. She likes people, and is neither selfish about giving up her time to inconsequent visitors nor sulky over being entirely deserted long enough to allow her time to read, study, and think. She thinks profoundly and to much purpose, and has the critic sense developed to such a fine degree that her judgment upon matters pertaining to letters, sculpture, and any phase of art or æsthetics is most interesting.

Hardy had been a sort of summer golden calf for her special recreation and enlightenment, but she wavered in favor of Meredith when she happened to run across Diana, who converted her away from Hardy's warm, smart irony and philosophy.

"Well," said she, with her forehead in the little curl she affects when argument waylays her, "Hardy certainly does teach us one thing, and that is what I suppose urged him to give us 'Jude the Obscure'; there is something wrong with

the marriage relation as it stands, but whatever it is and however the future may arrange matters, at least while the present social condition obtains, the only thing to do is to abide by the conventionalities."

There is something strongly reminiscent of Duse in Marlowe as she develops. She has the same odd formation of eyelid and the pathetic lift of brow which mark Duse's sensitive face. Also in acting, the influence of the Italian is vividly apparent in Marlowe's splendid repose and individuality. Not anything like a following of method, but rather a kinship of temperament and genius. Except that Marlowe, who is vigorous and animated with fine health and calmness of disposition, has vast advantages over the Italian with her feverish, spiritualized life, her frail health, and nervous extravagances. It is a study to watch Marlowe's mobile, expressive face as she talks, without gesture, without waste of any force; even her ringing voice is keyed into a pitch almost a whisper. She is strongly English in her pronunciation, speaks rapidly with an incessant flow of words which are almost picturesque in conversation, and a glow of color upon her cheeks and lips all the time. Her hair starts in upon argument with every evidence of careful arrangement, but it is sympathetic, and kinks, tumbles about her ears and curls over her forehead, loosens itself from combs and fillets, and is in a lovely tangle before an hour's interesting gamut of laughter and recollections and philosophizing is over.

She wants to stop gypsying about the country, and the proposition of a theater devoted to her has brilliant enticements.

"Now it isn't exactly dignified, is it, to trail about the country in cars? Of course, in some towns I have friends and social reliefs, but I am not forgetting a long list of one-night stands where there is nothing in the world to find but money.

I work, slave for six months, and then the other six I am obliged to hie myself to the mountain fastnesses and refuse to be comforted—how would you like that? What sort of an existence is that, anyhow? It is not life, that's sure." Which was considerable of an outburst for Julia, who is calm and sweet and contented, as a rule. It is rather a dog's life if any at all, and the greater the artist among actors the greater the sacrifices demanded.

She puts on her shortest frock in the summer time, and climbs up into the Alps, where her ears open to hear only echoes, and her eyes search the unmeasurable.

When she came back after waking out of mountain sleep by a breathless taste of Paris, she was glad to think of her own work and in a flutter over good acting she had enjoyed; for Réjane was hypnotizing les boulevards.

"Go to Paris, now, do, while Réjane is playing 'Zaza,' said she with eyes and dimples punctuating her enthusiasm.

"Oh, the charm of her and her art! Her wonderful facility and variety and the singular element in her personality which nobody else in the world has quite got! I cried all night over some of 'Zaza'; she so worked upon me in her performance. You know two of Réjane's intimates built the play for her really out of her special gifts, and every line is a firmament of stars, every turn of emotion, of vagary, exactly as Réjane wants it, that she may captivate and amaze. She is delightful in anything, but 'Zaza' is worth going across the water to enjoy. I don't believe Réjane will ever come to America again."

She did not exactly come in touch with Americans in their happiest manner, for some reason. She is Parisienne—the only one left out of the fanciful demoiselles poets sing and beaux arts paint. The real Parisienne is a scarce artist in

Paris, but Réjane is a type of the highest, rarest charm which constitutes the eccentric beauty of the Parisienne.

Marlowe's loyalty to Eleanora Duse is one of her prettiest sanctities. She approaches her with awe and the general bearing of an acolyte, though Duse takes the liveliest and tenderest interest in everything Marlowe does in the way of advancement. Once, in Paris, Duse was in her usual invulnerable seclusion, and Marlowe called. The hotel clerk said mysteriously, "Madame Duse does not stop at this hotel." But Marlowe insisted upon her card going to the famous Italian. In a moment Duse's maid came flying with messages for Marlowe to come to the sanctuary of the undiscoverable one. There was Duse trembling and suffering, her face drawn with traces of pain and nervous excitement. A silk pelisse had been hurriedly thrown over her night dress, and she had propped her head up in a nest of pillows on a bed which tumbled out signals of restless hours.

"You know," said Marlowe, simply as a child, "I felt so guilty for the intrusion, but the precious sufferer folded me in her arms and begged me to stay, patting my head and saying the most endearing, gentle things to me all the time."

Considering that Duse neither found much comfort nor remuneration here in America, the friendship she voluntarily bestows upon Marlowe is the more to be hallowed.

"Duse is strange, as she is wondrously gifted," said Miss Marlowe, dropping into the reflective mood most becoming and fine of all in which she indulges.

To Julia Marlowe every foreigner reaches a tender hand of belief and admiration. Duse once openly avowed her delight in Marlowe's Juliet, standing up in a first-tier box and applauding vehemently, adding little caressing Italian exclamations as tears coursed down her wan ivory cheeks.

"She was so dear!" pensively remarked Miss Marlowe,

referring to the pretty incident. "She was decidedly the triumph of the evening; everybody applauding her, not me, the courtesy and sympathy were so beautiful to see."

Taking a plain miniature hung over her escritoire, Miss Marlowe said affectionately:

"This picture of Duse I am particularly fond of. Watch the soul grow out of the wonderful eyes while you look at it. Such a rare woman and superb actress, isn't she?"

Marlowe has always been generous to a fault in flattery and kindnesses to women of the stage. Of Miss Ellen Terry she thinks the world, calling her by a pretty title, "Lady Nell," in which some of Terry's finest friends and closest, complimentingly indulge.

Marlowe is such a serious, art-stricken child of dreams. She is still the veriest little girl away from her castles built of poems, her gardens of romance and endeavor kindly fortified by an earnest life of hopes. She is witty and keenly sensitive to the humorous side of things, but a graver damosel never stole glances from forbidden windows than Julia, sighing in the tower of her royal art, where she lives a picture life all enthusiasm and sympathy, dreams of the mystic in fine instants of exalted ambition.

No wonder her Juliet is an imperishable delight. She has that atmosphere of passionate youth, tremulous longings, gentle willfulness and childish trust which inspired Shakespeare's love-stricken heroine and which is so unattainable by most of those who reach the height of mental power necessary to paint Juliet in all her dawning graces and intrepid fidelity. Miss Marlowe is the first to bring the cloudless beauty of youth and gracious gifts to this infant goddess of one tragic night. The essence of awaiting doom thrills the air of her Juliet in its daintiest moments of fleeting happiness. Her immolation in the tomb is no more sad than is the freighted

voice which whispers, "What's he that follows, that would not dance?" There is the frost of impending horror chilling the timorous ardor to learn all about the enamored boy who had stammered adorable blossoms of hurried love into her girlhood's pure tranquillity. This lending of her lovely self to the instinct of fatality is one of the subtlest of Julia Marlowe's tender charms. Charles Hart and certainly Chatterton call in pathetic ghost voices upon this sensitive gift of dramatic prophecy, a something spiritistic and penetrating which drips out through joy in humid waves of gray, checks quick-beating hearts, and shadows melody with quivering minors. It lies in Mendelssohn's adagios, in Eleonora Duse's burning eyes, and the sheltered violets of Shelley's verse. And it drifts like April snow through the spring sweetness of Julia Marlowe's voice. It is a gift straight from angel's wings, and fans cool souls to pity and all earth to sympathy and nestling tenderness.

There used to be stretched across the old Columbia Theater walls in Chicago a wondrous painting of a woman-Juliet, whose eyes leaped out of the canvas with wanton fire, whose scarlet lips were drawn in agony and whose face and figure carried all the seductions Shakespeare denies his Juliet. The picture was of Margaret Mather, a woman with the ardor of an instant which comes to fleeting genius; a woman who electrified a multitude and made a swiftly ripened fortune, but whose soul-lightning dissolved as suddenly as it had been awakened, and left her cold as any skeleton in the tomb of the Capulets. Triumphs arrived to Mather legitimately and worthily, for she had a transient dramatic power of eminent beauty, just as Clara Morris had, and now who could regard either of these brilliant recollections in the light of a favorite or even satisfactory actress? It is the strangest sort of phantom gift, with which neither age nor condition nor fortune has

aught to do. Modjeska, who is mellow with age, and a foreigner, could walk upon the stage and dim the recollection of the pretty girls loving the Romeos of to-day.

So it is not age which rifles the treasury of dramatic talent; some of it lasts, some of it blazes a day and sinks into the horizon of a life. Julia Marlowe's burns with a steady, fine, and forceful flame, like enough to be a glow in the coming century. She is perpetually youthful and sensitive, sweet as a flower, and beautifully intense. Her face is a trembling reflex of tenderness and mirth, she illumines and fades and harkens and fears, all with her mobile countenance and her punctuating gesture and pose. She is the embodiment of delicately emphatic expression, and no heart song is too varied for her vibrant throat.

Her Juliet is a vital painting impossible to resist; a dreamy, mighty, impressionistic picture. Such play of thought upon her face, such a depth and harmony through the character, and a plastic sympathy nobody since Neilson has lent to this complex study of a girl.

When a man marries — of course adage and ballad have barked at him the inevitable — but if an actress weds she instantly begins to make history. When Mr. Robert Taber fearlessly took out a license to have and to hold America's Marlowe, in the guilelessness of his youthful excitement he overlooked the mortgage of a nation upon the object of his choice. Instantly this entirely desirable young gentleman became a subject of discussion and target for ill-concealed wraths. Mr. Taber found himself the recipient of flattering international shafts of indignation and incalculable contumely, but he opened his beautiful eyes, showed his white teeth, and billed and cooed in derision—that is Julia cooed, and Robert billed her "Mrs. Taber" in the face of violent and hysterical protest from her enraged public. It was serious, but most

diverting, and the anxious young people spent a timidly effulgent honeymoon under the very scorn of the spread eagle.

But in her bridal temper Julia radiated joy. So many wonderful people prophesied splendid ultimates in the career of Marlowe that when her marriage broke in upon the virgin captivity of her art it seemed to be rather a challenge to much extravagant foretelling; for not a few greet with qualms the wedding of a genius.

To the lovely Marlowe, adding Taber to her musical name was but one of accumulated graces. Taber is a good name, one which the handsome youth who won so exquisite a wife both honors and adorns, but it did not fit with soothing accord the name America had learned to call one of its gifted young women.

With a fine harmonious title and the dignity of "madame" perched upon her tender years in amusing quaintness, Julia Marlowe Taber suddenly bloomed into an artistic completeness and fullness of intellectual development never quite argued possible to youth and girlish irresponsibility. She struck with a bolder, nobler force, and evidenced a rarely exalted beauty of conception. Her talents seemed prettily expanded, and there was a charming joyousness about her brighter work, most infectious.

So what more delightful treat could a New Year dedicate to its amusement-seekers than "As You Like It," with Mr. and Mrs. Taber as the roving lovers of Arden?

On they came in a magnificently framed picture full of grave sweetness, and a light of laughter glowing over its richest verse, and America refused to pardon Robert Taber for his luck, his temerity.

No part in Shakespeare has become so completely the right of one star, as Rosalind has grown to be the property by possession of Julia Marlowe. No living actress

contends with her for superiority in the rôle, and none of the generations gone by may claim a rarer, more poetic embodiment of charming youth and womanhood than Mrs. Taber made of Rosalind. Such musical and thoughtful reading of the precious lines, so much enticing naïveté and grace, such beauty of person and soulful interpretation of delicate character have rarely been cast so lavishly upon any rôle of Shakespeare.

The best work Robert Taber does is Orlando. He is boyish and stalwart, handsome, sympathetic, and graceful. Pretty little bits of business in likely communion with tradition, but neither musty nor sterile, cropped up in scenes between this pair of mated artists, and the performance proved entirely delightful.

Among her wedding gifts Mrs. Taber was the flattered discoverer of a bracelet which was worn by Kate Field in one of her earlier successes. Mrs. Sol Smith gave the bracelet to Mrs. Taber, and that grateful lady of genius wears it reverently. Mrs. Smith is the widow of the once famous comedian whose name Sol Smith Russell wears deservedly.

The Marlowe-Taber Rosalind had grown beyond the confines of Julia's virginal reading of the part. Her Rosalind is one of the winsome songs of art which will hum temptingly in memory longer than any other Shakespearean characterization of the American to-day. It is soft and borne on silver wings of womanliness, and has a ring of gentle sincerity and boundless worth. Her voice is fresh and dewy as a spring morning, and the poetry of Rosalind drips from her lips in liquid, gladdening sort of purity.

After Marlowe, naturally the personage most interesting was the envied young gentleman who captured that radiant creature. Mr. Taber is talented, intelligent, and cultured, with a decided English school of acting, of which perhaps the

best representative is Kyrle Bellew. In many things young Taber is remarkably like Mr. Bellew, and he could scarcely have a better model. He plays Orlando exceedingly well with ease, boyish grace, and clear, carefully guarded diction. They were both on the verge of romp one evening, and when I went behind the scenes to Arden, all carpeted with real brown oak leaves and mosses, Julia was in a gale of merriment because three of the banished courtiers had been upset by rickety stools at the forest table, and Jacques's "Seven Ages" had been delivered during a scuffle for securer resting places.

Julia came kicking through the stage of autumn leaves, smothering a heart full of laughter, as a schoolgirl might in study hour. She flew rosily to me with hands outstretched, for we are old friends and faithful, and bubbled over with merriment and pretty greetings. "Did you see us upset the hallowed stumps of Arden? Wasn't it dear of the blessed old duke to take it so soberly? Touchstone and I couldn't look tired through the whole starving scene of fatigue." Her beauty was positively entrancing to come near to it, and as she shone and laughed and trembled with happiness, telling me about "Robert," and hosts of happenings since I last beheld her, I thought I never saw so bewitching a woman. She sat comfortably tilted back in a vastly uncomfortable chair, and besought me to stay, promising childishly to "count twelve" before trying to jump back into Ganymede from her fascinating self, which is not a stone's throw from Jove's own page.

She was a new, inspired Marlowe, and as she called Mr. Taber and presented me she hung prettily, close upon his sturdy arm, and they looked every inch a symphony of bliss. With the twin brown and forest green costumes and sun-burnt bronze curls tossing about Orlando and Ganymede, they were surely painter's dreams to look upon, brimming with content

and splendid hopes. She was witty and sparkling, Mr. Taber all enthusiasm.

That was in the beginning. The public still wrangled, and the production of plays in which Mr. Taber was presumably allowed some artistic advantages over his wife, kept the broil in singularly lively continuance. A magnificent revival of "Henry IV," in which Marlowe was cast for Hal epitomized and Taber given a splendid chance as Hotspur, quite brought matters to a climax.

Hotspur was the character most emblazoned into glory, and Taber covered him with infatuating preference, brought all the splendid gift of brush and pencil and decoration, so rich in the Taber talent, to bear upon the rôle. He was as highly polished and fiery as the stirring lines in the poetry Shakespeare winds about him. From the very first scene he captured exclusive attention, and in each succeeding act he endeared himself to the sensational quality in audiences. He was handsome as a Detaille chevalier, and cast a spirit new and golden about the rare old speeches of Hotspur.

And that settled it. Taber, it seemed, would have to be unhitched, professionally, from the Marlowe chariot, and the arguments grew sullenly amusing. It was the funniest sort of controversy, carried on with choler and insistence.

One day we were sipping tea brewed under the intense gaze of the Marlowe orbs—they are as solemn over a samovar as over the execution of Savonarola—and had just made up our joint minds that it was both too strong, too sweet, and too hot for a civilized palate—when an unannounced young lady interviewer appeared at the door and resolved into a galvanized interrogation point of much fearsome agitation and nerve, finally exploding into a sharp inquiry as to whether Miss Marlowe intended to leave her husband.

Mrs. Taber crept a little closer to me, and tragically called

"Robert!" in a penetrating whisper, which brought Mr. Taber out of a battle with Scotch plaids which had been going on in an adjoining apartment. Robert, laden with costumers' samples of Prince Charlie tartans, made a strenuous endeavor to appease the ambitious gatherer of news, but to very little purpose, as that animated person had a few things to find out and a very unquenchable fire of questions. Finally Mrs. Taber, whose back had been stealthily turned toward the energetic figure of inquiry, was stunned to have the interviewer's voice take an encouraging tone of advance as one of the two companionable dogs always in the Tabers' rooms bounded toward Julia.

"Oh, a dog!" cried the penciler, in ecstasy. "Now, you love dogs better than anything in the world, don't you?"

Pallor spread over Mrs. Taber's face, and she rose appealingly, begging that such a rash statement find no place in the nice little red book of notes rapidly filling with pipe-dreams in black.

"If I may be allowed to say so," said Mrs. Taber, plaintively, "the dogs are rather jolly, but an actress of the classic drama may be permitted other interests than terriers and bull pups."

"And what might be the matter with me, for instance? There are others beside the curs," added Mr. Taber, as he discreetly betook himself again to the Highland clan difficulty.

Observing the "tack" in Marlowe's dignified sail, the interviewer spasmodically shifted her line of arraignment by the all-including query of:

"Well, what do you think of metaphysics?"

If you do not like canines over much, how about the science of thought?

Mourned Mrs. Taber as the questioner withdrew, van-

quished but full of items, "With a cult for pups and esoterics, I suppose a divorce is possible."

The theater of their own might have been made a great speeding place for art, for Julia Marlowe Taber is mentally and by temperament fitted for the task of great undertakings, and her devoted young husband had exactly the qualities most necessary in filling out the measure of his wife's labors in art's behalf. He is highly intellectual and a keen observer, of poetic and artistic temperament. His brother is a painter, and Robert shares a talent given lavishly to the Taber family of creative, inventive ability, the grace of thinking out pictures, and the talent for arrangement, which mean master stage management and that genius which gives life to plastic art and expression to unspoken poetry. Robert G. Ingersoll, Mrs. Taber's devoted friend, urged the young people to establish themselves immediately.

"Because Mr. Ingersoll has been so indulgent to me, do you know the most amazing charities are demanded of him?" said Mrs. Taber. "There is an impression among his neighboring people that he is very rich, and one summer when we were there—I always try to spend part of the summer with them, you know—the door-bell interrupted breakfast, and the butler came gravely in, saying:

" 'If you please, sir, there is a lady to see you.'

" 'What does she want?' asked Mr. Ingersoll.

" 'A piano, if you please, sir,' answered the butler."

However, submitting to the obstinately made-up mind of the public, one autumn Julia came back to America alone, with brand new printing, in which she was gratifyingly exploited as "Marlowe," without the offending "Taber" in the fresh emblazonry. Mr. Taber stayed in London, and stepped into instant prodigality of favor, allowing art, who is a jealous minx, to settle family affairs profitably.

Robert played Shakespeare in England, and Julia, beautifully equipped, resolved to desert the classics and develop her stunning emotional gifts, which brought her splendid triumphs in "The Countess Valeska," a turbulent expression of romanticism, full of emotional exploit and sensational episode, without a touch of classic chisel or a brush of poetic elegance, and by this one fearless leap into fine but less hallowed light she sounded a chord of truer human sympathy than ever colored the scale of her achievements.

That Miss Marlowe's self-immolation upon the altar of tne classic drama may be treasured as an adorable reflection of tenderly fanned embers rather than an honorable and gracious disturbance of hope, proves a matter of infinite promise and growth. She has groped through the wilderness and carried a flaming torch high enough in art to inspire the less courageous; she has devoted her extreme youth and her richest gifts to the rarest, least selfish aims, and her harvest of glory comes with a sweep of the winds over strange pastures.

In Valeska, beginning sulkily, like a tropical storm, Miss Marlowe flashed promise into the introductory scenes of explanatory purpose. She was picturesque and vivid in the key to the character, which is frankly revealed through the trifles of conversation to which the countess is limited in the prelude.

In these significant instances the delicate touches of Marlowe's intelligence were keenest, and the gradual lead into the stormy magnificence of her emotional force both skillful and exquisitely sympathetic. Her face has a beautiful, silent language of its own, her voice is music, and her deliciously attuned abandon to the extravagances of passion is startlingly realistic and fascinating. There is never a discordant note through all her rush over the pulse-beats of dangerous temperature, and over the completeness of this love-stricken Rus-

Faithfully
Julia Marlowe

sian there was a purity absolutely charming and vitalizing. The several powerful situations Miss Marlowe seized with a brilliancy of intelligence irresistible, and the sleight-of-sense theatrical elements of the character, extremely glaring in certain portions of the play, were treated with so much elegance of delivery and discretion in emotional color that an apology was built about the incongruities by the grace and magnetism of the actress.

"The Countess Valeska" opened up an exhaustless prospect for Miss Marlowe, and her long devotion to classicism the neglected superlatives of poetry and the drama allows her honors to volatilize into a halo which is not dimmed but illuminated by her splendid departure. That the weight of loftier ambitions does not temper the ardor of Julia Marlowe in this racy emotional adventure is an appealing factor in its perfection, and perhaps after a while she will desert the earthlier romance for the poetry of her earlier successes, but it is a special revelry to watch her in new atmospheres glow and shine and triumph in a worldlier, closer intimacy with sensations.

The wise thing to do was to show the splendor of her talent by stepping away from the classics, as all great actors have done when a call for expansive proof reached their ears. The group of enthusiasts who regret the Marlowe desertion of Shakespeare could not support her so extravagantly as does "Valeska." The public does not dare say so, but it does *not* want Shakespeare, and it *does* want Marlowe.

Her beauty grows apace, her talents bloom, and her physical proportions accede to the demands of her vigorous mental capacities. She is stronger in that fine, high-bred, supple vigor suited to her exquisite temperament and poise of genius.

The night Mr. James Corbett dethroned Mr. John L. Sullivan, Miss Marlowe was presenting her virgin delineation of Imogen.

Considerable politely suppressed emotion seemed scattered about the audience in masculine bundles gathered to see Marlowe in a new rôle. The fragile flower, Imogen, stood before the kindly cave of Belarius, saying, "Pardon, gods! I'd change my sex to be companions with them." The tender eulogy still trembled out on the air of rocky Milford Haven when a voice from the street pierced through the theater's open velvet doors, like a streak of noisy lightning with tragic information.

The voice with enthusiastic hoarseness shouted: "What's de matter wid youse? Jim's got 'im down on de ropes, sluggin' de face off 'im." The pressure seemed relieved by this pleasant information long enough to allow beautiful Marlowe undisturbed to enter the cave, and Arviragus to prate gallantly, "The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome." Some of the audience thought so, too; others seized their headgear nervously and slipped out, away from Wales and sweet Fidele, to query the "differing multitudes," and every *fin de globe* woman looked an unutterable "Pardon, gods! I'd change my sex to be companions with them."

Then for an exciting ten minutes, sport and the drama had a silent but vehement struggle in several unsolicited rounds. Delegations modestly returned with telegraphic reports—and startling whispers ran from tier to tier until things began to be hopelessly tangled up. Beheaded princes and unbelted champions fought to a valiant finish, and then Robert Taber made one of his famous rushes and clinched with Shakespeare, radiant Marlowe smiled, and every one there who had put a bet on the right man coupled the new Imogen and the new champion in one enthusiastic conclusion that "Great men * * * could not outpeer these twain."

She was a most exquisite Imogen, but very soon deserted "Cymbaline" for "Ingomar."

They always will play "Ingomar"—all of them. In spite of its poetic extravagance, exaltation, and dramatic crudeness, the pedantic old play never fails to entice a girlish actress into the meshes of the impossible Parthenia. The piece centers all eyes on the barbaric title rôle. When Ingomar is superbly played Parthenia is mildly annoying; if Ingomar be made secondary to a star—Parthenia—the author's aim is lost, and the Greek maid borders on charming absurdity. But pretty young stars like to trail about in the graceful draperies, twine wreaths around golden goblets, touch the fringe of comedy in the far-fetched armor scene, and revel in the divine knowledge of pillaging the rightful honors of the highest-salaried man in the supporting company.

Marlowe is really a most sympathetic, ideal Parthenia. She reads the beautiful old lines tenderly and melts, glows, and droops in sweet abandon to the maiden's countless moods.

Once Marlowe completely enchanted Wu Ting Fang and an entire Chinese diplomatic corps, and they sat in picturesque silence through the finest exploits of the Marlowe genius, dazzled by her emotional force, her beauty and temperament. Out came the little golden palms from their silken hiding-place, and a complimentary patter reached across the footlights to please Marlowe more than many things more usual could ever hope to do.

Wu Ting Fang, in the most princely fashion, begged for an introduction to the star, and fell captive to her dimples, melting looks, and girlish loveliness.

"Do you, like Mr. William Gillette, play every night for many nights, for weeks, for months?" queried the suave minister, in his choice, musical English.

"Why, certainly," answered Miss Marlowe, amused.

Then all three of the aristocratic Chinamen raised their eyes and pretty fingers, stretched and chorused amazed

regrets that such a strain upon talent and accomplishment and health should be permitted by a nation favored with such genius.

"You must not play every night, nor many nights, with so much brilliancy and force. You will destroy your gift, destroy yourself, and why?" asked the gentle Celestial representative. To Marlowe's shake of curls and piquant smile he answered:

"You must not do so; it is very wrong; genius must be nurtured, not worn out, and beauty must be kept upon feathers and flower leaves," which lovely Hongkong prospect may set Julia a-thinking on kimonos and peacocks, golden storks and blue lizards long enough for a dream.

American actresses, much to the hopeless chagrin of actors who are not so happy, have always been welcomed with outspread hands by the Chinese.

The graceful little Celestials are bewitched by the splendor of our girls' complexion, the daring of their coquetries, and the superiority of their scorn, without much emphasis upon which gift is most to be commended; for the carefully arranged indifference of the tricksome soubrette or the stately comédienne is quite as alluring as her winsome mood of good humor.

Loie Fuller was an immensely successful woman—and her success is as continuous as her bath of flame—among the Oriental visitors to Paris. When Li Hung Chang beamed upon the French city he bowed a constant votary at the rainbow shrine of the bright Chicagoenne.

Loie had just added a supernal dream in color tantrums, which L'École des Beaux Arts, represented by Bac, Guillaume, Cheret, and some of its luminous and *menthe-vert* poster creators, invented for Miss Fuller when Li Hung in his surest and yellowest jacket fell under the spell of her enchantments, and the two became the most stanch of friends. The

celebrated Chinaman offered Loie fabulous sums to go to Hongkong, and rather more as a recreation than an investment away flew the Chicago girl, with her electric batteries, her gimp and wash-pole attachments for her color dances. She fairly attacked the citadel of Chinese hearts, and from them caught so much delicacy and originality that many of her later successes are built upon notions accumulated and suggested by the Chinese.

No wonder the silent, courtly dwellers of the Far East like our women and our plays. Japanese plays are as grotesque and ram-shackle as the Chinese dramas are; they run for weeks and months, and if especially truculent and inexhaustible for years, without dropping a curtain on anything like a finish. There are, of course, no women in the plays, but dainty, effeminate, and pretty young men, carefully schooled, play the heroines and dancing girls and other feminine difficulties necessary even to a Celestial tragedy. Masks are so common a property nowadays, and the literary squalor of the Jap and Chinese plays so familiar over here, that it is exceedingly plain why the chic and fascinating ladies of this land with their own saucy American dramas and their own audacities, tragic and comic, should completely subjugate Orientals.

Julia Marlowe is too American (though she was born among the fisher folk of England) to hunger for the lotus and the endless sun of the Orient. She is not like Mrs. Potter; she is not like Madame Bernhardt in the vagaries of her nest-building. Up in the mountains of the East is a stately mansion, the homestead of the Tabers. To this she flies for rest, or to the home of Ingersoll, or the Alps. The coolest, loneliest spots on earth entice her, and she wastes no time anywhere, but studies, thinks, advances, grows.

Her beauty has been clothed too long in the dusk of literary ages, her emotions curbed by the plastic awe wrapped

about Shakespeare and Bulwer, and blank verse and thrifty gatherers of book dust. That Miss Marlowe's career has only now cast off the chrysalis shell of noble endeavor and devout precision in the field of her splendid efforts, is the most acute attestation to her courage and her allegiance to the highest. Her genius is ripe and effulgent, and her initial appearance as an actress of emotional liberty and broad dramatic tolerance marks the current tendency of the age, slips her firm, unfaltering hand into the shining grasp of stage history, and gives balance to endeavor.

SOTHERN

"In art, as in reality, one is always somebody's son."—*Theophile Gautier.*

It is something to be, as E. H. Sothern is, an actor by right of birth, inheritance, infinite knowledge of the time-tried rules of the stage, the drama, and the player's art, and it is something to be Sothern. The younger Sothern preserves a pleasant suggestion of his own personality in the greatest parts he has ever played. It is the best sort of acting, not under new methods, but the oldest and heartiest and only approved rules of dramatic art. He does not mimic, but portrays; does not imitate, but invents, and therein lies the secret of a success which seems to have been easily won. Instead of impressing as a master interpreter of a new school, he seems the most youthful and vigorous exponent of the true old school tempered by refinements of an advanced century and the adolescence of an elegant monde.

E. H. Sothern has all his richly-endowed father had, and more. The son is reverent, studious, and keener attuned to the higher impulses governing art. He is an exceedingly handsome gentleman. His hair is brown and heavy; his eyes are blue as June skies, and wonderfully responsive. In fact, the eyes of Sothern and his expressive mouth make him an arch comedian more than do all the rest of the advantages nature and education have heaped upon him. There is always a delicious eloquence shining in his face when he is not talking. His teeth are snow-white and small and even, and his mouth the freely curved, sensitive kind which gives

infinite mobility and government to a countenance; the kind of a mouth that colors all dramatic versatility, lends vigor to comedy, and intensity to fervor or pathos. Mr. Sothern's figure is lithe, graceful, and carries in its delicate, sinewy perfection a suggestion of much youth and force. He has not nearly the height of his father, and scarcely reaches above his brother Sam's shoulder, but there is a certain air of cultured superiority which gives E. H. Sothern an evident advantage over men who occupy more perpendicular space and less attention.

He is witty, deeply learned, widely informed, and gifted with a dashing eloquence spiced with satire and brisk humor. He does not resemble his father much, except that the younger Sothern's capital flashes of anecdote, his witticisms and sentimental escapades are things of note and solace for clubs, salons, and accidental gatherings of all classes of artists, just as the elder actor's choicest *blouettes et boutades* were carried from one meet to another and laughed over and quoted forever.

Still Sothern is of so serious a turn of mind that even his irresistible wit is tinged with sobriety. He feels rather than sees the ridiculous, and feels it deeply; his telling a story or pointing out a burst of humor is interesting because of his exceptional keenness and the smileless fashion in which he recites anecdotes or pictures incidents. His father was educated for the clergy, but fortunately for the stage something interfered with the succession of that arrant joker to the surplice and alb. Young Mr. Sothern's mother was the daughter of a pious divine, and E. H. is devoted to the Bible; reads it aloud by the hour, and orates diaphanously upon its grandeur of style and the splendor of its diction. He is a walking reference for the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and quotes the book of Job patiently before his amazed relatives and intimates.

The courtship of E. H. Sothern and the superb Harned became a matter of exciting interest for half at least of the play-world *vivant.*

The betrothed of Mr. Sothern was so beautiful, so devoted, and the engagement was so beset with fascinating difficulties and delays that it was unanimously concluded this must be the one professional case of a real course of true love, and both the sentimental and sportive followed every pretty development of the Sothern-Harned affair, with responsive palpitations and hopes for the imminent fulfillment of all tender vows exchanged.

Before I met them together a honeymoon had been counted devoutly from the rosary of years all the world hoped might keep in happiness this really congenial pair. There was nothing oppressively "bridal party" about them, and the charming simplicity of sincere attachment and wholesome sympathy are still the only positive elements apparent in their attitude of confidence and tenderness toward each other. They are so essentially congenial that argument is difficult, and many winter nights, as we three sat cozily gossiping after midnight I became gradually convinced that there was but one vividly impressive idea among us, and that was Mr. Sothern's idea by silent, worshipful agreement. Mr. Sothern has a boyish, frankly modest, courteous way of submitting his humble opinions in choice language and persuasive gesture, but with all his gentle manner, the mental brawn or the clear reasoning of the man asserts itself valiantly.

Not that Mrs. Sothern is not spirited and willful in many enchanting ways, for she is. She is a bright, sparkling, indicative creature, full of the piquant audacities of a schoolgirl and an incessant bubble of merriment. She has the most extraordinary litany of familiar titles for her brilliant lord ever catalogued in a honeymoon. Sometimes she calls him

"D," which is rather a mysterious nickname, and suggests brigand oaths and robber-cave signals or conspiracies depthous; then she calls him "Chap," and occasionally "Mr. Sothern," but never his baptismal brand, nor "Teddy," nor the stereotyped "dear."

We were picturing a model little wife of a celebrated actor; how adoringly she listened to her famous husband's arguments, his stories, plans, and we all admired her from afar and complimented the gentleman upon his submissive partner.

"I hope in time," began Sothern, with dignity, "to reduce 'me bride' to a similar condition of subordination, but—"

"Better begin right away, don't you think?" queried the lady threatened, as she saucily pelted him with the remains of a telegram envelope which brought tidings from Paul Potter.

"He calls me the most extraordinary things; not being used to my new office and the nominal decorations which go with it, he fights shy of the old names and practices alone on the new ones. By next year I trust he will have decided on something rational—'me bride,' for instance, to the bellboys, is rather trying."

"Not ours, indeed not ours," declared the conscious owner of this charming lady without a name good enough for her. "Wait until one of them comes in. They are the most remarkable servants ever you saw; they are always dawning upon one out of thin air, from a wholly unsuspected curtain or through a wall. They have kept me on the verge of heart failure ever since I reached town."

Mr. Sothern has a peculiarly interesting face, when that handsome countenance is robbed of the little change his mask of powder makes in it for the stage. It is stamped in melancholy, a face of a certain beauty, but the beauty of pathos and poetic intensity. What makes it more fascinating is the fact

that his temperament and humors are eternally at variance with this sad, thoughtful, spiritual visage. I do not know a man whose wit is more incessant, whose love of life and fun and human venture is more exuberant. But there are his fathomless eyes, his pathetic mouth, with its sorrowful, little curves at the corners and its small angelic lift at the center, a face perhaps Shelley or Poe might have prayed for, but which acts like a mystic charm with the irrepressible laughter and satire forever behind it in Sothern's disposition.

"Old Mr. Jefferson—gad, he is no older than I!—came over to see me yesterday morning, and what do you think? I was in bed," confessed Sothern, dubiously. "Wasn't it nice of him? My father's friends are so loyal to his memory, and never fail to look me up when I am within hailing distance. Mr. Jefferson was one of my father's earliest chums. In fact, it was because of Jefferson's earnest pleading that the governor played Dundreary. Not that Joe thought there was anything in the part, so he tells me—rather not. My father and Jefferson used to ride horseback together every morning those days in the park at New York, and they shared the expenses. Joe says that his sole object in persuading the governor to play Dundreary was to keep both the horses, because if his friend lost his engagement he couldn't afford to ride, and Joe couldn't stand the expense alone. So he spent hours of eloquent appeal, and conjured up endless false visions over the despised part, when in his heart he felt my father's judgment was correct. It was such a beast of a part. When father made the immense hit in "Our American Cousin" nobody was more dumfounded than Jefferson, though their rides in the park were saved."

"Isn't it marvelous how Jefferson draws such magnificent audiences? Always the same play, and was there ever such a bad one as 'Rip?' It must be a great thing to be so old, so

beloved, and so triumphant through everything, mustn't it?" reflected Mrs. Sothern, prettily.

She did not look very old just then; she was dressed in a pink cashmere gown, clouded with Cluny lace and soft ribbons. The robe was long, and trailed with musical rustles as she moved about like a temporarily animated statue. She is one of those rare embodiments of physical beauty who bewitch the eyes into stealing glances at her when she does not know she is watched. Her coloring is exquisite—like the heart of a wild rose—and her stature dwarfs most men and quite obscures the average woman. In proportion Mrs. Sothern is absolutely faultless; the symmetry of her waist and hip-lines is superb, and her neck from the chin-dimple to the shoulder-curve is that of the "Bella di Tiziano" of the Palazzo Pitti. She wore her hair in two heavy braids, bound close to her head and tumbling down in careless little straight fringes over her ears; it is golden-brown and beautifully brought close to her temple veins and over the nape of her lovely neck. Not a brush of powder, a vain decoration, or a jewel divided attention with the famous Harned perfections, and it was a pleasure to look at her.

"What possessed you to go into training for Trilby?" I asked, wondering what endeavor could induce so perfect a woman to interfere with her figure.

"Well, to meet the requirements of Du Maurier's bony ideal. I was not too plump. I was too—ah, too—well, what shall I say?" floundered the beauty, trying not to acknowledge she was too symmetrical for Trilby's angular superiority.

"It is not a matter of being fat or lean, it is a matter of being absolutely satisfactory. For some people to be thin would be ludicrous, for others to be fat would be equally grotesque; but when a weight is adapted to personality it is exactly right, no matter what it is. Some famous beauties

have been cadaverous, others almost obese, but they were beautiful just the same, inasmuch as beauty is harmony," preached Mr. Sothern gallantly, adding, "For my part, I can always be whatever I like, because I'm the living skeleton and can pad to the extent required.

"By the way, it is a study to watch Beerbohm Tree make up. He is a master-tradesman in that neglected art, and it takes him no longer to put himself into the monster carcass of fat Jack Falstaff than it does me to slip into the spurs and beard of the Huguenot captain.

"I had a most entertaining experience at the benefit we gave Rose Coghlan. In one small dressing-room were Crane, Tree, Felix Morris, who is fussy, and Gilette, who is a quiz and still as a cool day. Tree came in about the same time I did, and before I had the background of my Huguenot face put in, there sat a Falstaff the like of which I never saw away from Shakespeare's books. Tree leaned back, folded his hands over his enormous paunch, and talked brilliantly upon the subject of the legitimate drama. Morris was continually interrupting, apologizing for being on earth, and particularly that cramped portion of it, when so much celebrity was waiting about for a glance in the looking-glass. Crane came in, scowled at himself and smiled at everybody else through the medium of a hand-glass, and straightened his necktie—that was his make-up. I was fretted, disturbed, unhappy, and in a fluster before I could coax the whiskers of my rebel to stick on my miserable face. It taught me a lesson to behold the serenity of Tree, the only man who had any sort of a difficult make-up to accomplish. Gilette sat making other people say clever things, and adding something himself by parenthesis, but I was still fuming and Morris was still fretting when the curtain called Tree away. Actors spend entirely too much force of nerves and thought at the dressing-

table. All sorts of worriments chase most of us there; things do not go right, accidents happen, people are annoying, and whiskers won't work. I think if all actors could study to make up as a lightning-sketch artist reels off his exact charcoal likenesses, there would be a systematic saving of vital force and nerve power. I am not very strong, you know, and by the time I am dressed I am exhausted, and it is only the elation of enthusiasm in my work which gives me the strength to play well—as well as I can, at least.

"My governor has never been credited with the enthusiasm and intense love of work which were parts of his nature. Most of his acquaintances overlook it, and all of his following which laughed with him during his entire successful lifetime. But he was nervous as I am, careful of pleasing his audience and severely conscientious."

It is exceedingly beautiful to hear young Sothern speak devotedly of his gay and talented father, who was never half so brilliant an actor as his gifted son, though he had almost twice as many intimate friends and quite as many admirers. Life was a huge joke to the father, and the delightful son takes it more seriously, takes work more seriously.

"Murat Halstead was a great friend of my governor's, and he patronizes me benevolently upon occasion, and I am really tremendously fond of him and appreciate his mental worth, of course. One day I was going into the Hoffman House to take a Turkish bath when I discovered somebody hailing me from the next block. It proved to be Halstead, and he was bound for the bath, too. He went in puffing and scolding cheerily, and said to the attendant:

" 'Give me one of those yellow novels you keep here for me.'

"A gaudy specimen of French literature was handed him, as Murat stalked into the hot room.

"'I always read things in here,' explained the politician; 'can't stand the heat.'

"He read a while, would groan and swear under his breath; finally he threw the book across the room, roaring, 'Great heavens, but that is bad; it is worse than the heat!'

"Do you ever receive letters telling you all about the way you ought to do your work, from strangers? Well, my mail must cost individual subscribers in bulk about twice as much as I earn a year," said Sothern, twirling a perfumed epistle in his slender fingers.

"Weren't mine funny when I played Trilby?" chimed in Mrs. Sothern, vivacious with remembrances.

"The one which broke my heart was from a man who said I needed a rest, that I was all bones and nothing like the beautiful heroine. *That*, after banting and sprinting twenty miles on a wheel for twenty days, and raw beef and no chocolates or champagne! Women wrote me lengthy dissertations upon the way Trilby should look, act, and sing, and of course love letters from impressionable chaps and poets—they would fill a book."

"I wonder if actors are not vainer than any other mortals on earth?" thoughtfully queried Sothern. "I know we are the most sensitive; that is a part of the art—temperament and sensitiveness to rebuke is nothing in the world but wounded pride."

"Why, 'D,' how on earth can an actor be vain long? For every compliment there are one dozen sneers, and for every encore there are three yawns, and the more celebrated, more successful one is the greater the resistance to his popularity. I do not think they have any chance to be vain at all," stanchly asserted Mrs. Sothern.

In the next breath Mr. Sothern indorsed his pretty wife's sentiment by posing as an example in his animated defense of

Shakespeare's avowal, "The play's the thing." I protested as steadily as one may in the face of Sothern's magnetic convictions, and ventured to quote his own experience as vindication that acting and not literature was more likely to "catch the conscience of the king." But he shook his handsome head musingly and said, "New plays always; nothing lasts but the Joey's red-hot poker."

"He has not the first vestige of self-appreciation," mourned Mrs. Sothern, comfortingly.

"If ever I had regarded the situation otherwise because of my father's successes in rambling comedies and Jefferson's galvanizing 'Rip' into perpetual youth year after year, I was disillusioned with it after my own luck coming in swift successions with good plays and falling into a shadow with 'The Victoria Cross'. There was a—well, let's not talk about it. Potter, who is the most learned fellow in America, and who always has a book reason for everything, knows why he wrote the play and why I played it; I don't.

"Such a man as Paul Potter is! He floors you with references to a memorized library he carries about in his white, capacious head, and he never credits himself or anybody else with an original idea. Oh, he is a prince of bookies, is the sagacious Paul; I am devoted to him, and believe in him.

"Speaking of memories, this morning when I rushed out to return Mr. Jefferson's call in time to prove that I did arise before bedtime, I found Henry Watterson and Joe in close confidence regaling themselves with reflections on the laxity of the present generation in many things aside from payments and politics. Something brought to Watterson's mind a line in Rip Van Winkle, but he could not recall the words. He squinted his game eye at Joe, and Joe covered his own game ear and said 'eh?' to the three-cornered Wattersonian

glance. He tried to remember the line, did Jefferson, stumbled hopelessly, and then said:

"'Oh, I don't know what it is.'

"'What do you mean by "don't know it?" Haven't you been playing it eighty years?' shouted Watterson.

"'Oh, well, I *play* the piece, I don't *know* it!' said Jefferson, in his soft, musical voice, with its odd little snarl at the periods."

Once Mrs. Sothern proposed that I make a formal business call upon her husband during the play, to see how he would rise and shine in an interview.

My card was answered in a jolly invitation to "come back," which was made one remove from the Mavourneen appeal by the pleasant announcement, "Kennedy will bring you." I did not know Kennedy from Shere Kahn, but when an agreeable young man with poor Charlie Chatterton's smile arrived as the lights were going out I felt bound to "come back" with Kennedy, if for nothing more than the dear, lost smile.

It is a part of every attendance at all theaters to properly stumble down the aisle. The peculiar architecture of aisles bestows upon benighted ladies the fascinating gait of a surprised goat, and the right to attempt it goes with each coupon. But if these things are attainable in the glare of incandescents, try it once in pitch dark under the guidance of courteous and sympathetic but near-sighted Mr. Kennedy; the Himalayas are paths of lullaby in comparison.

After greetings to Sothern and slow reconciliation to the exquisite Chumley blondeness, which robs the comedian of the least resemblance to his engaging self, I said in the simplest vocabulary at hand: "Tell me a whole lot of lovely stories about yourself."

The effect was something alarming. At one side of the

dressing-room a sizzling tea-kettle was boiling itself into an empty rage. Had I poured its contents down Lord G.'s spinal column he could not have drooped into a more faint and wilted trance.

Consoling me with an embarrassed stare of that helpless sort scared little Pip must have worn when coolly requested to "play," Mr. Sothern's remarkably discriminating intellect became a crystal blank. "Stories," he whispered, "want to print them? yes, yes, yes indeed, that is always so charming, to have something amiable and interesting told in print about one. Now, let me see, do you remember anything on earth ever happening in which I took a part? Positively I don't! By Jove, something must have occurred some time or other. What was it, or who was the reason? If you had not shied the order at me I am sure I could have told a ream. But really, now, my mind is the frame of a thousand erased thoughts."

"Oh, nonsense," serenely hoped I. "What did you do a year ago, and who did you see to-day, and where were you yesterday? Anything is interesting about an interesting man."

"Ah!" eagerly intoned the comedian, a radiant cue illuming his quieted memory. "Yesterday I went to the Thomas concert; an episode, I assure you."

"Of course," quoth I, encouragingly. "What could be more exciting than to learn your preferences in classic music; what number did you most enjoy at the concert?"

"The number of pretty women who listened to it," promptly answered Sothern. Then I gave up cross-examination, and we both laughed with a considerable snub to dignity.

"Well, my stories are about as good as your interviewing," rallied the actor. "What you ought to do is to inspire conversation by glueing your eyes to a pad of paper while you bite

a pencil and say illuminatively: 'Where's your dog,' or 'Who's your wife?' or something leading gracefully to trouble."

Mr. Sothern is so much more engaging away from plays and players that the enraptured damsels who haunt his matinées would quite succumb to his manifold graces if allowed the privilege of personal introduction.

"It is immensely comforting to find that Chicago approves of me," said Mr. Sothern after a lake-swept success, "because the initial years of my Thespic attempts were severally marked by a succession of calamities always culminating with and in Chicago. I have ghastly visions of a certain Scandinavian hostelry on the North Side, wherein I was yearly served with fearsome dishes in scarlet condiments and smarting gravies, followed invariably sooner or later with further service of writs and arrests for delinquencies in the matter of payment for victuals, laundry, and things. This absolutely occurred with such uninterrupted vivacity and persistence that regularly I used to prepare to be left penniless in Chicago. My last melancholy incident of that sort came while I was playing no end of performances daily at the Criterion Theater in an ominous bill, including "Lost" and "Called Back." The sagacious manager lit out in the dusky noon of a winter day, leaving us the heritance of his play, blasted integrity, and the lake breeze blow."

"Why haven't you kept a diary?" I inquired, moodily.

"Actors never keep anything but their good notices," responded Lord Chumley, as he scalped his crown of its golden crop of curls and sat down under the steam of the tea-kettle with his own brown hair pasted back sleek as a convict's.

"Will you let us take your picture?" asked Mr. Sothern, with a glowing smile which came vastly near throwing me into a Maud Branscombe pose without wondering why.

"Sam and I have gone into photography with a method in

our madness. I don't flit out of the kodak range myself, but Brother Sam is right up in camera oscura, Paris panel, sepia retouch, and all that. We take anything that comes our way."

After which Tom Faggus acknowledgment Mr. Sothern told of his first negative above still life. "It chanced to be the picture of an old Creole woman, a dream of character, and I don't know how it happened to this day, but she came out in the proof upside down with her funny old slippered feet in the air. I am affirmed in my conviction that it was an achievement in the art never quite duplicated."

I did not enthuse over the prospect of having so original a dealer in chemicals and plates take me for better or worse, so the invitation was amicably canceled.

The close little dressing-room was tidy as a candy shop, and the comedian's valet noiselessly stowed cravats, gloves, handkerchiefs, hats, and canes in impossible corners with the exactness of a military commissary. To my request for one of Mr. Sothern's pictures, the man politely answered,

"There's two more come to-day for your name, sir."

"All right; we'll take our pick of the autograph fiend contribution. I never have any pictures. When I first started out under Frohman's management I bought awesome quantities of my own photographs, and imagined fighting crowds gathering about the stand whereupon they were to be stacked for sale."

"Naturally of course."

To which he replied:

"Not at all naturally nor of course. It was a speculation born of extreme youth and conceit. I have never had any pictures since; those I secretly gave away with a pang of disillusion engraven on the neglected faces. But the autograph fiends keep me forever supplied. I have a trunk full of letters and pictures of myself, which I am going to

answer and sign one of these days, 'some day, some day.' Here you are: 'Mabel.' Don't approve of Mabel's selection, do you? Drowsy party with a cross eye and butterfly tie doesn't look very much my way, does it? This is better; belongs to Blanche: 'Please send by Tuesday, as I go back to that hateful old college, where you may never go.' Heaven be praised! Possibly not. Blanche likes me in the guise of Sheridan, which is very sweet of her, and nobody shall have the picture but Blanche—bless her martyrdom and stamped envelope! Ah! this is what you will accept from Mary Lenore, etc. Behold the hopeful, undefiled profile taken ever so many years ago; carry it away—do, and say it is a speaking likeness of me."

A bundle of pictures of Mr. Sothern mostly in street costume, held these perfumed missives and stamps and a secretary's job of answering them all and sending them back. The autograph demon is still abroad in our afflicted land, and not the least pursued is the brilliant young comedian Sothern.

One Christmas Mr. Sothern sent me a baby picture of himself when he was three years old, Teddy, the boy prophet. He could tell a hawk from a henshaw just as easy as he could tell a peach cobbler from a log-cabin quilt, and it is said that the spirit of Demosthenes being upon the youthful Edward, he at one time not only filled his three-year-old mouth with marbles, but had a few of them in his ambitious epiglottis before his nearest and handiest relatives arrived upon the oratorical scene. Mr. Sothern sent me an enlarged copy of the old daguerreotype perpetuating his baby features — which are amusingly like him now—and with the picture came this characteristic accompaniment:

"I send you this picture of me in my celebrated character of my own father, for is it not said that 'the child is father to the man'?"

With extra performances, double matinées, and long-drawn evenings not much time is left for the celebrating actor, who is worried more Christmas week than the dog-disturbed cat in the house that Jack built.

There are inferior audiences to start with, and presents to buy and telegrams to send and turkeys to munch and toasts to drink and regrets to file and felicitations to spout and what not polite effects, besides stage acting to do, and good actors are for the most part exceedingly queer in pretendings not written out and assisted by the masks of character. Not many of them begin to appreciate that Christmas is upon them until a Sunday chance for rest affords opportunity to mix a smoking punch and say to the earlier world, "God rest you, merry gentlemen!"

It seems etiquette in these celebrity times to first review the actor, then the play. For two hundred years our greatest claim to literary ascendancy lay in the golden harvest of English stage literature. The festive actor was a nomad, vagrant, and social outcast, but playwrights were courted and plays treasured, encouraged, and enrolled among the glories of national achievement. Now the ladder of fame is quite inverted. The actor waves his mask from the very top rung, and the drama as a form of literary expression is in rank disrepute. There is no standard of excellence in guiding the profuse and erotic dramatic work. Its quality is scoffed, quantity deplored, and mission questioned. But the stage and the lucky nineteenth-century actor are right in the swim, with culture and nobility ready to worship at the sight of a new wig, or convulse at the tilt of a new slipper. The actor is fêted, and the playwright wails anon at the outer gates.

The reason is too obvious for comment. There are probably more good actors and bad plays in existence than any previous epoch ever boasted.

Mr. Sothern's comedy is so captivating and his dramatic instinct so unerring that whatever the variegations in a part he is at home in each color of character.

Sothern's charm is indescribable and irresistible. He is so emotional that he carries an audience through his own sufferings with a suppressed intensity. His lithe, elegant figure and fine profile sum up his personal graces, except for a pair of wonderful eyes, deep, sympathetic, and expressive, but he is sincere, brainy, and an actor by culture and ordained distinction. His genius is not only indisputable, but of such picturesque and delightful originality that no other actor quite dares to challenge Sothern's right to honors in brilliant light comedy. His temperament, mental strength, and personal magnetism, allied to poetic intuition and physical graces, entitle him to all hearts, and his art, exquisitely conjured into perfections unique and inspiring, enlists the soberer devotion of the public, and marks a starry page in the history of American players.

It always amuses Virginia Harned Sothern to hear herself called a beauty; nevertheless she is one of the most beautiful women on the stage. She is a glorious Irish brune, with a wealth of light wavy hair, and sapphire eyes. Her figure is superb, and her features molded after an artist's model. She has that fatal sort of beauty which acts like a drug upon the senses, a face which lights up or darkens with fitful passion.

She literally tumbled down a flight of stairs into fame. In "The Dancing Girl" Miss Harned appeared as Drusilla Ives, and the character left a very fiery, spirited performance to the pretty lady's credit. In the lighter scenes her bright, reckless abandon and grace made her performance bewitching, and in the heavy episodes she exhibited astonishing power. The third act brought, with a plethora of other sensations, a tumultuous dead-fall with an athletic roll down a flight of stairs and over two or three yards of unhappy floor carpet.

Miss Harned executed this feat with realistic courage, and followed the acrobatic faint with the finest bit of acting she did in the piece. For this excellent work, and the realistic fall, she immediately attracted attention, and her Lady Ursula, Trilby, and a succession of triumphant attacks upon popular approval made her a great favorite.

When there was a rumble of war with Spain fanning the air I was sent with the First Illinois Volunteers to see them as far as the coast, and Mr. Sothern sent me his picture with Claude's farewell written on its back, and humorously garbled lines from "The Irish Minstrel," and other mysterious libels nobody not clairvoyant could make out.

Mrs. Sothern had been going about with a spirited look over her pretty shoulder after the soldiers marching to the border posts, and the sailors casting their courageous lots 'twixt the treachery of waves and Spain. She is very young, and quick to laugh or cry, and her sensitive heart was wrung by the sight of brave boys scarcely out of knee-breeches, who were fine enough to shoulder arms and accept the terrors and hardships of war, and she kept up a continual battery of youthful enthusiasm and argument with some of the staid and foreign companions of her voyage through the country. She stands up valiantly for the American army as it is, without any fantastic promises of greater splendor, and she does it with such a shining belief in the flag and the might of American valor that she is tremendously inspiring.

"I think if there is a second call Virginia will drag forth her Ursula boots and sword and make for the coast reserve," said Mr. Sothern during one of his beautiful wife's patriotic exaltations, and then, quietly, with his serious eyes bent upon the floor, Chumley said deliberately but sincerely, "Of course, we all stand ready for that."

Among actors patriotism was rampant, but rather unattain-

able in result, and the most interesting part of the situation among the men accustomed to sham wars and mimic heroics, papier mache shields and tin swords, was that some of the most intrepidly enthusiastic watchers of events from across the footlights were actors of foreign extraction. Mr. Sothern was as loyal as a prairie scout and full of quiet hope that he might be of service to his adopted country, and Ignace Martinetti, who carries a trick of France still in his clever speech, is valiant as any born Columbian, and was among the first enlistments for the second call reserve, together with hundreds of actors belonging to the American flag and the American public. They talked war and nothing else in the green-room, and the women were as loyal and grave over it as the men, all of them fired with the picturesque desire to nurse the wounded and care for the stricken nation; a fantastic sort of courage rife in every emotional woman's soul, and raging as a sort of epidemic among soubrettes and chorus girls. Not that these beauties of an hour are not honest in their protestations; they are just the sort who might go among the suffering and bring light and comfort and devoted self-sacrifice in their romantic way. After all, it takes a certain amount of poetic fervor to be brave, and it does not matter in the least whether a woman is rational or not, so she is womanly and sympathetic and capable of vast labors.

Mr. Sothern was to entertain his wife and two other ladies at supper after the theater. At eleven o'clock he sent Miss Rebecca Warren with the message that he would be late, but begged us to enjoy ourselves as well as possible without him. We received his message with proper resignation, and proceeded to talk and order harmless things to quaff and forget all about our real mission at the table. Along near midnight in came Sothern with a keen appetite for supper in his gait and amazement at the empty table before us.

"Why, where is the supper?" he asked, with astonishment aghast in his eyes.

"Why—" began Mrs. Sothern, and a confiding duet of "whys" accompanied her ray of reflected intelligence. "Have you waited for me to order it?" said Mr. Sothern, in mild but most decisive thunder. In truth we had. We had forgotten all about him and his supper, and were deep in discussion of Paris models, probable outcome of the war, and what to line organdies with.

"Three eminently sympathetic ladies you are, sitting here in a state of starvation waiting for a man to come in and order your several suppers," quoth Mr. Sothern, with his captivating smile fighting for conquest over a very hungry, mannish frown. "Now, allow me to display a vivid example of man's superiority over woman, will you?" said he, with a sarcasm which penetrated no farther than our whetted appetites, as he dashed from the room.

In a few moments waiters deft and excited were in charge of the apartment, and flowers came tumbling in bunches for the table and our waists, a seductive zither began to thrum gently from an adjoining room, and the air was full of sweet odors and masculine contempt for the way women do things.

"This is a banquet, isn't it?" suavely inquired Rebecca Warren, her small black head perched on one side to view Mr. Sothern's elaborate way of heaping appetizing coals on three delighted feminine heads.

"It is," bowed the master of ceremonies, looking down upon our helpless selves with some contempt and much amusement. Such a splendid repast it has not been the lot of three women to revel in many times, and as the lovely Harned sat curled up in a cloud of rose-pink and gray chiffon with a carnation in her mouth and a continual gurgle of laughter at the imposing spectacle of preparations, she said affectionately:

"What a pity, 'D,' you are an actor instead of a caterer!"

Sothern has about him a poetic gloom which is contagious and bewitching. It is not a gloom of mood, for he is wittiest when he is most melancholy; but it is a sort of an atmosphere always wrapped about him, into which there is the greatest fascination for intimates to penetrate and learn the chemistry of the pretty mental philter.

He rarely laughs and smiles, only a dreamy, captivating sort of shine which brings shadows to the corners of his eyes and not a bit of color to his pale, gentle face. He broods over sufferings of people a great deal and wishes he could be of some earthly good, but is never depressed or sulky. He likes strange experiences, and while he never cares to search out the morbid and shivery, does not shrink if invited to indulge the sullen fancies of naturally gloomy companions. One night in Boston he spent a cheerful hour with a student doctor poking about the morgue, and pronounced it "most enjoyable," and one of his faithful customs when in England is the visiting of graves and tombs.

Once he said to me: "There was a little grave I watched in old Brompton churchyard in London with the greatest curiosity. First it arose out of the forest of mounds gayly topped with a bright red hobby-horse and lots of tin whistles, glass marbles, and broken toys. Then one by one the toys disappeared until one summer, when I went to the graveyard, there was nothing left but the washed-out and weather-beaten little horse, with its tail blown away and all its red and blue and dash stormed off. The wooden horse had been substituted in a way for a headstone, which the small mound boasted not, and then, as the storms beat mercilessly at it, even the horse fell apart in ruin. Then the sod upon the little fellow's grave sunk and faded and flattened out plaintively, so that the last time I saw the grave there was neither hobby-horse, nor

other toy, neither cut grass nor flower, nor even the mound shape of a tended resting-place; and it seemed to me the most pitiful thing in the world to watch the diminishing grief of the guardians of the baby grave; to see the wild, theatrical sincerity which made them bring toys and sweets and babyish belongings there at first, then to neglect and finally forget the place, or go away where care-taking would be sorrowfully impossible. There never was a name, of course, nor any mark to identify the funny little hobby-horse chap's sod crib, but sometimes when I happened to have a flower left from the graves I went to decorate, I tossed one over to the toy boy's mound, and said in spirit, 'Have one with me, little fellow, every year, as long as I live.' ''

When Mrs. Sothern went to England alone, for a rest, leaving her husband in the zenith of his great success—his greatest success, D'Artagnan—her last message from Mr. Sothern contained a timid request begging her to carry flowers out to Brompton Cemetery and not to neglect the little forgotten tad across lots!

REHAN

Whatever good has come to the comedy-builders in America, whatever beautified and cultivated the gracious art of provoking sweetly, touching the heart lightly, or roguishly charming through brilliant humor, has come through the influence of Ada Rehan. Either directly or indirectly, she has at once been the fashion, the teacher, the promulgator, and inspiration of high, elegant comedy. Modern or classic, of the serious, gracious, sentimental woof or that color of mischief romping with laughter, has been equally delightful in Miss Rehan's care, and her beauty, superb mental equipment, and devotion have filled her out with graces unrivaled and jealously imitated. None approaches her, but the shadow of her achievement broods lonesomely in the attempts of hopefuls, and glows in bright women whose attainments are worth the polishing note imbibed from Ada Rehan.

Miss Rehan, in her imperious beauty and genius, has been a star for as many years as she has delighted the public. She shone so far beyond any talent lurking in Mr. Augustin Daly's distinguished company that not only has she been voted the brightest, most beautiful woman upon the American stage, but the most petted and adored of them all. The rarest years of her stormless, grave life of devotion to the stage were given to Mr. Daly, but she is royal in her ripened beauty and emphatic art. In return Mr. Daly has nurtured and builded up her talents, and has taken every inkling of annoyance out of her easy life. She works incessantly in Daly's company, but has none of the cares incumbent upon a star

with her own money risked in the venture. Miss Rehan abhors anything like the dull monotony of financial detail. She is high-strung, æsthetic, intense, and nervously absorbed. She would open her eyes at questions regarding one-night-stand percentages, clasp her hands in despair at the possibility of a 3 A. M. jump, with a lay-over swoon at the report of delayed printing, and close the season if the property-man indulged in his occasional privilege of painting the rural village more solferino than his own maché lobsters. These and divers necessary shocks pertinent to the regular starring season would deter Miss Rehan from a premonitory plunge into the arena of self-disported stars. She never does anything in the world not required of her by nature or pleasure. She would never dream of waking out of her comfortable indifference to people and things or to rid herself without aid of an annoyance, no more than a priceless Sèvres vase would attempt to dust itself. This disposition is not idleness, for she is an indefatigable worker, but a natural disinclination to be mundane and commonplace.

Her gracious personality, engaging naïveté, and wonderful animal spirits carry all hearts over the heads of artists less happily cast and less luminously gifted. Such a marvelous gamut of velvet tones there is in her beautiful, long, white throat—everything from the deep, tremulous voice of a passionate woman to the spoiled petulant chirp of a pleading child. Her lovely face is a dimpled emotional negative, upon which every thought is flashed plain with the words, and her gestures are feminine keys to all of those deliciously torturing accomplishments always so happily satirized by Miss Rehan's Clio-burlesque. She has the truest sense of feminine flightiness and petulance. Small coquetries, irrational impulses and pretty contrariness appeal readily to Rehan's keen humor, and she is never so charming as when holding up

womanish foibles in the most enchanting guise of forgivable mystery.

The fashionables here and abroad flock in schools to see Ada Rehan. Each new character brings ardor into society admiration for the brilliant comédienne, and there seems to be no particular favorite out of the repertoire of pieces so generously produced by Mr. Daly. Everything in which the magic name of Rehan promises delight is patronized with cheerful paucity of discrimination. Her career has been one of great social weight and her brilliant triumph as Katherine is imperishable.

It is good to know so typical an actress could find secure footing in her starring novitiate. Miss Rehan will forever be awaited with extended hands, gloved and prepared to applaud.

Her triumphs in England were phenomenal and unprecedented. Not even the noblest of their own artistes commanded a more distinguished following than did the glorious Rehan, who, born in Ireland and completely "made over" in America, possessed the most vivacious qualities of fascination for London, where dramatic art lags occasionally and needs a freshet of brilliant charm to rouse it to enthusiasm. Mr. Daly enjoyed the atmosphere of the British stage, and would unbend in delightful paternity toward his company and guests, or the amiable aristocracy offering courtesies to the brilliant strangers.

Upon the occasion of their last visit to England the Lord Mayor of London gave the Augustin Daly company a charming banquet. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree was the dressiest lady there among the English guests, and Herbert Beerbohm by long odds the most brilliant man. Mr. Daly crept out of his usual lukewarm manner and grew mildly rollicking and jocose. His speech was decidedly the best made, and his

stories fresh and witty. Miss Rehan was in a gale of good humor and exquisitely given to brisk repartée.

The entire party sat for a photograph, and there was plenty of fun over it. First the Lord Mayor hiccoughed, and everybody roared when Tree threw himself into dramatic attitude and growled, "Foiled by a hiccough!" In the second attempt Rehan made grimaces, and not until the third did the anxious artist receive the attention due him. There were some talented Americans present, and smart Londoners enough to make the party immensely interesting, all devoutly worshipful of Miss Rehan, who was the guest of honor and a rarely brilliant entertainer.

Miss Rehan always enjoys her trips across the waters, for notwithstanding the company, she is largely left alone to rest. Most of them are bad sailors, but the Rehans come from seafaring folk. Their father was a sailor and shipbuilder, and Arthur, the big, handsome, silver-haired brother who represents Mr. Daly, is an able seaman, and qualified to sail before the mast, but he does not like the huge ocean cities which tear across the waters alive with crawling human beings, green with liver gymnastics and imagination.

Possibly Miss Rehan will not play to her London people again, though she would be very welcome. Sargent's *jaune et mauve* impression of the celebrated comédienne is there in London, and much accounted by admirers of both the actress and the painter.

Had Sargent painted Ada Rehan as she stands between the close Ionic columns in the Duke of Milan's garden, there would have been a picture for all time, a boon to art, and he might have had his fling in pale violet and dismal yellow, without such a ghostly perpetuation of a lovely woman and the Sargent disposition. For Miss Rehan is among her own, surrounded by these blending marbles of loftiness and grace.

She is a part of all such classic proportions and decorations. What Sargent has made of her hangs favored in the gallery in London, but it is a paltry hint of either the painter's talent or the model's beauty.

It is in the artificial vestments of the stage that Miss Rehan is most real and in complete possession of her kingdom. At home she is at variance with her own highest physical charms. Even when she is happiest, she never quite looks her best, and unless she is especially sparkling and fit she does not appear her best. She dresses in the plainest, trimmest simplicity at home or on the street, never at all appreciating the flattering certainty that everybody must stare admiringly after so celebrated a personage.

Once in London the heiress to all of Mr. Daly's mental discoveries and dramatic culture was stalking down the Strand in her pleasant, heedless, and maternal fashion, looking her level best in a close-reefed English foggy-day outfit, her strong white hand grasping a substantial umbrella, and immaculate cuffs and collar relieving the soft gray of her hair and the sober lines in her face.

A dumpy little English youngster came stumbling along, clinging to its mother's hand; and, staring undecidedly at Miss Rehan, the infant said, "Mamma, isn't she clean and clumsy!"

Fine feathers, exultant spirits, infatuating arrogance, and high-bred characteristics fit upon the personality of Ada Rehan as a ring does on the finger of a bride. She is such a regal, splendid creature herself that fleshly ideals find exact expression in the warmth of her lovely eyes and the proud curve in her beautiful mouth. Her voice is liquid star-shine and her grace of the queenly, commanding sort which thrills and never ages, grows heavy, nor sits illy upon her years. She kindles delight by the sweetness of her soul and tender wom-

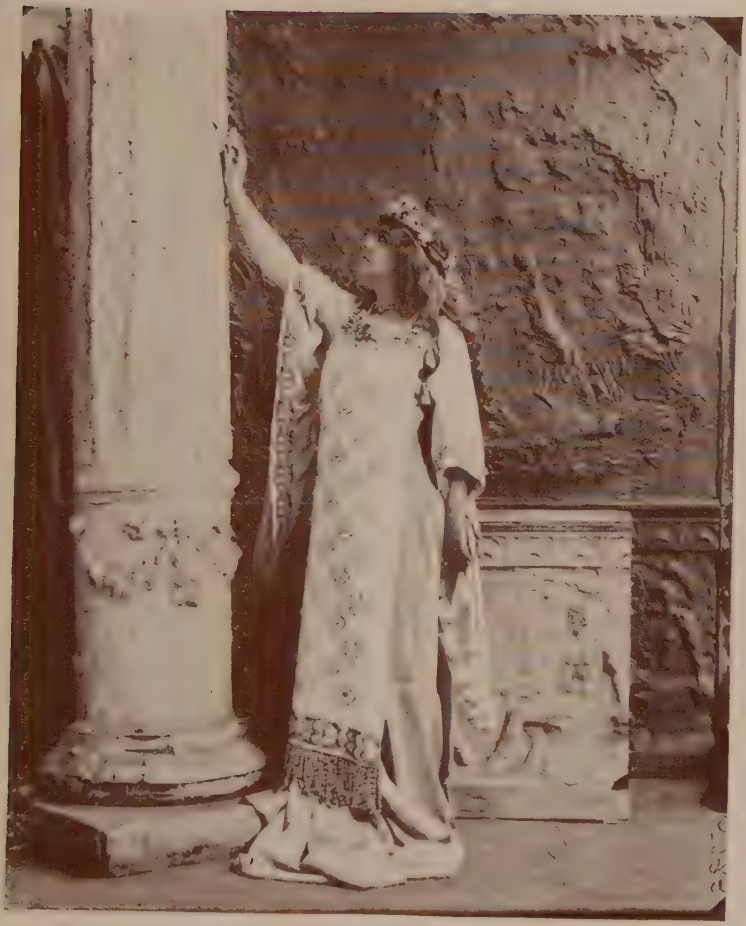
anliness as much as by the fire of a genius perfectly trained and alive with heart and hope.

It is a lamentable fact that we have no comédiennes in America. Miss Ada Rehan stands a crowned queen among the comedy elect. She has no rival, and she never was so radiant, so velvet-voiced and glorious. She is a rare and sumptuously merry comédienne, of great delicacy of method, sweetness of temperament, and a certain splendor of presence with which no other comédienne of the age has competed.

Out in Monterey, California, there is a pretty little flower called blue-eyed-babies, and a favorite table decoration is made by filling delicate Pacific Ocean shells with blue-eyed-babies, where the dainty blossoms seem a mist of deepest sapphire in the pink seashell. Rehan's eyes are like these shells, full of exquisite flowers; only the eyes are not always blue. Sometimes they are sad and very dark, steel-gray or half closed and tigerish bronze; but one likes them best wide open in surprise, with a hint of Irish azure clouding stars within, and she has planted them in the multitude's heart to live there always.

Epoch of the play has much to do with the superiority of performances by Mr. Daly's comedians. Their own epoch is that blue-mold and perfectly sane era before impressionism and mental fantastics had seized the imaginative and poetic; naturally they are happier in clearly modern and satirical comedy.

To grope about in the mists of mediæval symbols, to recite glowing verse, or hold the burning ribbon of Shakespeare's lightnings are as far out of the sphere of their endeavors as political campaign oratory might be. That is the Augustin Daly Company as it stands revealed. Years ago with Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Jeffries Lewis, May Irwin, dashing, brainy men and *chic* soubrettes, Daly's caravan of genius



Ida Rubinstein

held all sorts of possibilities. He could handle anything from melodrama to comic opera, from blank-verse tragedy to pantomime. But those were rich days of talent and cultivation Thespic, days of lustrous youth when the subtle fragrance of the old school pervaded art, and Augustin Daly was a prince of inventors, a wizard in production.

Mr. Daly fraternized with Shakespeare, and tried to keep the poet from library desuetude by ornate interpretation and assiduous application of a gifted blue pencil.

The subservience of literary immensity to scenic paint and la belle jardinière is not a question of taste, but a sign of the times. Mr. Daly is modern, and his attitude toward early English monuments of poetry is defiant but successful.

He regards Shakespeare from every untried point of vantage, and produces him with as much attention to undeveloped detail as he would Pinero or Henry Arthur Jones. Sumptuous boudoirs and jeweled robes, gardens of Oriental magnificence, and forests which fairly reek with luxurious beauty and painted favors of nature. These accompany the Daly Shakespearean revivals, and though to the serious, worshiping sense they detract rather than add glories to a singer who needs no orchestra, the world of theater-goers is blind of heart and sensuous of eye, and gauds of vesture seduce them into admiration for the poet beautiful whose thoughts lie buried in spangles and artificial bay leaves.

Mr. Daly is a scholar to begin with; furthermore, he is distinctly a dramatic scholar of highest attainments. He has battled for art in an unsympathetic, hurried century, among a rather scoffing, sensational people. But by dauntless, enthusiastic ambition and severe, irritating vigor he has nearly accomplished that which his lofty attempts meant to cherish. When the tide comes in there is first a line of busy little lace-tipped waves which ripple at your feet, then they run out to

sea again, only to hurry back with a frothy, noisy following that tumbles over the sand, breaks like forbidden laughter, then rushes away out to the very deep. The third wave advances with all the ripples of the first, all the laughter of the second, and in foamy, jubilant majesty carries everything joyous on its sparkling crest.

A performance of comedy by Augustin Daly's company is like the third wave. All the delicate ripples of detail, the bubbles of humor, and undertow of pathos are brought by the master magnet into one graceful, pleasure-crowned billow of art, which breaks into a spray of untold perfection and glory.

Personally away from his workshop, Daly is gentle, courteous, and simple, always attentive to any appeal, and generous in counsel. He answers the humblest letter addressed him, and allows many wearisome people to annoy him. But he is a slave-driver on his stage, imperious as Cæsar at rehearsals, sarcastic and discouraging at performances. If anybody rebels at the dictatorship he is at liberty to leave immediately, and Augustin Daly is the only manager who has kept the glamour of gold on his stage tinsel. His actors are enveloped in an inscrutable mist of seclusion that lights into a halo of celebrity under the glare of footlights.

There was a hallowed time when stage doors were as inaccessible as armory storehouses; a rehearsal was private unto secrecy. What occurred in a greenroom was ever under momentous speculation by the bolted-out public; an actor was stared at with something of whispered awe. His sock and buskin respected because not understood; his life interesting because unusual and unknown, while about his calling hung that polite suspicion and inquisitiveness a nunnery excites. Now actors are hail-fellow-well-met with the mob. Stage doors are easily opened, and the frailty or fortune of every chorus-girl is common gossip.

Mr. Augustin Daly is a tall, lean, attractive man, with good, calm eyes and long, soft hair. He does not affect his straggly, unkempt toilets; he is naturally careless and would never wear any of the necessary adornment allowed mankind if his faithful, obscured wife did not mildly enforce the usual neck and wrist decoration. I do not think Daly ever had a new hat. If he had, it was "broken in" out of town. He has a distressed look when called upon for public acknowledgment of any great applause—an embarrassment really born of excessive nervous emotion, though it impresses his enthusiastic audience that he has just picked the property man's pocket. He is the most contradictory study in all human nature. Gentle and tender impulses lie under his mask of severity, moments in his private life glow with the sweetness of a woman's nature. He is brainy, eccentric, and inexplicable, and has been the inspiration of technique and scholarly criticism of dramatic art in America.

It may be desecrated now, but the primitive stage entrance of Daly's hallowed theater in New York was as difficult of access and about as cheerful as the padded cell of a raving maniac or the underground tomb of a solitary-confinement prisoner. A hidden door admitted you to a dark, tottering hallway, guarded by a gnome stamped with Daly discipline. Nothing but the scraggy autograph of the arch-manager himself could overcome this dragon with a mission and a dialect, both approved by Mr. Daly. Another door let you out of the dragon's claws into a cemented rotunda, like a light cellar; then another door opened suddenly upon a call-board, a letter-box, and a printed set of rules that bid you hang your key on the rack and leave your independence in the alley.

The last time I was admitted to this kingdom of the veiled prophet of successes some one had dared perpetrate a "gag" in one very tempting farce Mr. Daly had just produced. A

violent outburst of incensed dignity flamed from the call-board in vermilion ink, and the terrific hieroglyphics peculiar to the Daly autograph threatened with instant dismissal any comedian so "vulgarly impertinent" as to attempt a repetition of this awful offense. Mr. John Drew was the daring insurrectionist.

When Mr. Daly put cap and bells upon his charming comedians, Digby Bell was among the first to score vehemently. He was rather youthful and incautious, and very ready to laugh. His big blue eyes twinkled in the severest scenes and great was the occasional consternation when John Drew used to amuse himself and alarm Daly by joking to a perilous extent with Bell for the pigeon. These humoresques at the risk of their engagements usually wound up with a fine for Bell and the supreme contempt of Mr. Daly outwitted, readily bestowed upon the mischievous but undiscoverable John.

Mr. Daly, in one of his most docile, anticipatory moods, came back of the stage and said to several of the least attentive of his fold:

"It is my express desire that you take great pains to give a fine performance of the play to-night. Mr. Joseph Medill has honored me with a promise to review the piece editorially, and he will occupy the box with me. Be vigilant and watch the cues."

It was the first night of "Needles and Pins," and the reason for Mr. Daly's caution was that the entire company had been reveling in the fascinations of the circus all day instead of housing themselves in walls of thought and penance. The two wild men of Borneo had completely turned the level heads in the company, and the bewhiskered antics of these two savage mortals had entertained John Drew and Digby Bell to the border of amiable lunacy. The charming play started off beautifully. John Drew had caught the fancy of his clientele,

and Digby, armed for conquest, strolled on the stage, when to his consternation Mr. Drew, availing himself of his habit of playing with his shapely back to the audience, bowed low and handed Digby a cardboard upon which was a vivid cartoon of Mr. Drew's own execution. It represented the two wild men of Borneo as Mr. Daly and Mr. Medill in the stage box. Digby gasped with mirth, gulped down a roar, and fled without a faint memory of his part to help him out. Mr. Medill, whose sagacious criticisms were both honorable and revered, sat with his astute head in air on the scent for rare beauties and lapses. Mr. Daly, in his usual profoundly absorbed muscular collapse, touched the feared elbows of the benign editor, and Bell looked at them, then at Drew's caricature, and in stage parlance "dried up" for keeps. Mr. Daly unwound his legs and twisted out in a dazed state, Mr. Medill wondering just where to draw the caustic line. The Daly coat-tails whisked through mazes of scenery and sought Bell's room, which swiftly evolved into a chamber of verbal horrors, and Mr. Bell was fined one hundred dollars. Bell was still laughing, and Jimmie Lewis was storming about "idiotic amateur nonsense," his scene was killed, and Drew was tugging sympathetically at his tawny mustache and agreeing that it was an awful slump in art, and the curtain was wabbling down on a united set of bad tempers when Drew dared to face Digby. Mr. Bell instantly threatened to break the time-honored rule that nobody should tell "the governor" of anybody else's indulgence in the luxury of a quiet guy. Drew wasn't very fearful, and said, "Have you got the picture?"

"Have I got the picture?" roared Digby. "Do you think I'm going to pay out big money for works of art and present them to a dub like you? It cost me just one hundred dollars, and I'm going to keep it."

Although acknowledging Miss Rehan as one of the most

brilliant and intellectual exponents of Shakespeare's heroines, Mr. Irving could never be brought to indorse Mr. Daly's Shakespearean productions. Miss Rehan was in her prime, and past all compare handsome and talented and beautifully schooled, but her daintiest airs did little to condone the general lack of high poetic ideals in the respectful modernity apparent in the productions. John Drew was one of the loveliest mistakes on earth during his devotion to the Avon heroes. Once Mr. Irving blandly told them all at dinner that their comedies were very delicious, but their Shakespeare quite too altogether impossible, and the locks of Mr. Daly shook ominously. Another day, after "As You Like It" had sent a new and captivating Rosalind into chronicles, Mr. Irving walked across the stage and met John Drew with his pleasant eyes peeled for judgment.

"Ah, my dear boy, I have just seen your performance of Orlando—of course, you did not want to play Orlando. I can see that—of course you did not; no, of course."

Mr. Drew is very fond of telling this story on himself.

Once Mr. Daly entertained his entire company for a day at Stratford-on-Avon. He was in the gayest, most youthful mood of sympathy and generosity all day, and when close upon eventide they all clambered into the tipsy little skiffs lying on the river's shore Mr. Daly reminded the company that the swan, according to a legend, would follow good actors and take flight in alarm at any bad actors in the party. Miss Rehan and Mr. Daly were rowed by Otis Skinner, and Mr. Drew carried a freight of beauty and talent heavy enough to attract poultry, thought the oarsman. But the beautiful swans curved their necks and proudly sailed along close to the boat which Skinner rowed, much to the delight of Mr. Daly and the occupants of the favored craft.

Miss Rehan delivered the most exquisite gift of her treasury

of art in the saucy, tender, and brilliant Beatrice. Her beauty, which has taken upon itself a singular youth and strangeness by loss of flesh, blooms appealingly in the cunningly devised gowns in which she arrays the dashing friend of Hero; and it was a delight to see her completely her splendid self in force, dramatic insight, and unparalleled charm in this captivating rôle.

In "The School for Scandal" Miss Rehan is charming, of course, with the delightful affectations of the Sheridan era brimming over in her performance. Her toilets are extravagant, and in her pretty nagging of Sir Peter and slanderings of her precious friends she is irresistible. The ungracious little tantrums of Sheridan are considerably foreign to the Rehan temperament, but with consummate art she draws mirth from the yellow old comedy and girds the sentiment with fresh exactness. She is a perfectly beautiful actress, and none of her age and experience dares challenge her in Kate, Lady Teazle or the quainter valued comedy roles.

"The Last Word" is distinctly a one-part piece. Everybody is charming, but subservient to the regal beauty and radiant art of Ada Rehan. The baroness is not particularly Russian any more than Alsatian or Danish, according to the piquante dialect with which Miss Rehan adorns her language, but it does not in the least matter. A Russian who had been taught English in France would talk as near Miss Rehan's gurgling music as anything else, and it is as fascinating as that sweeping audience glance of hers that flatters everybody and sees nobody.

She was a sweet surprise in the pathetic baby-death description in John Rutherell's dim-lit library. Her rich, mellow voice tolled through it like a muffled chime. The verseless poem itself was cruel to half of any audience. Whose pretty baby flies to heaven and leaves broken hearts satisfied that everything was done, every wish granted? Never one. It is not kind

to hundreds who sob, not from the intensity lent the recitation, but the memory of some coveted toy denied little, cold, dead hands that will clutch at their hearts forever. It was like one of those dreadful, harrowing songs that tear open wounds and wrench aching hearts, but it was plaintively, delicately done in a tender, tearful way by the witch from the nave.

"The Last Word" is an unpardonable play, except that it leads on Ada Rehan in garlands of rosy wit and sweet womanly sparkle. She radiates and purls and blossoms into smiles over the fetching dialect of "How-do-you-call-it?" Vera. When a character of such vital adaptability seizes upon the finest qualities of an actress it rather takes possession of her, and impinges so irretrievably upon the richest veins of harmony in talent that it absorbs much of the individual's personality. So since Rehan first set them wild with her Vera, it seems as though she has always been playing the same part in different settings. It is because Vera brings out Rehan's most brilliant gifts. The exquisite last act and all the fire, coquetry, and charm of the others could not do less than show a lovely creature like Ada Rehan to superb credit.

Miss Rehan is her queenly, most beautiful self as Cousin Val Osprey. Nothing save the flippant inconsequences are demanded of her, and she is delicious in these artistic trifles. There are risque poses, swift changes from grave to gay in several phases. There is the inevitable misunderstanding which affords Miss Rehan an endearing opportunity to lift her odd, peaked eyebrows, draw down her lip and swallow astonishment and humility with an appealing gulp. She has forced chances to break through laughter with tears and reverse the emotion to allegretto and indistinct minor chords.

And all these timely, inimitable impersonations disappear in memory of Ada Rehan's Kate the Shrew and her Rosalind. Radiant, exquisite, insinuating, and indelible!

GOODWIN

Thousands of Americans owe Nathaniel Goodwin debts which currency and applause can never cancel. They have approved in a fashionable ecstasy of his occasional gravities, they have melted sentimentally when he made love, rejoiced when he triumphed heroically, and laughed with him when none else could awaken mirth. Everything, from "Gringoire" to "Hobbies," has occupied his attention and the heart of his crowds, and in all comedy is he admirable, whether as O'Trigger in the Sheridan classic or the incomparable *fin de race* dandy in "A Gilded Fool," the play that Nat built. When he poses tenderly, his following poses with him, and in each of the many variations of his irresistible comedy, people want to rush over the footlights and harness him to fun forever more. He is such a conjuror of wit and composite reflection of all spontaneous humor! Every word he utters, every glance of his eye, every turn of his hand and curl of his mischievous lips engender contagious laughter—and this arch-comedian, when there is not another like him on earth, wants to forswear the motley for sobrieties possible to actors very slenderly gifted. Goodwin can play anything ever written for an actor's interpretation; he could be trusted with the gamut from Shylock to Romeo, but his starry path of gold lies in the heart of rich, infectious comedy, in the classics lost because of deserters and because the gracious endowment of awakening sympathetic laughter is the rarest gift in art and it is trusted to one or two in a century. Coquelin and Goodwin and who else so definitely the emperors of amusement? There are hun-

dreds of comedians, there are brilliant actors whose talents embrace comedy with all the arts of entertaining and enlightening, but now there is only Goodwin (in company with one other, or perhaps two) who has been imbued with the real enchanter's elixir which keeps the world in close laughter with him.

Mr. N. C. Goodwin is the greatest comedian America has ever produced. A brilliant, spontaneous talent lights up the dramatic record of this gifted man, and every new achievement is one more graceful triumph to credit to native genius.

He is above all art, natural. He is inexhaustibly versatile, but never loses his own distinguishing identity. He is not quite like anybody else, though he can imitate everybody. He is deliciously volatile, magnetic, and original. Outside of a rare, unique inherent humor he has the happiest, most unerring intuition regarding the limitations and anticipation of an audience; he "sizes people up" with a psychological acuteness which is electric, and colors his comedy accordingly. His keen sense of humor, vigorous character-appreciation, and dramatic intelligence are inborn, not cultured; he is not less legitimate and is decidedly more effervescent than Joe Jefferson. Goodwin is artistic through instinct, not study. He is subtle through experience, not traditional authority, and is a delightful tow-headed wonder, his real dramatic speed still being a matter of conjecture.

For a while audiences were undecided whether to accept Mr. Goodwin's pathos seriously or not. There was an inclination to be sure the mischievous entertainer was not making game of his worshipers, and occasionally they would anticipate him with a smothered laugh in the midst of some fine point. Nat boiled over with indignation at these symptoms of distrust, vented his outraged spirit in undertone statements not in the manuscript, and fought obstinately to be recognized as

the highest legitimate representative of American acting. Now he holds his gifts and the world in close rein. His pathos and sentiment are as intense and accentuated as his comedy; his listeners sit breathless during pretty little drifts of poesy and tenderness which vary the wealth of comedy in his art. The wonderful April light and shade at his command have full play, and Goodwin drives or checks or speeds the emotions of his audience with a faultless magnetism governed by his own humor. It is the treat of the year to greet Goodwin, to have him acting with brilliant charm and splendid vigor. It is worth more money to be able to catch Nat Goodwin melting into one of his new-moon smiles after a touch of sadness than it is to see whole yard-wide bolts of alleged comedy dealt out by his inferiors.

To welcome him theaters are packed always, and the Goodwin reception amounts to a three-minute triumph in itself. A speech brings out Nathaniel in his most tenacious hold upon the public. He is always boyish and a trifle humble in these pleasant avant-rideau assails, and cements the adulation of his servitors by honeyed pretense that he is the only slave in the adoring hundreds.

He has reached that sensitive eminence of genius when portrayals etched in his inimitable decision cease to surprise. It must be admirable because it is Goodwin.

In American hearts he is nearer faultless than any actor of the *siècle*.

The potential quality of Goodwin's temperament is his exquisite touch with humanity. He is a most sympathetic confidant of human frailties. Alive to all that is eccentric, humorous, or bizarre, and deeply responsive to all poesy or pathos, he is photogenic and simple as the face of morning smiling from a mountain stream. He is not only versatile, but incalculable from the standpoint of possibilities.

Mr. Goodwin is seldom refined, and never delicate. Every tone is generously brusque and flavored pungently. And though he has charming tenderness and sympathy, he paints the frivolous in bold, broad colors and high sidelights which render his portraiture unique and virile as a Dean Swift sketch or Hogarth etching.

Nothing Mr. Goodwin accomplished before his Nathan Hale ever so valiantly proved how beautiful an actor he is, how sure and brilliant of stroke, how ardent and completely a master of gesture, of character, and the delicacies of pure sentiment. Moments of fine, keen art light up his youthful captain, and so much variety he colors the picture withal that sometimes he is shadowy and impressionistic, hardly escaping indistinctness, but leaving a glow upon his work that is indescribably grateful. There is not much superior quality in the character, except in quiet sentiment and a certain vivacity of endeavor which is attractive, but Goodwin takes the placid force within, and with pointed skill decoys rapt attention throughout the play. He pitches the key almost in a low-toned minor, and exerts very little of his famous genius for comedy. It is simply a delight to watch Mr. Goodwin conquer his own dominion of arch-comedian. His endowments have reached a condition of perfection which allow him to instruct his audiences when they may laugh with him and when weep, much as they languish for his richest humor and wit. His impersonation has gained dignity and beauty, and many little smart touches of Fitch in the lighter scenes have been added to make more cohesive and interesting the charming play. It is pleasure to have so dainty a bit of literature interpreted by so rational and brilliant an actor, for Clyde Fitch's best play from a literary standpoint is undoubtedly "Nathan Hale," and the title rôle is one of Goodwin's triumphs over Goodwinania.

Maxine Elliott grows more lovely every day, though she had seemed upon the pedestal Milo would not be too proud to share with the resplendent actress. Her girlish comedy and charm are tinged with the prettiest sort of art—if there are sorts—and in the stronger scenes of "Nathan Hale" she is both sympathetic and intense. She is such a picture in the homely frocks and seems unconscious of her own beautiful person, and it is delightful to expect fine things of so fascinating a woman of talent. Her gowns are like the quaint things upon ladies housed in golden lockets and prim miniature cases. Nothing more modern than a daguerreotype could hold so delicious a combination as the Colonial blue satin surtout and the poppy hat, even if the type were a copy after the reposeful paintings of Washington's time. Miss Elliott has drawn about her interpretation some individual charm which makes it even more attractive than when first delivered to the public. She is not only a beauty now, but an actress of many exceptional forces truly directed, and her welcome was worthy the equal star line her gifted husband shares with her proudly.

Small Gertrude Elliott, with her spiritual eyes puckered up in comedy wonderings, is a dream. This delightful girl has a wealth of poetic impulse, and some day will sail away quite over the heads of her admirers and pathmakers. She has an exquisite touch, dainty as a snowbird's flutter, but it is real and sparkling, and only wants the scope to scintillate.

Nobody among the neophytes more steadily adds tone and color to her acting than does Miss Gertrude Elliott, who is blossoming into a comédienne of so many fascinations that she owns a niche of her own among the Goodwin faithful. She is pretty in a special decorative and piquant way, and beams with intelligence and adaptability to atmospheres and emotional condition. Her face is sensitive and her manner arch

and impulsive enough to suggest at once vivacity and sympathy, and in scenes with Goodwin she is most bewitching.

To behold Mr. Goodwin triumphant in the somber trials of a patriot is inviting to all encouragers of art and its ultimate development, and "Nathan Hale" gives that fascinating opportunity to the brave actor who has had the temerity to open battle with his own personality and record as a laugh-creator.

Nat Goodwin is an irrepressible wit. He can no more resist it than he can help breathing; his wit is positively unlike that of anybody else's; original, keen, vivid, and memorable, and whatever comes to him brings a snap of responsive humor from him.

He writes a boyish, candid letter, full of mischief and sincerity. He has a thousand friends, but one or two intimates, and he devotes his time unselfishly to his beautiful wife, Maxine Elliott. There is much of the same tolerant forgiving womanhood in his last spouse which ornamented the lovely character of Eliza Weathersby, the wife of N. C. Goodwin's boyhood, and the patient sharer of his wilder days. Eliza was one of the most adorable of women. Her talent made her one of the profitable stars pitted against Lydia Thompson, Nellie Farron, and an army of burlesque soubrettes. Under her believing and discerning eye Nat grew to tremendous favoritism. His Le Blanc in "Evangeline" and his famous travesty in "The Red Corsair" were honors shared with Miss Weathersby. Maxine Elliott is solicitous and affectionate, a woman of brilliant intellect and great force of character. When they were married Mr. Goodwin purchased for her "Jackwood," a magnificent English estate in Kent. The house was built by the Earl of Penzance, and is one of the beautiful preservations of Shooter's Hill. The Goodwins discreetly modernized the abode without desecrating any of

the picturesque antiquity adorning it, and the vast forests, lakes, game preserves, and landscape pictures everywhere make it a splendid home for the Americans who have found out that England is the place of homes. Plenteously engaged with guests, cottagers' rent-rolls, horses, actors, duck-ponds, and duebills, Mr. Goodwin busies himself at Jackwood with as many obligatory enjoyments as his fancy entails, and as many noble sports and difficulties as enlivened his Penzance predecessors in possession.

Once upon another time Nat took a place in England, adopted the owner's coat of arms, his racing interests, his liveries and indebtedness, all of which looked better after Mr. Goodwin's sojourn as governor and purveyor to a blasted title. But instantly it became known that Goodwin had a distant castle, with turrets and moats and chefs and things, his American friends hied them hither in droves and took charge of the surplus. There were actors and bibliophiles, relatives, courtiers, tailors, and critics all lined up against the Goodwin hospitality and full of editorial talent. Everything was blue-penciled the first month, and changed to suit the guests the second. They made rows about the chef, and repudiated Mr. Goodwin's books, cigars, and neckties. The rooms were too light, and the high-balls too warm, and blessed old Nat was kept at fever heat all summer. Some of the elect whom Nat had coaxed with genuine heartiness to share his sumptuous exile betook themselves to neighboring hostelries and woods, and Nat subsided in much gloom over the prospect of a silent summer "in a shady nook by a babbling brook, with a distant view of the changing sea." This time Mr. Goodwin's English home has the advantage of a tactful and gracious hostess, and sweet peace and long, lovely hours rest the merry gentlemen and beauteous ladies entertained at Jackwood. England accepts Mr. Goodwin as a prospective

citizen, though he is American to the core and flies across the raging main for no less unpatriotic reason than that there he hopes for absolute rest, atmosphere more congenial to study, and profitable companionships.

Many guests are entertained by the Goodwins in this palatial home of the comedian. Mr. Beerbohm Tree is one of the most frequent and desired guests, for Tree, though no end of singular and reticent, even pompously erratic among people for whom he has no sympathy, can be as gracious and boyish as a shepherd when he is among congenial spirits. Mrs. Tree is the simplest, jolliest little picnicker when off upon a lark, and is not in the least spoiled by adulation and social favor bestowed upon her always. She is a devoted mother, and her babies are the loveliest in the land, but she neither tires her friends with accounts of their gifts nor hides behind her duties for a reflected light.

At Jackwood the Beerbohm Trees both cast out the oppressive demons ceremony and pose to revel in the democratic and altogether charmingly American system of entertainment inaugurated by the Goodwins. W. H. Crane visits there, and Clyde Fitch as many times as he can be lured from London to Kent, which proves to be about as many times as his train stops in London. Madeleine Lucette Ryley, the Alexanders, stray men from Boston, and pretty girls from the West, all sorts of perfectly agreeable and brilliant people, literary, artistic, and worshipful are to be found there. One day a specially invited house party thronged up Shooter's Hill to meet Mr. William Gillette, who had dropped in upon the bride and groom unceremoniously and welcome as the sunshine. He was playing "Too Much Johnson," for the Londoners, and hunted up the Goodwins. He was scarely aware that the party was particularly addressed to him, for so many celebrities were invited that the man of simple taste and

wholesome habit looked upon himself as rather an interloper in so goodly a company. He had been told that an informal affair of some sort was to be in session the afternoon of his arrival, and as his visit was to be the briefest he immediately wandered forth in quest of glades and fields, live stock, wild woods, and other diversions plentiful on the vast Goodwin estate.

When the guests began to arrive Gillette had quite disappeared, and some of the newcomers were plumed gayly for the occasion. Mrs. George Alexander struck terror to the unpretentious American hostess and her lovely sister by appearing in a dream of chiffon and filmy laces, a hat of pastoral costliness, waving in ostrich feathers, and a parasol of Lady Dolly pattern, which upset all the buffet arrangements. Gertrude Elliott, Mrs. Goodwin, and the other ladies present were in organdies and ginghams and waiting for the appearance of another American actor who had asked to be presented to the Alexanders and William Gillette. Mr. Alexander, who in all his life has never descended from the center of the stage since he took to it, stalked in imposingly handsome under his little wife's sunshade, and the anxious American actor brought his haziest eye and most correct tie to grace the company. Still no Gillette, and considerable subdued qualm thereat. Mrs. Alexander is a butterfly of the loftiest-aimed wings; she knows all the titled and socially orotund people of London, and in a perfect flutter of adjectives she fell upon the American actor, whose ears were rumpled into ecstasy at the sound of the pretty Alexander small talk, her intimate knowledge of "Lady Ann's" and "Sir George's" secret opinions of "his lordship's" pet prejudice and "her ladyship's" favorite scheme, of "prince" this and "duke" that; and in her pretty scurry over aristocratic names and places she dragged the American, bewitched, for he happened to be

quite unlike Mr. Gillette and Mr. Goodwin, in that of the few things on earth fit to excite in him a thrill, titles held supreme place of honor. He sat enthralled with the social splendor of Mrs. Alexander's conversation and parasol, and for a moment the absence of the real American lion, Gillette, was overlooked, and the Goodwins prayed for a continuance of George Alexander's beatific pose and Mrs. George's list of titled personages.

Just when the rapt American actor had reached the third envelope of spiritual exaltation through the assurance of a charitable intention of the Princess Maud, in roamed the adored and brilliant guest of the hour, William Gillette, with a brindle pup under each arm and hairs all over his cheviot cutaway, hay in his hair, and unmistakable signs of having forgotten all about the party.

Gillette, unconscious as usual of his own importance at the function, smiled one of his honest, illuminating smiles upon everybody, adding a hearty "Howdy" to the American constituents who crowded around him adoringly.

Nat beamed with joy to have a normal atmosphere restored by the return of the beloved Gillette from the heart of the prize kennel. He was as unconcerned about the company as any other American might be, and the greater people of the gathering clung to him and thought with him and of him all afternoon. He wandered over the rambling, beautiful house under the guidance of soulful little Gertrude, and liked everything. He came to the long center staircase, which constitutes one of the special splendors of Jackwood, and asked if he might sit on the top stair to rest. Then he was thrown into rapture over the advantage of a wonderful stair like that, from which as one ascended to bed there could be endless processions of bows and good nights from first one side and then the other side, being a vast gain over the usual

one-sided affair from which one leaned awkwardly and bade good night all down one side of the tour. Gillette's stay was much too brief for his captivated friends in Kent, and invitations were sent flying after him for weeks wherever he wandered, but the unavailing missives were gratefully answered in unchanging negatives.

Mr. Goodwin's firm friend and stanch bulwark, Henry Irving, believes in wreaths of honor over in England now, for Goodwin, but that clever comedian hangs back and rolls up greenbacks yearly to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, and tries to look pleased without London emoluments.

In Australia Mr. Goodwin amused himself trying to enlighten the chortling bushmen upon the sorrowful theme of New South Wales humor. But he regarded his sparkling efforts in that direction as perhaps the most solitary box of tricks he ever opened. He is deferential in all his summing up of Australia, but catch him unguarded and in one of his delightfully impudent American moods, and he tells droll fibs about the tour he made under the Southern Cross.

"One night in Adelaide an old Londoner with a peach of cockney dialect came behind the scenes, the corner of his mouth drawn up in sympathy with mine," tells Goodwin. "There was a vagabond house—very much on the bum, you know—and the old chap wanted to console me, so he said encouragingly:

" 'Never mind, gov'ner, hit hynt so bloomin' bad, hafter hall. W'y, w'en Charles Mathews wus 'ere, twenty-two years agaow, 'e wus just the bloomin' syme wye—hover their 'eds, gov'ner, wye hover their 'eds.'

"Then he went on to prove how much too fine Mathews was for the Adelaiders by the anecdote that Mathews had such a bad house one night that a suggestion was made that a gang of bushmen laboring near by be invited to fill up the empty

chairs. The horny-handed sand-diggers gloomily accepted the courtesy and went into the lobby with their overalls on and tools over their shoulders, and after holding a mysterious consultation while the manager was arranging for their admission a spokesman met that generous gentleman upon his return and asked, soberly, ' 'Ow much har we to be hallowed fur hover-time, boss?' "

From a realm of superior agony Clyde Fitch sent one of his daintiest and most sincere billets to the Goodwins at Jackwood. There was no word of greeting or regret, but only three exquisite little sketches in pen and ink. One was a small heart, surmounted by the jovial countenance of the owner of Jackwood, with one of the inestimable Goodwin eyes closed jocosely; then a large heart with Maxine Elliott's beautiful eyes and mouth outlined above it; then just a heart, with a filmy parasol above it, to represent Gertrude Elliott, the presiding fairy of happiness at Shooter's Hill. This was addressed to "Sir Nathaniel Goodwin, Bart., Lord of Jackwood Manor and Master of the Queen's Hounds, care Lady Max, Regent."

Mr. Fitch has some very distinguished personages in his train, and among them the prince of the much-agitated and feudal-guarded Pleisse, whose domain in Silesia the airy novelist was urged to storm one summer when the vindictive and uproarious wild boar was in its most dangerous mood.

Without any very definite notions as to whether the goal of his journey was the Oder-swept ancient duchy Glatz or the Cisleithan crownland of Austria, the fearless Clyde bought a ticket for the principality which awaited him in breathless excitement, and was ceremoniously dropped somewhere under the brows of the Carpathian or Sudetic Mountains, where a tumult of amazement was turned upon his unprepared imagination.

His princely host had sent a retinue of beings of august mien and gaudy attire, who in turn struck consternation vio-ent upon the soul of the humble critic of our home-made smart set. Whether the noble party with shoulder straps was an alderman or a footman, nothing vaguely decided for Mr. Fitch, and when eight silent befeathered dignitaries arose from the forest to salute, Clyde had not the most remote idea whether to salaam to earth or tip the leader. There were twelve of these indefinitely gorgeous and embarrassing functionaries, not counting a few embroidered bowing and solemn equerries, whose countenances betrayed warily that "to horse" was their emulative slogan, no matter how many buttons they wore.

Behind this phalanx of attendants arose before Fitch's dim consciousness a chariot of purple and gold and panoplies of time and pattern not to be trifled with by recent collectors of data and flora and fauna. Six statuesque Arabian steeds were chained to this dazzling equipage, and something huge and decorated, big as an American furniture van, and embossed like a circus wagon, stood ready to receive the Fitch baggage, and when the small canvas steamer trunk of the playwright was extricated from a shipment of canned fruit and rural presents of vegetables sent to the reigning monarch of the duchy, Mr. Fitch felt a lump rush into his throat and a painful throb at his American and unsuspecting heart, which nearly brought on a faint. On went the procession up the mountains and along the grassy valleys, the humble trunk galumphing lonesomely in the yawning van, and Clyde in a hopeless fit of gratitude and humility toward his august host.

The line of servitors increased as the castle approach came into view, and by the time the Fitch outfit was received into the amiable presence of his entertainer an army of the feudal-sworn retainers stood about and completely submerged both

Fitch and his obvious mission. He saw through a mental and moral haze his tip finish if every one of these chosen ones should swoop down upon him to do a personal favor, and at early dinner, backed up by a new and entirely unfamiliar set of attending citizens, he, with some suicidal enthusiasm, asked fervidly when the boar hunt would be likely to happen.

Entering the castle through the long, fiercely ornamented halls hung with trophies of the chase, gave Clyde something like chills of foreboding over the prospect of running to earth things with such ferocious tusks and teeth and vicious outspreads of jaw and uprising of porcupine bristles. But nerved to mediæval splendors and excesses, Mr. Fitch became a victim of fresh equipment for the fray which had grewsome but consolatory thrills in its elements. A bedizened set of leatherns and ugly pockets filled with shot and knives were put at his disposal, and, doffing his best and checkered suit, he arrayed himself in these accoutrements of war with some pride and a great deal of proffered assistance from the feudal system refugees et al. Brushing his curly mustachios up to a sufficiently unprepossessing point of conquest, and dragging a shako savagely over his prettily coiffé locks, Clyde strutted forth in a dramatic attitude, with his spirit wrought up to no end of courageous bluff. At the place where they "let the portcullis fall" Clyde was disillusioned casually by being comfortably stowed away among blankets and rugs and other temptations to snooze aboard of a delightfully guarded coach. In this luxurious car the terrific slayers of the untamed boar talked glibly as they sped through pleasant mountain scenes and over picturesque bridges, while the entire populace of Silesia turned out in a Rusticana ensemble and "shooed" the hungry porker of the forest in range of the carefully aimed rifles belonging to the palatine count, Mr. Fitch, and two other people of firing capacity and devotion to local color. Having

mildly submitted to being shot rather than talked to death in the Moravian Viennese of inhabitants arrayed in scary circles around his lair, the boar sniffed and grunted a couple of times, then rolled over tamely and was brought dripping homeward, while the exploring and game-triumphant party munched sandwiches and drank kummel and things calculated to give dramatic sequence to the raid of the sportive foresters.

In fact, the boar hunt was to Mr. Fitch's vivid aspiration less violently exciting than his reception and the many social events, each one of which became a source of conflict unspeakable which he was obliged to forego and courteously take flight from the palatinate to Jackwood, followed by a volley of transcendent fare-thee-wells, *hochs* and *aufwiedersehens* too fervent to be put into Mr. Fitch's expense account.

During the Goodwin honeymoon they kept open house at lovely Jackwood all summer, Mrs. Goodwin proving the most beautiful and delightful of hostesses and adorable of brides. The Hacketts and some other attractive Americans were guests, and Sir Henry Irving, Otis Skinner, Goodman the artist, Mrs. Bancroft, and everybody passing through London drove up to Kent just for a look at Nat in a domestic attack and a calm. The sole blight upon a delicious bridal recreation was the rude awakening Mr. Goodwin experienced when his favorite saddle horse arose upon his muscular hind legs and pitched the happy bridegroom against the cold cast-iron gates before his princely domain. "Kentucky" was the name of the charger, and he was a blue-grass beauty of indisputable pedigree.

It was at Buzzard's Bay that Kentucky (this magnificent high-stepper which threw Mr. Goodwin in time to allow the comedian to join the Prince of Wales in a broken leg) first came into prominence as a specialty performer and pitcher whose curves nobody could guess.

Mr. Charles Jefferson invested in Kentucky, completely led captive by the superb carriage of the animal, the beauty of his sleek coat and the marvelous intelligence in his fiery eye. Kentucky was brought to Buzzard's Bay, was exhibited with pride and viewed with awe. The perfect disposition of the model creature was evidenced in a thousand pretty horse tricks of gratitude, and altogether the Jefferson household puffed itself up seemingly over the possession of Kentucky. Joseph Jefferson, Sr., meandered into the stables to look the beautiful purchase over, and said, as he blinked knowingly at the handsome nag:

"Looks kind of kinky about the ears, doesn't he?" for which interruption to a symphony of "ahs" and "ohs" the gentle old actor was respectfully arraigned in chorus.

Next day Mr. Thomas Jefferson mounted the splendid Kentucky and rode forth with swelling chest. Instantly Kentucky struck the road and received the proud jerk of Tom's rein the horse lifted up his left foot and then his right in strict Sousa march time, and pranced down the street in a grand entrée gait which amazed the simple folk of Buzzard's Bay and embarrassed Tom inexpressibly. Tom tried all sorts of soothing clucks and whoas and other vocal appeals to reason, all of which Kentucky, his head curved superbly and his legs dancing finely, refused to recognize. Suddenly Tom pulled his reins with a downward slant, and Kentucky bent his beautiful head till his mane dragged, knelt on one knee, and pitched the amazed Tom clear over in an adjoining ditch, while the assembled yaps of Buzzard's Bay looked on in wonder, as did also Kentucky, as he arose with conscious dignity and whirled off in a waltz.

Mose, the watchful stable boy, who had been studying Kentucky after dark, out of sincere admiration for the animal, caught Kentucky's bridle, while the citizens on foot raked

young Mr. Jefferson out of the mud, and, with many maneuvers across road, pawing of the air, dancing, and giving astounding evidence of knowledge beyond horse sense, the darky and Kentucky pranced homeward amid the cheers of the farm hands.

"Ye see, dis hyar Kaintuck is a circus hoss, 'at's all's de matter wiv him," explained Mose. "Kaintuck jes wanted to parade when he got in de road, 'at's all, an' Mr. Tom didn't know 'bout the kneelin' bridle, 'deed he didn't, no mo' 'an he knew 'bout dif'ent gaits. Out ridin' a circus hoss in Buzza'd's Bay—well, indeedy!" soliloquized Mose, as he rubbed down the gratified Kentucky in his stall.

The liege of Jackwood struck Kentucky one of his parade days, and the famous kneeling act, perchance, threw Nat over the hedge in *haut école* practice.

Among the many delightful episodes inseparable from the Goodwin ménage at Jackwood is the familiar sight (mornings after grouse and pheasants have crept into the Goodwin preserves) of Mr. Goodwin, with his tawny hair glistening under a rising sun like a stray ball of yarn, clad in a bath robe and armed with a gun, which, slung across his shoulder, together with a game bag, completes a picture not easily erased from a comedian's repertoire. Nat would blaze away at everything bold enough to withstand the flap of his bath robe, and plod back every morning with an inspiring glow and smile of content, but empty game bag. His sportsmanship seemed to take possession of him during morning ablutions, for invariably after his *kimono sortie* he would go to bed again and refuse to be waked until time for him to ride Kentucky or one of the newest of his equine purchases. The Goodwins have a famous kennel of hounds and collies, bull-terriers, setters, pointers and every sort of valuable canine. These are Mrs. Goodwin's delight and treasures, and when Mr. Goodwin

takes upon himself to sleep too long of a morning the entire troop of dogs, led by Gertrude and Mrs. Goodwin, throw themselves at Nat's door and demand entrance; if it is not granted they go tumbling down the long hall leading to Nathaniel's sulkery, and the ladies pretend to be hushing up the yelping dogs as they run noisily away.

Miss Gertrude Elliott is as important a factor in this happy household as her sister, and while Nat and Mrs. Nat set about to lecture her and teach her the few things they know which they think she does not, at the same time the small sister with the shining eyes and heart of gold is a link in the sweet chain that holds Nat Goodwin in a very gentle thraldom.

While in London Goodwin fell in with Mr. Henry Hamilton, one of the most brilliant, caustic, and cultivated of social wits. He was a constant delight to Goodwin, and they were rather inseparable from the start of their acquaintance.

Mr. Goodwin is the only American honored with the privileges of membership in the Garrick Club of London (unless very recent courtesies have added other names), and one day during the delightful run of Wyndham's "Garrick," Hamilton and Goodwin sat in the club when Wyndham came in, growling as usual, and seated himself in a chair reputed to have been David Garrick's own.

Hamilton and Goodwin listened to Wyndham's crumbly voice of dissatisfaction at the matinée audience he had just endeavored to entertain, the weather, the wine, and his collar, and then Hamilton, from a cloud of smoke, said:

"Wyndham, do you know it is really rather a charming thing to see you there, sitting in Garrick's chair, talking in Garrick's choleric way, and all that—it really is? I've been in to see you a good many times lately. Your production of 'Garrick' is absolutely correct; and, do you know, you bear such a remarkable resemblance to him as you sit there just now."

"Really?" smiled Wyndham, flattered.

"Yes," said Hamilton, "I've noticed of late that you grow more and more like Garrick every day and less like him every night."

Another time at the same club about the same crowd attacked the Americans for threatening to send Mr. James Corbett, actor, over to England's revered stage.

"Well, what do you play him for?" queried Goodwin, always warm to fight for the Yankee side of a question.

"Can he act?" drawled Wyndham.

"No," quoth Nat, "but he can lick any man on earth, bar none."

This was agreeable interruption to the train of thought, and Goodwin, who is a fine boxer, also a fiery and untamed admirer of spry Jimmie, launched out into a technical disquisition upon the tactics, the science, the physique, and the achievements of James Corbett, prize-fighter.

"He has all the agility and intelligence of a light-weight and the force of a heavy-weight fighter; his constitution is such that he fights with his head, his heart, his muscles, and his might. He is not a pusher of a fight, but he is great in defense. He is so quick with his brute force"—went on Nat eloquently—"so quick he could dodge bullets; you couldn't kill Jim Corbett with a gun."

"What a pity!" quietly exclaimed Hamilton.

One night out West, when stakes were high and play was open and above board occupation, Alexander Herrmann, the celebrated magician, had been sitting for ten hours at a game with Louis Aldrich and two ranchmen. Piled up in front of the magician was $2,500 in gold. Herrmann never could win at cards when any other man who knew a deuce from a ten spot opposed him. But he liked the amusement, and was ever willing to pay imperial forfeits to a friendly game. Just as

there was a lull in the game and a wonder how many would start against Herrmann for another jack-pot, in walked Nat Goodwin.

Goodwin and Herrmann were great chums, and there was much effusive greeting and an invitation to Nat to join the game. Mr. Goodwin, if possible, has worse luck at cards than Herrmann ever had, and he thought, "Here is my chance to 'tap' " my friend.

"All right," said Nat; "make it table stakes and I will come in." Herrmann hadn't the most remote notion what "table stakes" meant, but wanted Nat to stay, so agreed glibly to anything.

Fifty dollars was the first bet, and Nat covered it, and Louis Aldrich followed docile enough. Then Herrmann put up one hundred dollars and drew two cards. Nat drew one and bet one thousand dollars.

Herrmann roused out of a trance of success and whispered "Howse zat?" with a Mephistopheles lift to his immortal eyebrows.

"Table stakes, you know, old man," volunteered Nat, as he twirled his cigar to the other side of his mouth.

"Vwot iss zat stable stacks?" meteorically inquired the magician, looking dangerous.

The mystery was revealed to him. Herrmann called Nat on three kings; Nat coolly exhibited four aces and hauled in the entire three thousand seven hundred dollars Herrmann had been playing for all night.

Goodwin pleasantly raked in the dollars and Herrmann sat perfectly still watching him. After Nat had pocketed the last coin Herrmann rose in Satanic majesty and said in a burnt ruby voice:

"Vwot man he propose zis table stakes, anyhow?"

DeWolf Hopper and Mr. Goodwin, in a gloomy frame of

mind, prepared to cross the ocean and recuperate under the foreign summer avalanche of topical songs and export comedy. It was a memorable tour, and extended far into the autumnal season with addendas leading the travelers into strange lands and stranger habitations.

DeWolf Hopper is a particularly happy companion. His wit is flowery and electric, better at full speed impromptu and rakish in the allowed tirades of club tables and boon fellowship of the "den" and smoking room. Hopper will "string" Nat Goodwin without a qualm by the hour, pouring volleys of wonderful words after his comedian champion and deftly mixing regard with onslaughts of ridicule, both agreeable and amusing.

Goodwin is pre-eminently a story-teller and mimic; nothing delicious in *camaraderie* rivals Nat Goodwin's recantation of actual occurrences with the mimicry of individuals met every day and difficult to reproduce. He takes unwarranted liberties because he is so incomparable in quick wit, vast torrents of humor, and contagious laughter. He would answer an indignant emperor with a pun and court a lady with a slungshot full of sharp retorts and attacks, but he is Nat Goodwin, one of the most celebrated wits of the age, the king of after-dinner entertainers, a singer, a dancer, a cloud charged with magnetism and careless knowledge of his immense right to be unusual. And Goodwin enjoys Mr. Hopper's elephantine and space-eliminating burlesque, his splendid voice and excess; goes to hear his operas and roars over his liberties.

Whatever robust physical advantages Mr. Goodwin originally boasted, in his maturity he found himself in the clutch of a diet and rather a delicate and squeamish state of appetite, and Hopper's overwhelming health, animal spirits, and digestion appalled Goodwin. In fact, Mr. Goodwin says Hopper's monstrous appetite and capacity for satisfying that gift is

one of the six American wonders. The other five are explained by Mr. Goodwin, but the Hopperean gastric ability stands unchallenged, according to truthful Nathaniel.

"One morning I called on Hopper on my way to an eight-o'clock train out of St. Louis," relates Nat; "I had to wake up the gentleman by kicking the door panel loose, and then he opened his eyes, mouth, and yawned like a cinnamon bear. I was so woolly from the early rise I couldn't talk, but Hopper broke into a perfect fusillade of gab in answer to my morning croaks and grunts. Suddenly he said:

" 'Gee! but I'm hungry,' and with that he reached over to a table upon which were two moldy old mince pies somebody had sent him from home. Say, the dust was an inch thick on those pies, but Hopper tore one in two and began to devour it while I fumbled in my pockets for pepsin tablets and felt like Hop-o'-My-Thumb and the giant. One whole pie went, then Hopper ripped the musty crust from the other—at 7 A.M., mind you! Then he reached into a dark corner near the bed and drew out a stone jug of cider and drank like a whale from it, congratulating himself upon the possession of country friends who kept him provided with this itinerant dyspepsia. I didn't recover from sympathetic gastritis for a week."

This congenial twain found themselves recipients of attentions from a solemn provincial club of the West, where much ceremony and little cheer dampened the ardor of the occasion. Mr. Goodwin said he never saw so much ice-water and celery passed at a table, and he grew fractious waiting an exhilarant less frigid than congealed water and pale vegetation. To his joy a waiter, very rubicund and unsteady, began a wavering approach from the end of the dining hall; in his hand he bore a toppling carafe of water, but the other load he was unsteadily endeavoring to carry awoke in Mr. Goodwin

soothing inspirations. Nat looked at the inebriated servitor and shouted:

"Bring me some of the same kind of stuff that waiter's been drinking."

Hopper diverted himself with a fabulous grilled bone, and streaked the air with unmanageable marrow, enjoyed everything, shone resplendent, and ate prodigiously, as he always does upon the vaguest provocation, while Mr. Goodwin sulked and thirsted and starved. Both of them hunted up a friendlier table later in the evening, and Mr. Goodwin's sunny temper was still clouded by irritating results of the club festivities. He reviled the dinner, the stories, the china, and the vintage, but Mr. Hopper protested it was a very august feast and mentioned a certain bird and joint, a ragout and a dessert with approximate enthusiasm. Nat watched the long, eloquent comedian with great contempt, and said:

"What do you know about a dinner? You'd eat a fried towel."

His David Garrick was a most commendable achievement. Once in a while, as a mollifying recreation, Mr. Goodwin takes his Garrick out of reverent seclusion and delights those who believe in the Goodwin supremacy. But except that his best pictures were some a famous artist made of Goodwin as David Garrick and command a continuous sale and feminine admiration, it might be forgotten as one of Mr. Goodwin's especial impersonations.

One day pictures were having a special hanging in my study, and something prized of Goodwin as Garrick, gazing with reproach at Shakespeare's marble image, was standing unattended upon the floor. A crash and cyclone of verbiage from a lumbering north-of-Ireland girl, who was "handing up" works of art as places were arranged for them made me guess that Garrick had met disaster.

"Saints preserve us! Faith, I've put me foot through Christopher Columbus intirely!" quoth the maid of Avoca; and sure enough there was Nat with a foot-print of the Giant's causeway quite through his severest classic expression.

Processions of tragedy threats proceed Mr. Goodwin's repertoire, but the inveterate public bawl for his modernity and light comedy checks this delightful actor's finest aspirations.

In "A Gilded Fool" Mr. Goodwin figuratively holds the audience in the palm of his shapely hand from the time his sleepy voice yawns from the satin-curtained bed until wreaths of happiness cover his adorable red head at the final curtain of the play. He is amazingly sympathetic and the high tide of his infectious comedy never swamps the beauty of the sentimental side of character. Mr. Goodwin appears in a series of exciting trousers, vests, bath robes and jewels quite as important as any soubrette's wardrobe. Every article of his visible decoration is thoroughly in keeping with the Gilded Fool's bank account and reckless expenditures. There is in the part that delightful mixture of *nouveau riche* disposition to be lavish and inborn simplicity so familiar in the candid men of America; advantageous qualities seized upon by Goodwin to mark an era in frank utterance of the country's disposition. His "Gilded Fool" is an American youth who is an honor to the country, even though he takes a roundabout route of achieving that coronet, and a stage characterization which sheds effulgence upon Goodwin's fame most pleasantly.

In "An American Citizen" Mr. Goodwin courts the inviting medium of comedy and tender sentiment, and incontinently descends to his richest vein of farce in some of the piquant scenes. And what a pleasure it is to have Goodwin back in farce! He bubbles and deplores and drinks copious tankards

and swallows awful consequences; he writhes under complications and rises to enormous heights of rich low comedy; he is Goodwin under a phalanx of misunderstandings and sentimental attacks, and keeps his house in a roar all the time; he means they shall laugh, and charms everybody with the half-tone touches of sentiment in the part.

There is nothing in the piece but Nat Goodwin, and a pity it is anybody ever wrote a play for him in which there was any other less interesting man considered. Mr. Goodwin's pantomime in several moments of the play is most cunningly robust. The arrival in his apartments after an obvious conflict, his photogenic explanation by gesture of the condition of his muscles and mind, and the final dispatching of liniment to his victim were instants of irresistible humor and cleverness. As a play "An American Citizen" has no dramatic emphasis—that is not enough to produce acute congestion of the brain; but it is wholesome, dainty, clean, and uproariously funny in some of its jolliest scenes; moreover, it brings Nat Goodwin into exactly the atmosphere the public likes most to behold him breathing; therefore is it a success and a restorer of the greatest comedian who ever entered into the kingdom of topcoats, and rescues him from his artistic serenities in "Nathan Hale."

The influence of a cultured and seductive woman has begun to shine through the latest efforts of this arch-comedian. Maxine Elliott is brainy, refined, and progressive. A beauty of the most pronounced and stately type, she came to be known as a something magnificent to look upon when Daly and Willard presented her springtime talents for consideration. Her physical loveliness overshadowed brilliant mental gifts, and it was only after many dramatic events brought Miss Elliott into the play of larger understandings that her talents as an actress were discovered to be of an exceptionally

delicate and vigorous quality. Her comedy is charming, and she has a fine responsive emotional gift and distinguished intelligence. Her beauty is sumptuous and dazzling. She has a figure no other actress but Mary Anderson has brought to the stage. Her face is a captivating repository of all beauty, and her voice, manner, grace, and intellectuality are all delightful, and some of the unconscious stage pictures in which she is both model and artist are exquisitely posed and fascinating in color.

She has a decoying sort of sobriety, which has tamed Mr. Goodwin into occasional becoming gravities. Whoever thought Nat Goodwin would play line after line in "The Skating Rink" or "Hobbies" every night exactly as he had given it the night before? The liberties he took, the impromptus, the swift interpolations and variety of spontaneous wit! His departure from text and custom were his choicest allurements.

Once Nat Goodwin, when he was very young and very unruly, belonged to an obstreperous stock company, managed by an old actor named Pool, who wrote his own plays and made his stock company play them, no matter what the public did. After a particularly hopeless performance Pool came on the stage and scored the entire company roundly, ending his tirade with a pointed hauling-over-the-coals of Mr. Goodwin.

"You, sir!" shouted the old gentleman, shaking his finger at the placid Nathaniel, "you little red-headed fellow over there, were a disgrace and outrage to the dramatic profession! You did not know a line, sir!"

"What?" quoth Nat, "why, I said all my lines."

"Yes, sir," answered the infuriated playwright, "but none of mine, sir!"

Quite coaxed out of that temptation to volatilize and romp and expertly trifle with his play and his followers, Mr. Goodwin's rarest flights of fun are poised with the most exquisite

balance and changeless symmetry. His prejudices are modern, his affinities American. What he lacks in *savoir-faire* is overshadowed by his infectious amiability and unquenchable spirit. Socially he knows not of form nor yet perfunctory lack of it. His absolute independence and simplicity give him a certain pleasant individuality of manner, and his good temper makes him a host of great charms. He is one of the most irresistible of men to women. The handsome, scholarly, rich, or poetic gentleman stands not the slightest chance of winning the regard of anybody in the vaguest fashion courted by N. C. Goodwin, and he is the sought-for guest at gay conventions of beauty and wit, and is seldom too enveloped in painful dignity to accept the most informal bidding to join comrades or meet profitable strangers. One evening, close upon the hour when actors begin to fret and think and plume and moult both apparel and light moods, a throng of actors convened in a hidden café, where luscious things to eat, absolute security from the public stare, and the fascinating atmosphere of polite bohemianism, bethought of Nat Goodwin, who happened to be in town. In the gathering were Charles Hale Hoyt the farceur, Walter Jones, Richard Carle, Caroline Miskel Hoyt, in the noon of matchless beauty; some clever men, writers, actors, and club fellows of the healthier mold, and ladies most beguiling. I was requested to send for Mr. Goodwin, and dispatched a prayer emphasizing the advantage of privacy in the café known only to a favored coterie. Response came on wings and was beautifully youthful and characteristic, couched in a half-dozen lines and written in a Goodwin rush.

America is the only country on earth where a genius is doled out a line of his work with penurious limitations. If he be a tragedian, his comic efforts are always yawned over, no matter how delightful they might be; and if ever he has

made America laugh he must pucker its buxom visage in the same sort of wrinkles forever or go hang. Now, why should Mr. Goodwin, whose genius is vari-colored as a rainbow, be asked to eternally occupy himself with the grinning, giggling majority of an ignorant public, even though comedy be the most delicately persuasive of all arts? Mr. Goodwin is capable of most lofty and exquisite touches, he has the tragic vein and the deeply sympathetic gleam of pathos. To be sure, there are no more comedians on earth; Nat Goodwin is the only one left with force and vigor and the eternal flow of wit and humor, but that is no reason why he should be asked to wear Punchinello's ribbons forever and a day.

N. C. Goodwin in not only a great comedian, but a great actor. He is distinctly legitimate, earnest, and finished, and faithfully American. Whenever Mr. Goodwin finds a magnificent rôle that will afford his versatile gifts free, untrammeled scope it must be engrossed with the characteristics of a thoroughbred American, surrounded by our own broad acres and lovely girls, with red, white, and blue and spread eagles everywhere, Yankee Doodle rampant, and emigration couchant. Goodwin is American from the crown of his taffy-colored head to the sole of his neat foot. He is the best we have, and the best American is the best in the world, whether he be a president, a faro-dealer, or an actor.

Other countries have been slow to acknowledge Mr. Goodwin's supremacy, and he has little patience in cajolery or building that which grew about him in sporadic wealth without the effort of cultivation. At home everybody knows what a beautiful actor Nat Goodwin is and how the hungry public seizes upon his superb talent and feasts with avidity! If Goodwin took his art seriously he would be the greatest American actor.

That his title to comedy honors long since received indis-

To Amy Leslie
With Affection
Nat

putable coronation is acknowledged by every American adorer of rough-hewn wit and stalwart humor, but beautiful appreciation and artistic rendition of poetic and dramatic sentiment have heretofore been among Mr. Goodwin's earnest aspirations, but just short of his achievement. In "A Gilded Fool" Mr. Goodwin is as much a sentimentalist as Tom Moore was ever a poet.

There used to be a time when Nat Goodwin was so thoroughly lost in the flattering mask of comedy that any attempt on his part to treat the delicate web of sentiment or emotion was misunderstood to an aggravating degree, but Mr. Goodwin has grasped the gentle colorings of sentiment with superb mastery, and presents them with such force, brilliancy, and tenderness that when Nat is serious the veriest dolt would forget that the interesting actor has been a funny man all his public life.

JEFFERSON

Joseph Jefferson slowly recovers from serious illness, and while America awaits a word of promise from his honorable lips two gloomy lines from one of his sons leave small doubts of the melancholy worst—which is that the delightful old comedian will never play again.

His untiring labors for fifty years have misled his faithful into a supposition that Joe Jefferson would last forever, would amuse, captivate and attract so long as crowds bowed before his ripe and enduring charm. But he is a very old man, and his stalwart preservation was the result of simple habit, of soothing atmospheres, of inheritance in the sturdy equipoise in a perfectly balanced mental, moral and physical constitution. Cares and petty irritations perched lightly upon his stooped and muscular shoulders, and he brushed off such as lingered there with a sigh and a mellow smile. He has been all the world to this generation of Americans, and nobody stands in the refracted rays of Joseph Jefferson's sunset who can continue the pleasant glow or lift worthy eyes to the red, red light of love about the fame of Joe.

He has been a quiet, unpretending entertainer, who gave the earth a procession of pictorial characters until one day Boucicault helped the comedian to Rip Van Winkle, and into this delicious loafer of angelic faults, this seductive impossibility and pathetic sinner did Mr. Jefferson melt and pour all the gold of his prettiest inspirations, and nothing was ever so gratefully accepted, so unceasingly appreciated and beloved as Jefferson's "Rip." This one character in a scant, imper-

fect play held the nation in the rim of his Kaaterskill taphouse mug, and not even the beautiful interruption, Caleb Plummer, could turn the tide of affection from Jefferson's particular triumph as Rip.

Henry Irving's saintly old soldier in "Waterloo" is the only piece of classic portrayal which could compare to Jefferson's Caleb. The richness, beauty, and tenderness of this precious miniature in Dickens's rags shall live always in the hearts of those learned in homage to Joseph Jefferson, an emperor of comedy and a man of gentle, primitive notions, of sobriety tempered with peaceful love of mirth and harmless companionships.

For years he produced no plays, spent no money for the public which blindly admired him for himself and the one or two sketches in which were concentrated the fulfillments of a genius both rare and prolific. Likely during his life Mr. Jefferson played parts running a prodigious gamut of versatile requirement. But the present generation remembers nothing but the consequence of this prodigal occupation—two or three characters quite unlike but repeated serially year after year, with no creation nor any of the complimentary return of attention to his public in the way of costly presentation of plays or encouragement to writers coming on or waiting godspeed from the immortals of the stage.

Jefferson's triumphs were as instantaneous in England as they have been lasting in America, and his evening creeps rosily about him with the good will and gratitude of a people fidèle without urging, and worshipfully anxious for his long life and prosperity. Of the latter there was always plenty of it, and few of the ordinary drains likely to be allied to genius. So much a Yankee is Mr. Jefferson of the old thrifty and reliable commercial cult in vogue when pennies and nickels were unknown and expenditures were deemed ungodly, that his

simple tastes and exclusive friendships have been rather frowned upon by the rakish modern fashionables of the stage, who carouse and revel and fill the expensive oaths of charity and good-fellowship. Of this sort of unselfish recklessness Joseph Jefferson knew nothing, either by taste or contact. He was less convivial than homely, and his virtues were those of the pilgrims and the Quakers, his enjoyments mostly in the comforts of a fireside content and the plenty accruing to a purse cautiously guarded but continually open.

He lives most of the time at Cape Cod, Buzzard's Bay. The uncouthness of the people and the unplowed silences about that odd, rugged greeting to the waters suit the placid moods of Joseph Jefferson, and here he dreams idly by way of resting, and rambles along the shores and into the ugly woods, surrounded by a family grown and respectful, and some of them nearly old men. Mr. Jefferson paints beautifully and sympathetically, and much of his lazy time has been employed tracing treasures upon canvas which shall mean a fortune when he plays and paints no more. Wonderful little waifs of scenic art, a nook in Cape Cod, a ragged boy, a grazing herd, some lovely shadows of his own invention and stories in aquarelle or oils are stored among the choicest hoardings of his life of finer interests and endeavors. He has made no stir of sky-rocket leaps into fame, and has left no record of exhilarating stimulus to youth, or lesson to misfortune, but his serenity, his endurance, and his beautiful simplicity, tethered to such talent as his own, are rather more remarkable than the expected scintillations of genius.

When the all-star comet, stumbling across the country one spring, with a view to presenting "The Rivals" with accompanying startles, made its amusing tour, Nat Goodwin immediately invited the warmest regard of Mr. Jefferson. The performance was absurd and the price alarming, but the

actors had a perfectly lovely time. One night, when the theater was packed to suffocation, a popular comedian who had not been invited to assist in this magnificent tribute to Sheridan and contingent bank accounts dropped in behind the scenes to pay his respects to Mr. Jefferson. He had been dining, and in this necessary engagement with victuals had achieved a diverting inebriety, which sat upon his solemn figure like a strange bird of dislocated soul. Goodwin was dressing with Mr. Jefferson, and in the visiting comedian's deportment, though most cautious and alert, Mr. Goodwin detected the lurking suspicion of wine with every course and a probable pousse café unadulterated.

After severe and comforting laudations had been aimed rubescently at Jefferson and had struck Goodwin on the bias, the gentle comedian, in a wreath of smiles, backed out as Nat was wallowing his head in a bowl of water preparatory to donning O'Trigger's beribboned wig.

"Had an awful tide, didn't he, governor?" called Nat from the depths of a Turkish towel.

"Had a what, Natty?" queried Jefferson, scowling in the looking-glass at Bob Acres arriving on the Jefferson countenance via powder puff and rouge.

"Tide—a jag, skate, you know," interpreted Nathaniel.

"D'ye mean he was tight, Natty?" queried Mr. Jefferson.

"Well, I should say so; a bun, a package," asserted Mr. Goodwin, with unconscious envy.

"Well, you don't say so! I didn't notice it. How d'ye know, Natty?"

"Governor," quoth Nat, bowing, "excuse me, but I am both an expert and an artist; I know."

This pleasant acknowledgment from the accused and oft-defamed Nathaniel delighted the old gentleman so he couldn't

recover all evening, and whenever Acres came across Sir Lucius that night Jefferson's eyes would twinkle and in a side whisper he would say, "Had a skate, did he, a package; you know, do you, Natty?" and the slang upon the classic lips of Jefferson entertained Nat quite as much as the brand-new words tickled Mr. Jefferson, as he boyishly added them to his past vocabulary.

During Mr. Jefferson's illness Thomas Jefferson, the eldest son, appeared as Rip Van Winkle, and in a quiet, unostentatious way entertained an audience of moderate proportions. The chief quality of worthy praise in the younger Jefferson's performance is his absolute humility; he does not pretend to be an actor in any measure, and he at least succeeds in holding his own with a company which in many respects is one of the best-ordered to play the hackneyed old favorite. William Winter Jefferson drew over his very handsome young face a mask, and crept on among the servers in the picture with just as much modesty as his older and graver brother.

Thomas Jefferson brought something of the Jefferson countenance to his Rip and many of his celebrated father's mannerisms; his dialect was well defined, and his action, modeled unassumingly after that of his incomparable sire, was acceptable. He was especially entertaining in the last act, and showed considerable feeling and appreciation in the pathos of the sketchy old part. Oh, the mellowness and sweetness of Joe Jefferson's vagabond of the Kaaterskills! It never flowered and lighted and tossed affectionate bumpers over memory as it did when he was miles away from his own. Nobody should ever read the story or listen to it or write about it but with this beautiful rascal of the long drinks and the long sleeps made in the delicious mold of perfection Mr. Jefferson gave him. It lies in the heart of English like a delightful word, and if nothing else of the great comedian's

art shall be reckoned, that unsurpassable weed of art shall grow and grow forever!

Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders is one of the most interesting personalities left to count the lonely beads on the long rosary of idolized old-school actors. She lives in San Francisco, now beloved by the entire community of stage people there, and cared for tenderly by her nearest relatives. She was born in Philadelphia seventy-nine years ago, and is a cousin of Joseph Jefferson and of William Warren, with whom she played for years at the Boston Museum. She was comédienne in the celebrated company headed by Joseph Jefferson's father, and when Joe was about four years old his cousin Elizabeth blacked his little face for the first part he ever played. Those days beautiful Elizabeth Thoman was happiest in comedy, could sing like a bird, dance exquisitely and was a queen in the ranks of high light comedy and the vivacious heroines of Tom Taylor and Robertson, Shakespeare and the old English dramatists.

Her reminiscences are perfectly charming, particularly those clustering around her experiences with the elder Booth and William Warren, and later about her many years service with Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Adelaide Neilson, and the older tragedians and actors of her youth. The one souvenir treasured by this beloved old actress is a tiny pink satin shoe which she wore when she played Ariel in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when Warren made his great hit as Bottom, and the Boston Museum Company put on morning performances to accommodate the crowds anxious to see the gorgeous production. The last part Mrs. Saunders acted was the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," when Adelaide Neilson played it for San Francisco.

In Chicago one afternoon when Jefferson gracefully advanced toward McVicker's footlights, dragging by an

unwilling hand the man who was manager of McVicker's when Jefferson first shone upon the town, a sympathetic cheer swept over the house gathered there in honor of Louis L. Sharpe.

But when a beautifully dressed lady, as tiny as a French doll and as pretty as a daffodil, leaned forward from a proscenium box, raised her small hands and looked over them as she applauded, nodded to Jefferson, and slipped a silky little kiss from the tip of her glove, only a few favored guests knew that she was Lotta, the inimitable, the delicious, the unforgotten and forever regretted Lotta. If half of them had known it they would have craned their necks out of gear staring at the piquant wonder, and the other half would have neglected the popular beneficiary for a minute while they broke into a chorus of "Make Me a Boy Again Just for To-night."

As Crane was bowing his pleasantest and smiling his brightest under a shower of applause, Will Davis touched my arm and said, "You could not guess in a year who is waiting to see you; somebody you know."

In a minute I was standing with the glove of the dainty Lotta close clasped in mine, and she was bubbling over with twenty pretty sentences to the second.

It seemed the event of the year to me—this radiant, witty, piquant creature, with heavy blonde waves blowing around her face, her eyes in a perpetual sparkle and the cunningest of hats, with a saucy wreath of roses knotted about its crown. It would be the rudest sort of guess to say how old Lotta looks to be. The puzzle is just as deep and tantalizing as ever. One dislikes very much to say she looked thirty, when any audience would deny her twenty; yet she talks breezily, vivaciously, about forty years ago as if that were a trifle. She wore a pale-blue silk with cream chiffon and velvet and a hat

which might have been taken from a pattern in her discarded wardrobe, so distinctly Lotta it was.

"Oh, I am the proper lady now; sit in boxes and applaud the players, watch my public out of the corner of my eye, and feel very superior when I don't want to cry," said the charming actress with that touch of exquisite variety of mood not one of the younger women can weakly imitate.

"Never, never again," she said, solemnly, holding my hand and shaking her blonde head at my vehement hope that she might act once more. "Well, I think one is perhaps not entirely forgotten after deserting a public, but one is embalmed, so to speak, and what's the use resurrecting? I think perhaps nobody has quite taken my place—I like to think so—not quite as I stood in the public heart, and it is worth something to be unique, isn't it?"

She was so ingenuous and dainty in her acknowledgment of the affection a decade ago awaiting her all over the land, so free from false affectation of humility or the faintest trace of vanity, it was delicious to listen to her musical voice with the tinge of reminiscence at its heart.

"Indeed, no, never to play again, only to sit luxuriously around and chatter, read nice things about my more persistent friends and enjoy every minute of my time! I am so well these days, you know. No more threats and aches and pains; just comfort and pleasure of a lazy and desirable rest after long, faithful and well-paid service."

I pointed out a brawny crowd of young football players who had been standing near me and were tremendously interested when they heard the magic name of Lotta brought to me.

"Really," said the famous comédienne, laughing. "I suppose their several papas have told them about me—don't you think so? After all, that is perpetuation of celebrity more

telling than book authority, isn't it? To be worthy of a chronicle in history is most dignified, but to be traditional is a beloved and enduring thing. I'm glad the boys knew my name," she said, archly glancing over the mutilated stack of guards and half-backs left over from Thanksgiving.

One could have forsaken the entire show, good as it was, just to be under the spell of this changeful yet changeless woman, with her high-strung vivacity and girlish figure, her sweet little flower of a face with all its odd mixture of sympathy and mischief, its beauty and strange denial of years. But she was as excited over the occasion and the farceurs—Dave Warfield and Wesley in particular, and her own old chums in general—as if she were a girl at her first ball.

"I'm having such a jolly time—such a swell, you know—sitting out here and laughing at Joe Jefferson and Billy Crane and dear old Sharpe. Just happened to be here on business by the merest accident, and see what I tumbled into—tumble into it with me, won't you?—I mean the box, where we can see everything."

Lotta was the sweetest surprise of the performance, and as I had her quite alone I reluctantly released her that she might laugh and "sit in front like people" and be oblivious to the demonstration in her honor, which would have stricken her like a whirlwind had it been known she was present. Mr. Jefferson came pretty near pointing her out and so did Billy Crane, but an electric signal of distress from behind her small hand kept them at bay, so it was scarcely whispered that the audience entertained Lotta unawares.

Mr. Jefferson's Golightly is quite as eternal as Lotta's smile out of her eyes. It is graceful, brilliant comedy and a skylark in farce which does not tax the old comedian beyond his strength, and was most delightful that afternoon.

Occasionally legitimate comedy of the old excellent school

sweeps across the horizon of dramatic art, and in these revivals is unconsciously concealed a deep significance, not to art in its abstract supremacy, but to artists in their social attitude toward the world.

As opportunities for an absolute, pearl-white oath of allegiance from emotional adorers of stage celebrities, these affectionate constellations whirling about in subdued effulgence furnish to history epochs in the chronology of the advance of actors from vagabonds to dictators, from clowns and ballad-mongers to idols of the nobler throngs. Sheridan, bless him! usually is thrust at the bull's-eye of public remembrance when Thespic confidence reaches the loving-cup period of adventure. "The Rivals," glorified by Joseph Jefferson, Nathaniel Goodwin, Julia Marlowe, W. H. Crane, Robert Taber et al., was welcome as summer moonlight, particularly when the presence of richly humorous Mrs. Drew added pleasure to the general pleasantness of the delightful comedy. Not that "The Rivals," with all its vivacity and wit, is a quantity at all considered in the balance of delirious enthusiasm; on the contrary, if the beloved interpreters brought together in this happy play were to join hands and sing "ring-a-roundy-rosy," all the addressed public would sit in rapture and pay colossal figures for the privilege. That is why the compliment is distinctly to the actors and not to literature even indirectly. "The Rivals" offers them the finest opportunity to attack the fluctuating public heart accompanied by its vain pocketbook, and the result is both charming and expressive of the instant movement.

The advent of Mr. Jefferson's last junketing lotos-eaters brought out memorable superiority in numbers and serious tone. As an event of sentimental interest nothing has ever arrived to contest homage, though as a complete and symmetrical work of art the performance was not to be regarded seriously.

Stars exist only because the heavens about are vast in the splendor of monotony, and such a thing as a successful all-star battle with art or sport has never been known to be a technical success. It is built upon ethereal, vanishing fame and flies with the iridescent gauze wings of the gad-fly, this appeal to worshipers in the aggregate. Memory congeals at the recollection of the "All-Star Baseball Club," which the junior Hot-Rags from nowhere could slay in a minute. Star actors are not stars when fitted with ready-made characters.

It would have been easy to decide a bet against Tod Sloane, FitzPatrick or McLaughlin in their palmiest days had they been reduced to riding bronchos or Texas steers, and it goes without saying that Budd Doble or John Splan would come to slow grief driving a pair of champing steeds hitched to a coal-cart, or guiding a tempestuous carette over the rocky way to the north. People who have parts and whole plays written for them every year are not schooled in the humble art of subserviency, and it is not art, but politeness which keeps the stars from coming to blows over the center and all the calcium rays.

However, the occasion to behold Joseph Jefferson, gracious and delightfully happy; Nat Goodwin, brilliant, bubbling over with sparkle and fun, and Mrs. Drew, at least preserved in her plenitude of talent and that sort of old age we call good (because we do not know what it is), was edifying. Mr. Jefferson was the star just as much as ever he was when surrounded by his ordinary company. He has always been the star of "The Rivals," even when Florence was with him, and the delicious old comedies found matchless all-round interpretation; he was the star without assuming any of a star's privileges. As for the rest of the cast, there was none of the subserviency Mr. Jefferson spoke so persuasively of in his

avant-rideau speech. Those who were in the shade subsided into it for most obvious reasons.

It was chiefly memorable as the farewell appearance of amiable Mrs. Drew, who was over three-score years old, and irresistible as Malaprop. Robert Taber's Absolute was deliciously unaffected and charming, quite the most captivating and elegant of all modern Beverleys. The next time Mr. Jefferson organized a special company he favored Mr. Lackaye, Mr. Skinner, Miss Enid Leslie, and less conspicuous attractions, but the clock struck curfew time for the honorable, beloved old actor, and he could not finish the season. He is the most venerated, gratefully revered comedian of the age, and notes of his gentle humors, neat stories, and those quaint bits of pictures he used to paint are wrangled for among collectors, and his reminiscent and devoted confrères. When the astonishing company arrived to produce Sheridan's play in such an amazing, not to say unheard of, way, among the principal attractions were several of Joe Jefferson's own works of art, hung upon the walls where Lydia Languish's rival suitors met.

When Mr. Jefferson retreats to Buzzard's Bay, in the neighborhood with him is Andy Mack, but not many more actors. Mr. Jefferson lives a pensive, shy and introspective life there, and nothing but an occasional spiritistic seance from the natives, who have bound themselves under oath to see spooks as often as they are able to walk, interrupts the solitude of Mr. Jefferson's meditation, his gentle pursuits in painting, and homely recreations. Andrew Mack is a merry Andrew, and is on a still hunt for fun in any form it may arrive, but it does not keep him from an honored acquaintance with Jefferson. Mack always has a houseful of guests, and entertains them like an Irish lord, and the sort of gay revelers who accept Mr. Mack's royal hospitality are not

difficult to entertain, for they are the wittiest, most daring and brilliant comedians of his acquaintance.

Andy Mack's voice is built for the simplicities, but it is full of gentle tenderness and has a sentimental tinge which is effective even when he does not sing with any finish at all. Every summer Andy and a choice coterie of congenial spirits hover around Buzzard's Bay and sing, laugh, and keep up a continuous performance of astonishments for the serious collections of buzzards congregated there. Mr. Jefferson and, if necessary, Mr. Cleveland, are respected, but all else gives way to Andy's tenor voice and his bass acquaintances. Dan Daly was always a boon companion of Mack's, and together they studied the especially thrifty type of jay sojourning at Buzzard's Bay and nowhere else on the footstool of heaven. These hurricanes of worldliness never reach the isolated comfort of Jefferson, or Joseph Jefferson's beautiful home. It is all peace and simple comfort there, with something akin to sublimity in its silent nights and perfect days.

NETHERSOLE

Olga Nethersole has so peculiar and decisive a talent, so much impulse, unbridled passion, and erotic fervor that except Clara Morris no actress of the century has clutched so violently at the feminine sentimentality of America as this very handsome and effective Englishwoman. She has that same intangible and almost inexplicable influence upon the more sensitive half of her admirers which made Morris famous before she had the vaguest notion of either her own powers or the rudest requirements of dramatic art. This quality of talent appeals rather to the nerves than the intelligence or the sympathies, and Miss Nethersole sways certain auditors as if she had put them under a spell. She is herself a *nevreuse* of the most exalted type, and is scarcely ever quite free from her own envelope of hypnotic reserve.

She is daring and intense, devoting her rarest gifts to the vividly naturalistic school, which college of thought has brought upon her career some of the greatest strokes of brilliancy and some of those fatal mistakes which are likely to submerge the graces of a genius prone to eccentric direction. Her interpretation of Prosper Merrimée's Carmen was an example of the excess to which a really brainy and fascinating artist could carry her own morbid convictions, but was nevertheless a tremendously stirring example of realism in its loftiest abandon to physical candor. In communities of inexperience Nethersole seizes upon the impressionables with the hold of a mental synapsism. She is seductive in her manner and insinuating in artifice, her grace is studiously feline, and

her height of intelligence quite beyond that of her entranced multitudes. She weeps real tears and sighs fathomless sighs, her fingers tremble, her eyelids flutter and her lips twitch in positive muscular sympathy under the touch of emotion. She has a temperament inclined to seriousness and introspection, is poetic and sentimental to a degree, and is quite without the balancing glow of humor or sense of the ridiculous. Her vitality is something contagious in its force, but it is the life spark of sobriety and fine sporadic animalism which breathe without laughter or simplicity. She smiles with her big, gloomy, Oriental eyes, and her mouth never assists except in a shadowy, depressing muscular sympathy. She is a creature of brain and heart, rather than soul, and her work is incessant, violent, and immensely remunerative in America.

She pitches herself into the throes of artificial grief and sufferings of portrayal with the savage abandon of a cataleptic, and feminine audiences rise to her own splendid emotionalism in a pretty tide of sobs and sentimental frenzy. Long after Miss Nethersole has finished her theatrical performance of a vividly emotional rôle she lies under the nervous wear and excitement of her acting. Tears bedew her ivory cheeks and mat her long, soft lashes, and her bosom heaves and breath comes fast and fiery, and the physical emancipation from this dramatic hysteria does not come to the actress for minutes and sometimes hours. Strange to say, Miss Nethersole made her initial appearance on the stage at a lunatic asylum in Surrey, Coloney Hatch. Miss Nethersole was a slip of a girl, and frisked before the pleasantly inclined mad people in a piquant, harmless farce. With her naturally impulsive and impressionable nature ready to accept the dyes of vari-colored sensations, this melancholy cavort for the amusement of the demented touched her deeply, and she

Olga Petrova

remembers even to this day the pathos of it and the satire of her own childish efforts to convey humorous ideas to the befogged intelligences lined up before her.

Miss Nethersole is British, but the undercurrent of a warmer, deeper race splashes through her temperament and beats in her blood. Her eyes are mystic and Arabian; she has no cool Anglican note of rationalism in her composition, and is one of the most interesting subjects in the queen's realm—as a home product. She has been most successful in the Dumas and Pinero types of willowy sufferers. Her Camille has many exquisite touches of art, and her Denise and Mrs. Tanqueray are brilliant interpretations. Her greatest triumphs have naturally been in America, where ingenuous notions of art require little delicacy of treatment and great natural resources. Miss Nethersole's magnificent understanding of the brain-wave centers and confluences are among her many reserve forces, and she uses it intuitively, almost spasmodically, with incalculable effect.

Summers find her surrounded with amiable and entertaining companions in a beautiful home she owns in England, just within the evening shadows of Sandringham. She is extravagantly fond of dogs, and boasts one of the most magnificent kennels in that neighborhood of hunters.

She takes commercial joy in adroit deception of her audiences, but is never for a moment deceived in herself. Her intelligence is exact and vivacious, and she knows precisely where her forces are most prolific and what she does best and where her limitations begin. A certain passionate attachment for her work, her métier, and her deepest artistic preferences gives Olga Nethersole a sharp nevritic intensity which is personal and religious. She does quite live within the violent imaginings of the theater, and her own hopes, her own beliefs, and the echoes of applause—illusions which the most treacher-

ous, boisterous vandal could not rashly break in upon with less than a wisp of laurel.

One evening Mr. Sothern, who has much admiration for Miss Nethersole and her tempestuous intentions, her courage and talent, became deeply interested in exploiting to Miss Nethersole his own views upon art, and waxed oratorical in the dispersing of his special predilections and abominations. He was sawing the air in a magnificent way, and had just completed his most minute explanation of his own platform and his beliefs, and wound up with what he regarded a pretty tolerable period of acquittal, when Olga, her deep eyes glued penetratingly upon Mr. Sothern's, her hand upon her chin, and her mouth set in tragic rigidity, whispered impressively, "Tell it all over to me again, in your own way!"

Sothern had been jawing away for twenty minutes.

GILLETTE

Something of the soothing completeness which lies upon a still and twilight sea invigorates the personality of William Gillette and socially gives him a rare, gracious, and potential attractiveness of a sort not quite possessed by any American actor of the hour.

There is a restless fire in his eyes and a note of vigilance touching his forehead and mouth, the note David and Abel de Pujol give to their soldiers and martyrs; but the smile in Gillette's eyes quiets the impatient smolder and softens the lines until his fine, sympathetic face is a pleasant study as he talks. He never says any more than does commonplace things, though he accomplishes this special magic without a trace of eccentricity or ever seeming to be either unusual or exceptional. It is only in the calm pleasure of the impression that Mr. Gillette leaves among the favored few upon whom he bestows his companionship that the real charm of his own self is revealed.

He is diffident, and in panic takes flight at the shadow of adulation, but to-day perhaps there is no other man of Gillette's eminence as an actor who is so universally beloved. In the light of affectionate regard he stands much as did Edwin Booth. He is witty and spirited and brilliant, but his sense of humor has no knife of wounding sarcasm, nor ever a mischievous slur or bitter reproach. He is a satirist of the most exquisite delicacy, but that intolerable zeal which mars the sparkle of most hybrid cynics never finds exercise in the quiet, skillful wit of William Gillette. For this and his pleas-

antness under the great strain of irritations inseparable from stage life is the gentle, cultured, and altogether fascinating Gillette revered and admired.

"Sometimes I indulge in a dark-blue spell—perhaps once in three years—it comes on when I think of how things really are. Then I like to look about for the enduring illusions—they are such a solace," said Mr. Gillette, in one of his prettiest moods.

Absolute serenity tempered by a fascinating but exceedingly gentle cynicism is William Gillette's most captivating trait, and it glows in a sort of soul-moonlight upon his irresistible personality and upon his work; it shines through his finely chiseled features and kindly eyes, and warms up his low, pleasant laugh into a friendly cajolery.

"Come around to-morrow and let's talk of other things, won't you? I think there is such a lot in talking of 'other things,' whatever they may be, don't you?" said this delightful actor, standing over me and smiling amused from his comforting altitude of at least a foot above.

Gillette is one of Gibson's notables materialized; he is slender and ungraceful in a gentlemanly, attractive fashion, sudden and eccentric in gesture, and infinitely slow in everything but thought, wit, and argument. He has a face inviting study and rewarding belief, a face whereon is outlined a map of joys and griefs, but still retaining so adorable a touch of unsullied youth as to give it a beauty and purity almost feminine. Much of this interesting contradiction in Gillette's manly countenance is stamped there because, with all of his illusions, one by one weaving themselves fairy wings, he regrets nothing, and smiles as they fly away, hugging closer the dreams still possible to so learned, wise, and world-brushed a man.

The lounging, weary pose studiously affected by very

young gentlemen and "past" ladies, occasionally college graduates, and always the imitative, belongs to Mr. Gillette by right of intense use of life in its most fuel-consuming phase. His entire existence has been one of research, hunt, experience, and achievement. He has learned the science "to live" and smiles paternally at the art of it; he has tried and cast aside most of the diversions, and contentedly looks on without yawning at vivacity searching a playful loop-hole of escape, as he enthusiastically prepares to talk of "other things" with a sanguine faith in development or rest.

"I quit riding years ago, when charming people were just picking out wheels for initial trials. That is the disparaging part of me; what I delight in most is likely to be a strange thing of contempt for the nicest people I know until fashion or necessity pitches them into its appreciation, and of course by that time I am tired to death of it," explained Mr. Gillette, in apology for partially refusing a country ride *au cycle*. "There is really but one infatuating hope left to me—the way I am, you know—that is in a farm. I think most fervidly of a time to come when I shall have a fence around something terrestrial, within which guard I can own, to have and to hold, one hen, a cat, a perennial pup and some radishes, or whatever grows easy in a backyard. But I am mortally afraid to try the farm adventure for fear the actual experience may rob me of my one healthy, rampant, and obstreperous illusion. I sit up nights wondering had I a hen would she 'flew the coop' without cackling farewell, and anticipatingly dread the time when the pup which I have not may grow, and the cat advance to prowling age and degeneracy; discouraging reports of garden truck throw me into a fever; and so I put off buying a farm because I honestly believe I should be infinitely happy with one, and I don't want to have my faith destroyed."

All this pretty boyish chaff and a lot more like it Gillette

reels off with a spirit denying his acknowledged condition of ennui. He has been a rover all over the world, and has sapped the ultimate core of existence, but retains the sweetness and none of the bane of it, and while he amiably frets at tameness and monotony there is not a note of scoff nor any complaint of the world, for he likes it, but a mischievous banter shot at himself and his whims, his fatigue and his fate. There is always a quizzical sparkle of laughter in his eyes unless they are seriously convincing a listener in learned disquisition; then they are very blue and deep, full of solemn brightness and magnetism. Gillette is so temperamental and unusual that it is difficult to decide whether his fine brain and superb intellectual balance or his brilliant wit, his kindliness and general companionable fitness are the enticing elements in his personality. Whatever he does is full of heart and candor, and he would rather listen than talk, rather give than receive, and much rather invent than absorb.

He has a lair in the pine forests of the South somewhere—a monastery that he may hedge himself therein in silence, a romantic, soothing haunt of wildness that he may transform into a haven of meditation or a menagerie, as the mood seizes him. He is a creature of moods, all sweet and gentle, but varying as butterflies' wings. I lived out in a suburb summer days; a place Gillette called my farm, though it was neither mine nor a farm, and he would wander out there, sit bare-head under trees, play with the dogs, cats, and rabbits, though he seemed ill at ease with children.

He bent pensive eyes upon a stormy and prancing rooster of dominant mien that strolled up to us, ducking his crested head pompously and paternally escorting a fussy old hen.

"I left a very agreeable home once upon a time for fear the keeper would feed me on a hen I knew intimately. One cannot eat chickens that have been upon a clucking base of

To/ Miss Amy Leslie
(for the purpose of turning her thoughts
in my direction)
William Gillette

acquaintance with one for over a year," brooded Mr. Gillette sincerely.

One day, out at "the farm," I asked him to drink some milk, and he said: "Couldn't think of it. Have to have twenty-four hours' notice to indulge in milk."

Then I said, "Have a cigar."

"You know there isn't one within two miles of here," guessed he, prophetically, and I had to confess that there was not. He has a habit of rambling on, entertainingly talking of a dozen things in one long drawn sentence. But this is only when he is happy and at ease; he shuts up in a restless stillness when company is about. He had wanted to own a yacht, and I asked him one September day why he did not gratify his whim.

"Good gracious, I did! I should say I did! After cuddling up a notion for years that some day I would buy a yacht and cruise the seas over in close-reefed companionship with the wind and water, I did buy one, and had about one million dollars' worth of anxiety, to say nothing of the price of building and sailing the craft, and I kept her just two weeks; then gave her away. Oh, that was a dread unveiling of emptiness! No more yachting for me; no more wheeling; no more horse, and still less land steam and electricity. Now you can see why I parry the last blow to come eventually from my hen and pup and onion bed at the farm.

One evening, when we had been looking up William Pinkerton, the famous detective, that Gillette might absorb some sleuth local color for his Conan Doyle play, I said:

"You take so many notes, I don't see how you cart them about or locate them for reference."

"I don't refer to them, ever. You know I am hopelessly given over to the note habit," said he, in his breezy, engaging banter at himself. "I take them in folios and scrolls, in black

and white and red, with and without illustration, and upon all sorts of material. I have stored tomes of literature with drawings and corrections all hurriedly jotted down upon possessions various—cuffs, hatbands, envelopes, pass blanks, railroad schedules, maps, nice ivory-bound annotation tablets, collars, gloves, and newspaper margins. I never looked at one of them in my life, but I keep them with systematic splendor of fidelity, pay storage on them, and am perfectly satisfied. If I took no notes I should always feel that something—character, detail, or atmosphere—had been neglected in my work. Occasionally, if I can find them, they save a dispute.

"You know my telegraph office scene is a source of great controversy among the amateur chronologists and practical telegraphers. In fact, all of 'Secret Service' invites the most learned disquisitions upon historical accuracy. All of which have become entirely interesting because at the outset I took a barn full of notes, endeavored to maintain throughout the play all the hallowed unities of time and place, the necessary companions of all corporal actions—to be academic. But we found it impossible to send the real cipher over the wires on account of the cues, and though it would be very pleasant to entertain the knowledgeous telegrapher as well as the innocent, the play wouldn't be so likely to go on if actors were obliged to wait for cues to come over electric wires. Then there was lively discussion over the guns, but fortunately I unearthed proof that a consignment of breech-loaders had been distributed among the Confederates and that most of them were in Richmond toward the close of the war. Then the honorable Grand Army saluted in a bunch, and contended that secret service men were not possible in Richmond during the siege, but up rose William Pinkerton out of a bundle of his celebrated father's manuscripts, and showed record where

his sire had thirty men enlisted in the army about Richmond alone. So one by one the anti-anachronists have been answered amiably, for I have always regarded it a sincere compliment that they should care at all about things. Now I find that gas has been discovered leaking in upon history, where it is supposed the mellow glow of kerosene and the cheerful tallow-dip held sway, but as a matter of fact, Richmond had outgrown the influence of sperm and coal oil several years before the war. I have a great habit," concluded Gillette, with one of his charming depreciations in himself, "of carefully writing a scene and afterward consulting authorities upon accuracy and possibility. I like dramatic situations and surroundings built my way best, and it spoils many a good accident of invention to bridle it with history.

"Secret Service," Mr. Gillette's best and most lasting work, found a singular renewal of vitality immediately after the Spanish-American war. The fever-stricken, wounded, and battle-worn heroes were just coming home from Santiago when the Gillette season opened, and they lived the sorrowful days of triumph all over again, and wet eyes watched with them, and women clasped hearts with the play's pretty sentiment.

A pale, fever-racked volunteer of the First Illinois Infantry sat in deep seriousness devouring a lunch such as he had usually enjoyed before protocol rations changed his diet, and when ice-cream was served he gazed upon it respectfully and saluted the spoon before he began to dig intrenchments in the delicacy.

"Is that good?" I asked.

"First I ever tasted in my life," answered the soldier.

Just after the war I sat under the inviting spell of Gillette's "Secret Service," and I experienced about the same keen enjoyment of its simple beauty that the soldier felt over the

ice-cream; seemed to me I had never seen a war play until then. It was all a-quiver with fresh tenderness and close appeals, sharp strokes of clean, reliable action, and a ceaseless exchange of lightnings sweetened with human kindness and purity, truth, sympathy, and an intense magnetic appeal which was captivating. Because immediate bullet thrusts, warm in living hearts, found echoes in the suffering which Gillette wraps around his mimic soldiers like a wreath of mistletoe did the play seem new and fine and especially addressed to the hour.

Every line was an utterance of some unspoken thought fettered to the war just rumbling its last thunders in America's cannon-weary ears, every situation a moving picture of the battle just made so terrible and yet so lovable to us from the distance.

"Secret Service" was the same play a year earlier, but America was not so vitally seasoned to its full appreciation as after it had been showered in the electricity of events and sparkled with charm and force.

The reckless young Virginia volunteer with his bravery and his nice, clean suit of gray, touched infinitely everybody who had watched our own boys rush out with a regiment yell of joy and trail back from Cuba in broken, stricken, wounded ranks of men ten years older in a month or so.

Mr. Gillette's delightful, manly, and beautifully quiet delivery of the chief character was abloom with appeal. His comedy is irreproachable, and the depths of his dramatic force show crystal serenities most impressive and fascinating. He had not added anything (but an untamed Chicago cigar) to his presentation of the attractive character of the secret service officer. It was complete and irresistible, and to sense the imperious vitality which this frail, gentle, gifted man throws into his acting is an inspiration and a school. Gillette

is tremendously popular, and his welcome is always a hurricane of mixed gratitude and admiration.

"Secret Service" is a fine, thrilling sort of play, so beautifully acted that America could not expect to do else than receive it affectionately, but that London should amiably indorse our very own was rather charming fraternity. Mr. Gillette's personal success in England was most brilliant; courted he was and flattered, and asked to trod on palms and roses. Tomes of pica-leaded literature told us of the success of Mr. William Gillette in London; what the Duke of York thought at night after he had snuffed out his candle and began to dream over "Secret Service," and what Lonsdale and Manchester made out of it after they sobered up, and how the court pillows were painted red, white, and blue after Mr. Frohman sent passes for two to Maud Guelph and her monocle, the baby duke and Consuelo Vanderbilt's Marlborough wardrobe.

However, it did not make a shade of difference whether the amiable Londoner appreciated Mr. Gillette or no, or whether royalty knocked its blooming hat off fighting for gallery seats, or whether the Prince of Wales took his lunch in a paper bag and waited for the doors to open, or Lady de Grey wept. The fact was easily recognized that "Secret Service" is a creditable American production, and these are high-tariff days with us. But Mr. Gillette was most cordially appreciated, for himself, for his charm, his grace of speech and personal attractiveness. To be a lion among the aristocratic celebrities in London means not only mental and moral, but physical strain. Not even being robust enough in health to withstand the wear and tear of the turmoil mistakenly termed a "round of pleasure" in society, he adroitly pleaded indisposition when invitations to five-o'clock teas, salons, Yorkshire pudding dinners, and receptions in Belgravia began to

swamp his modest breakfast tray. The courteous refuge was a complete success, and violets, showers of royal sympathy, and individual inquiries were substituted for the lionizing in swarms. He is very fond of his London public, and it has auspiciously deluged him with honors and attention, but its lordly entertainments were rather too violent for his art temperament and gastric nerve, so he withdrew with the grace of a courtier, and employed his greater art to the further enchantment of his admirers and august friends in England. He was very welcome in America again, and his beautiful repose in acting, his faultlessly natural methods and simplicity are studies and restful assurances of the dethroning of Ercles in one phase of legitimate drama.

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, requested an introduction, and instantly took one of his democratic fancies to the delightful American actor. At the play Gillette went into the royal loge, and said, in his quiet, Yankee fashion, "I hope your highness understood our language."

To which smiling jest the prince answered, "Oh, yes, indeed; I can even read your American newspapers sometimes."

Once Otis Skinner, dusty, ragged, hungry, and travel-worn from a continuous Alpine performance lasting as many days and nights as he could be spared to the Matterhorn, suddenly came upon Will Gillette peering at him from a bridge of cloud.

"Hello, old top," shouted Gillette.

"Same to you, and many of 'em," answered Otis, clambering up to shake grimy hands with his friend.

"What's that mountain over there?"

"Jungfrau, of course," said Skinner.

"Really. So glad; good-by, I'm going to Geneva," calmly announced Gillette, striding away with a determined hump to

his shoulders and a comforting absence of information in his calm eyes.

He has a polite but abrupt syncopated fashion of wording sentences which gives an individuality to very ordinary remarks and stamps his epistolary style with a sort of distinction delightfully effective. Asked for his autograph, accompanying a sentiment anent the stage, he wrote, "I have the honor to report that the drama is still declining." He entered into a spirited controversy with Israel Zangwill when that brilliant cynic attacked criticism and the condition of the drama with caustic charm and the scholarly impudence of Congreve or Wycherley. Mr. Gillette's skillful wit and modernity, his vigor, satire, and pertinent inquiries made the combat most deliciously interesting.

Gillette's letters are brief sonnets in staccato. He says pretty things with boyish incautiousness, and writes in a plain, sharp-chiseled chirography which at first seems the essence of candor, but the hand conveys nothing. Upon inspection it is the deepest pen-and-ink scheme of concealment. A glance at the appended note would set it down a frank, crystal billet from a childlike nature. The dozen lines are without a note of the writer's character, though completely worthy a man of depth or a boy of genius.

Wu Ting Fang, his excellency the Chinese Minister, is a patron of the American drama with a cautiously attuned eagle-eye attachment which would abash a court of inquiry. The eminent representative of the flowery kingdom wants to know, only he wouldn't for worlds put it just that way. He is a man of manner and aplomb—a graceful courtier, without a flaw in his personality as it is deferentially laid out for inspection and appreciation. He listened with intense approval and much industry of thought to William Gillette's performance of his own play, "Secret Service,"

and asked in reverential courtesy to be presented to the actor-author.

Into Mr. Gillette's four-by-six milk-white dressing room crowded his excellency and his suite, all bowing gracefully and unrolling their pretty little tan hands from silk sleeves to be clasped in Gillette's firm American grasp.

"Do you work this way every night for many weeks?" asked the diplomat, driving a piercing glance at Mr. Gillette.

"Yes; many months, and years if people will stand for it," quoth Sir William of Manhattan.

"How do you make this sort of a play—so beautiful a story—not interfered with in any way by the characters?"

To this question Mr. Gillette could not unfold an impromptu drama-recipe, so he took refuge in the ambush of the special Gillette wit in its solemn veil of boyishness, and answered, "The best way is to write your play first, and then chuck in the characters where they do the least harm."

One matinée a pretty girl bowed in a sleek, kittenish way at Mr. Gillette, who stood a visitor in the foyer of a theater where Skinner was playing, and purred softly, "Are you Mr. Skinner?"

"No," said Gillette quietly, his long hands in his pockets and the creases in his trousers at the most inspiring angle, "but I represent Mr. Skinner and shall be delighted to convey any message you have for Mr. Skinner."

"Please take my card and ask if I may see him, will you, Mr.—er—Manager?"

Back to the stage where Skinner was rehearsing plodded Gillette, and touching Otis upon the shoulder, said, "Young lady, pretty, would like to see you; what answer?"

"Thanks, old man, of course; send her in; obliged, a lot," said Skinner. Back to the foyer again walked Gillette, delivering the message with such proper emphasis that the first

question the pretty lady asked was, "Who is your manager, Mr. Skinner?"

To which query Otis innocently answered, "Buckley, Joe Buckley."

"Isn't he lovely?" gurgled the lady.

"Who, Joe? oh, yes, likely. I never looked at it that way," said Otis, wondering. And Buckley began to receive letters from the girl Mr. Gillette won for him.

One of the plays Gillette thinks about is an apparition drama.

"You know," said Gillette, telling of his fancy, "it has been my ambition for years to invent a means of putting a scary ghost story before an audience so that people would turn white and shriek with fright; but, really, it cannot be done—even children know the devices and usually laugh. It is because of the people themselves out there; perhaps if the spiritistic seance arrangement of dark room and joined hands could be introduced with the audience my ghost play would do; but I don't see my way to a finish grewsome as the subject demands, do you?"

The idea of Mr. Gillette brooding over such a sanguinary and tortureful mission in the drama is amusing, for a gentler, finer, more sympathetic soul does not exist; but he might start a holding-hands-coupon distribution. A whole lot of ingenuous creatures would hold hands in the dark for the sake of Professor Gillette and his spooks.

Underneath all of Gillette's lightness of conversation, his brisk wit and unrestrained bubble of compliment and jest, his fantastic notions of things and his unrelenting satire, there is a profound and harmonious sympathy and depth of intellect which are so vividly singular and powerful that there is almost intimidation in the discovery of them. A wide, overhuman observance of mental laws, an intuition so sensitive that it

carries a sting and a touch of melancholy most tenderly poetic. He is, I think, one of the most innocently inveigling men I ever met. Perfectly delightful in his lighter moods, under graver inspiration instantly fathomable, but beyond the plumb line of moderately equipped intellects, he is a constant amazement of endeavor, a master of gigantic possibilities, as delicate and gentle as a saint. Furrows of endurance line his face and chisel his thin hand to the delicacy of an invalid's, but the robust health of his mind, the glory of his finer thoughts and splendor of achievement give him a certain grandeur of sincerity and a wisdom that is rather trying and frightening to people who have unearthed fewer of the secrets of the universe.

To Gillette everybody is interesting and worth a kindly word, everybody doing the best probable under circumstances, and while there is no very noticeable inclination to flatter, whoever falls under the skillful pleasantness of his criticism has generous latitude given to faults and praise to virtues occasionally imaginary.

Mr. Gillette is not strong physically; he is burned out with continual blowing upon the devouring fires of invention and fancy, of sympathetic mental tempests and dynamic appeals to the multitude adoring him and his beautiful comedies. He is fragile, and counts upon endurance tested in an extortionate measure; but his ambition is not to triumph particularly, but to do, to eat up the hours bravely, and sleep in a feast of memory.

JULIA ARTHUR

Red of lip and crepuscular, brilliant, handsome, and deeply intelligent, Miss Julia Arthur lost no time in a tortuous but triumphant sail from a theatrical start with Bandmann to a definite security as a popular star, and the wife of a young and fabulously rich aristocrat of Massachusetts.

With Bandmann the resplendent Arthur played everything everywhere. Sometimes "The Lion's Mouth" in an Australian museum, within hearing of the real roars of a menagerie. Sometimes "Leah," sometimes "Camille," varied by "Lady Teazle" and "Nan the Good-for-nothing." Her entire family, from the snows of Canada, cried down her ambitions and deplored her daring, but she persisted in the struggle, and awards came occasionally. When Sir Henry Irving recognized her beauty and gifts, and Miss Terry petted her, America woke up, lit its pipe and asked her to star.

Miss Arthur is favored with beauty, grace and emotional talent all undeveloped. Her gravest deficiency is rare and forgivable.

Mrs. Burnett wrote "A Lady of Quality" over into a play for Miss Arthur, and the delightful actress could have happened upon no other gamut so suited to her varied gifts as this very impossible lady of quality. She flashed her splendid eyes at a roistering crew of middle-class gentry, and she swore, kissed, flouted, laughed, murdered, married, and suffered the torments any creature so ill-matched with the rest of womankind must. Miss Arthur held the country for a season in the cool palm of her sensitive hand. It laughed at her

Clorinda's shameless romps, blazed with her in her picturesque rages, her stunning anathemas and storms of scorn; it swooned with comfort over her love affair; it sat transfixed with horror at her murder, and wept or laughed or dreaded consequences as the brilliant acting of Miss Arthur led ignited sympathies. In the comedy she was simply irresistible. Graceful and hoidenish, pretty as a peach, and muscular as a doe, she was immensely entertaining as the lady of quality in the satin square-cuts and silken hose of an audacious youth. Her impudence and swagger were bewitching, and the unpardonable condition of affairs in an abominable old father's ancestral halls was almost charming under the subtle candor of Miss Arthur's interpretation.

Her beauty is superb, and her delicately shaded reading of the best lines in the piece was delightful. Gradually the character of Clorinda develops under the pressure of tragic events and great passion, and from the vehement rowdy of a tomboy, who is worshiped because she is "a good fellow" and dares enjoy herself, becomes a great lady of vast soul and heart, and fearful undertakings, through all of which the lovely Arthur carried her valiantly and passionately.

Julia Arthur is first of all a beauty because her type is so exclusive and distinct; her style so captivating and her loveliness so picturesque and insinuating that her talent is quite overshadowed by her personal attractions. She belongs to a singularly gifted family of Canada, all musicians or brilliant students. Mrs. C. E. Kohl is a sister, and there are three more equally charming.

She is dark and willowy, with grave, deep eyes and shining hair, very black and full of waves. Her skin is clear, olive, and tender as a Marechal Neil roseleaf, and the outlines of her handsome figure are perfect. She has a studious, thoughtful cast of countenance, which lights up in most

Very sincerely yours
Ethel Waters

angelic splendor under her smile and which in comedy is a chase of pretty dimples and arch mischief. Her mental gifts are of the highest intellectual mold. She has been silently watched by the monitors of the drama during her successful apprenticeship, and none of all the brilliant promises has steadily shown so inspiring a flame. Poetic melancholy envelops her like a cloud, and there is that brooding tenderness about her personality which is so often an element accompanying fine genius and which gives to her comedy a deliciously piquant seriousness. She is animated and original, has a fierce dramatic strength not nearly fully developed.

In the midst of her most observable success she suddenly dropped out of the season to wed Mr. Benjamin Peter Cheney, a gentleman of wealth and enviable social distinction, and a sort of agreeable indignation followed this serious proceeding. However, Mr. Cheney not only permitted his beautiful wife to resume her profession, after a reasonable honeymoon, but interested himself personally in her career with the most charming enthusiasm and generosity. There is a wonderful village near Boston named for the Cheneys. The gardens are famous all along the coast, and here is a colony solely made up of the family in all its desirable branches. To this haven the beautiful Arthur was welcomed, and there she rests, studies, and reigns as Mrs. Benjamin Peter Cheney. To her more anxious world she is brilliant Julia Arthur, and she is equally enviable under either name. Spiritively she is wild as Alferetta, untamed, unbridled, and deliciously piquant. Her coy submission is no less alluring than her fractious vandalism, and her racy, brilliant, and spirited performances are delightful bits of art she has woven into the silken chain binding her to a most willingly prostrate following.

SKINNER

Interest quickened into anxiety hung about the moment of this brilliant actor's début as a star, and the success expected hurried him into the hearts of faithful followers. Mr. Skinner's talent and the breadth and delicate elegance which he imparted to "His Grace of Grammont"—Clyde Fitch's courtly little picture made of tossing curls and biting wit—bespeak a special robe for Mr. Skinner's achievements. Not the frayed and royal cloak of immortal genius nor the elfin mask of commerce-blunted art, but a distinct vesture quite his own by right of gift and great worthiness.

It is so gracious and contenting a valor to strike out bravely into the thicket of neglected paths; to retrace jaded art with steady pencil, and color her frosted pictures with new vigor and true glory. When the drama stalked about in naked dullness or was crumpled into weazen plots and sterile acting it was a charming thing to see Otis Skinner, who is the youngest of a brief list, engage to uphold high aim. He started trustfully upon a devotee's journey, armed with the best intent and the boldest of purposes to cozen the blinded public away from false idols to genuine enjoyment, brisk wit, and pretty pictures, lordly manners, and all the nobler environments of story awakened to words and scenes in mimic.

Mr. Skinner is a man of deep poetic thought, fine hardy brain, and the simplest of beliefs in all that is broad and true and beautiful. His art is unquestionably the rare combination of accurate culture and splendid talent. He is intense, profoundly earnest, very handsome in person, and magnetic in temperament.

Sock and buskin, jeweled buckles, dashing hosiery, and embroidered hauberks sit elegantly upon his enviable figure, as though he were of a long past generation of nobility. Feathered hats and swords and the statuesque severity of Greek draperies and laurel crowns become this gifted student as happily as do blank-verse apostrophes bring out quaint melodies in his magnificent voice. He is graceful, talented, and has a delightful sense of romantic and melodramatic limits, which keeps him admirably within the sacred circle of purely legitimate acting. His Hamlet was one of the most scholarly revivals of the decade.

It is in items of absolute correctness that Mr. Skinner's exquisite taste and artistic instinct assist him in achievements praiseworthy. He inherits many delicate mental inclinations from a mother both gracious, beautiful, and beloved. She might have been an artist of noble accomplishments had she been less sweet and devoted a mother. Her paintings and stray canvases, which speak grandeur of soul and rare charm of genius, are jealously guarded by the Skinner family, and to this lovely lady does Otis owe his own gentlest sentiments and artistic appreciation.

He delved in the shrines of hallowed books for authority upon each armorial bearing, each phrase and custom of the butterfly age from which his character of De Grammont was extracted and carefully unwrapped. In purple and fine linen has this daring fop lain folded for centuries, and to steal the soldier-courtier reverently from his casket of scented rose-leaves, yellow fragments of costly lace, and love-letters, the pungent envy of kings and entombed sighs of royal ladies, was an awesome task, fit for steady hands and knowledgeous heads. Not a single touch of irreverent fingers has disturbed the dust of butterflies' wings and fairy powders, embalming Grammont better than he lived.

Mr. Skinner aired the brilliant dandy in faultless attire, many gracious sentences, and more exalted morals than ever De Grammont meant to be resurrected to enjoy.

Clyde Fitch's play was a notable instance of the preservation of the best in a seventeenth-century fashionable's category of adventures. A glossing over of one dissolute century, tumultuous with flounces, intrigue, grace, imposture, and furbelows, abandoned to alternate gusts of gilded heroism and small gallantries.

Otis Skinner is born to the purple and fine linen of entombed ages, and wears tatters, rags, and drooping feathers as if his father had conducted pilgrimages to Palestine, instead of tending a modest flock in Connecticut. Of course, the old actors, Stoddard, Daly's people, most of them, and those who know the yellow books from cover to cover, understand the *sartor resartus* of history and painting, but the chipper dude of endless personal adornments knows nothing of the way to wear a Brown George or a Charles II exact tousle, nor can he carry swords exquisitely nor breastplates valiantly. He is confined to the routine of doeskins and derby hats or becoming beavers, tan shoes or patent leathers of the latest ankle curve and toe expression, coats built upon special shoulders, and neckties of terrific force one way or the other.

Wilton Lackaye was as funny as Mrs. Yeamans might have been in the gracious bows and buckles of David Garrick, and Lackaye is one of the best dressed men in New York at all seasons of the year. Nat Goodwin scarcely takes kindly to fantastic garb, though his talent brings him close into the field of triumph in that most brilliant accessory to art. Richard Mansfield is a poet, a painter, a cultured musician, as well as an actor, and every dress from every clime falls upon his sturdy but flexile shoulders as if his ancestors had worn just that costume. It is decidedly a matter of temper-

ament and genius, and Mansfield, of course, is a dynamo of both.

Women, young and old, have the talent of picturesque dressing if they have any talent at all allied to the dramatic gift and they fall in pliant joy into any sort of a frock or garb provided it is becoming and it fits. The claw-hammer and high hat for anything but a make-up for distinguished villains and titled foreigners was quite an unheard-of possession in "the profession" a few decades ago. To have one was a proud and elevated condition of stage props not always in the book of humble aspirations, and to have possessed one to wear in places instead of characters would have been looked upon as a breach of the true stage instinct.

Titled actors, the delectable salon and its flimsy imitations, have brought about a reformation rather to be regretted in the demeanor and social atmosphere enveloping the "brief chronicler" erstwhile so mystic and picturesque, so intense of aspect and poetically sloven in attire.

To-day there are no sock and buskin fellows of capacious introspection and an air of mist and darkly brooding melancholy. Nor any sharp-chiseled, alert-eyed comedian, smooth and quick and sardonic, still less the crapulous humorist, whose debts and jokes were everybody's but his own, whose vagabondage equipped him for comedy and whose appetite ran to vintage rather than less inspiring restoratives, who was companionably tolerated by his associates and cultivated by greenroom habitues. Perhaps it was the abolishment of the greenroom with its piquant local color and advantages to the select which awakened modernity in the exalted Thespian and forced it upon the lowly.

And what an unusual, interesting, and villainously abused attraction the old-time greenroom was! The star queening it over a host of worshipers, pretty girls strutting before the

long mirrors, and comedians wrinkling their amusing faces in the same glass, each and every one whose work was to come snatching a swift glance at himself, "mugging, smirking, trying a step, and chatting all the time with those whose special privilege it was to be in such enviable company.

In America the gradual limitations and final abolition of the greenroom came about first, and the latchstring difficulties extended across the waters after a fashion; and America, too, first obliterated the primitive actor of scowl and lofty aloofness, who wore strange habiliments and lived in inaccessible places of mystery, who walked forth muffled in absorption and secrecy, and who, masked in heroics, glowed and roared and swooned in the drama and crept away to study or carouse under cover of pitch-dark mystery. He was common as any other gypsy up to a half-century ago, and now were one of the honorable crew of "palmy day" mimes to appear on the street the progeny of those who worshiped that sort of posing would howl with delight at the grotesque exhibition. These days actors are dressy, elegant club fellows, who drive expensive turnouts, travel with servants, and occupy conspicuous places everywhere that society and money are recognized. Tailors grovel before them, and hatters beseech their favor — an actor's personal wardrobe is of infinitely more consequence than his stage costumes, and, in fact, for the most part they are quite the same. Together with abolishment of the shaggy, unkempt affectation of contempt for modes, has arrived a total inability among ordinary actors of the twentieth century school to wear the costumes of classic or historical drama belonging to buried ages in period and to poetic romanticism in atmosphere.

Otis Skinner blew in shore one day, with a physician's certificate arguing in favor of rest versus rum, rebellion, and Roman togas for a while and the brilliant actor stayed in town

quietly adding luster to boulevards, cafés, and theater audiences, alternating his social diet with sudden appearances in the naves and vestibules of fashionable churches.

Mr. Skinner has drifted into the undeniable embrace of church and stage—there is such an attachment, a timid, blushing, scary flirtation it is, to be sure, but entirely sincere upon the part of the church and decidedly grateful and enthusiastic upon the part of the stage. Sir Henry Irving reads "Becket" in Canterbury chapter house, Wilson Barrett indites sermons, Jim Herne beams over the pulpit in Chicago, Richard Mansfield ponders quizzically upon invitations to explain from the altar why the stage is not wicked and why the church is benignant, and in the mean time Otis Skinner has stripped ahead of all these devotees by living to receive uncourted a "call" to preach "the word" to certain worshipers beyond the mighty Rockies.

Mr. Skinner has gratuitously allowed his light to shine in the high places and from sanctified niches, and has both charmed and inspired people convened to hear lofty truths if not gospel. In Los Angeles and neighboring lands of plenty Mr. Skinner addressed the youth and saintliness from pulpits hallowed by gracious purpose, and has found a community anxious to secure the services of Skinner as exhorter and shepherd. And letters have been courteously but fervidly chasing Otis about, full of entreaty and gentle assurances of a life sinecure in exchange for his eloquence, his desired opinions, and personal guardianship of a wealthy and impressionable congregation.

Mr. Skinner has singular fitness for divine mission, perhaps, and is not entirely without inclination—following in his good father's path—but he is browsing about among manuscripts instead of Scripture, and the play still holds him prisoner, despite the counter attraction of a pointed vocation and the magnetic decoration of alb and stole.

In his father's house a genial, gracious atmosphere of religion pervades, and among his genuinely American relatives Otis is regarded as a serious proposition of august but mysterious endeavor.

Otis has a raft of nephews and nieces, all bubbling over with embryo genius. One of them was walking with Otis through an old North Hampton graveyard, carefully spelling out the epitaphs in high, boy-soprano tones. He came to one which read, "David Evans. 1794-1820. He Is Not Dead, but Sleepeth."

The Skinner hopeful shouted, "Oh, Uncle Otis, come here. Here's a man what's buried alive!"

Once Mr. Skinner was attracted by a crowd in Mexico, and pushing his way through the nest of sombreros and serapes he was confronted by a street cook, who instead of the usual greaser occupation of mixing Chile concarni or tamales, was compounding a wonderful Hamburger steak.

Mr. Skinner was seized with a desire to reproduce the work of culinary art at some distinguished hour when he could gather into his kitchen enough safe and forgiving individuals to count upon success or escape. The Mexican had inspired Mr. Skinner with this foreboding ambition some years ago. The day was Afric in its heat, and alkali dust and noon were upon the thirsty town, and Otis watched the dusky chef chop and beat and sprinkle everything from condiments to curses over the mystery of beef. The yellow simoon blew over the sizzling dish, and the Mexican picked its leavings out of the pan with his grimy fingers, continually stirring and adding things palatable to the mess. Finally it grew to be a tempting mosaic of eggs au gratin, gravy, hash and ragout, cluttered up fragrantly with bouquets of parsley, sage, red peppers, and garlic. The crowd bought little tilting metal cups full of it and gormandized horribly; Otis tasted it and lived, and has

OTIS SKINNER

since been devoured by a stealthy belief that he could make a Mexican street Hamburger if properly encouraged in the epicurean highway assault.

Of a Tuesday he committed the deed in the presence of a panic-stricken but sympathetic party of companions, and the result was triumphant—one way or another.

Otis went at the chafing-dish with the same splendor of physical exertion which excites the big "prop" artilleryman who rams cannon balls into the guns, while stage warriors are storming the rebels in Shenandoah Valley. Fumes expressive went up, and Otis felt his hair kinking tight into damp curls about his fevered brow and a sensation of stage fright creeping up and down his spine. Maud Durbin stood by with a glare of inspection in her wifely eyes which made the cook hesitate before all was lost, but he stirred ominously, and the remembered odor of Mexico arrived and Otis began to smile again, and Maud gave a complimentary little sigh of her own, directed at the steak, but hitting Otis, and then the work of art was served amid clamorous pæans with laurels on the side. It was quite the most exciting culinary adventure ever attempted west of Pleasure Bay, and the dreams attendant upon digestion of the steak kept pace with the event of its preparation, for nightmares were epidemic in the preferred circle of insurgents invited to the Skinner international beefsteak conflict.

Frederick Mosley, Otis Skinner, and Louis James were all with Daly together—seems to me it was Daly—and were inseparable friends. They were known as "the Glue Brothers," and Otis says the name sticks to them right up to date, which exceedingly fragrant pun belongs to mythology, too, if anybody should ask.

Those were golden days for all of them, with Lewis, Ada Rehan, John Drew, Edith Kingdon, May Irwin, always an

extra beauty and a charming play. They learned so much and produced, produced, produced forever, gathering the wealth which lasts and photographing upon their own rapidly won applause those remembrances which awake vivaciously whenever more applause is asked.

Mr. Skinner is married to an exquisite creature whose name was Maud Durbin. She is a pearl of sweet womanhood, and has a delicate talent for acting in certain finely attuned characters. Her face is like an early morning-glory, all lovely tints and fleeting sympathetic changes. She has Ellen Terry's tilty walk and pretty girlish tricks of gesture, and Maud is wise and true and gentle.

Once I wanted a woman who could do fine lace-mending, and I asked Mrs. Skinner whether she happened to know one. Maud gladly sent me a small woman, with the assurance that she had a large history.

Ordinary people rarely live other than ordinary lives, and when one of them rises out of the commonplace to the dignity of the unusual it means suffering or its alleviation, but to brush elbows with the strangest little woman, who has bright eyes and about her a silent atmosphere of toleration if not content growing out of an existence which is secretly amusing and in a way pathetic, was full of interest. She was skilled in the art of adaptability, and if there was anything under the sun she had not tried it would not in the least daze her to risk making a success of it. She did not worry—not she; how can anybody worry with the Fates tumbling in upon her a perfect avalanche of small occupations, keeping her with "*centiloquio-hasta las cejas*" from one year's end to the other?

She was an ideal seamstress — deft, neat, quiet as a mouse, with a modest way of effacing herself completely. One day she came to me, and said, "I cannot come next week."

"Oh, why not?" said I.

"I signed a contract before I knew I was coming here."

"May I ask with whom?"

"The museum."

"Really; what costumes do you mend?"

"I do not sew; I am the snake-charmer from the Ganges."

If she had told me she had committed murder no more surprise could have arrived with the announcement.

Sure enough, there she was all the next week, with drugged and toothless but slimy horrors crawling all over her trim little neck and around her waist. She whispered unsmilingly out of the corner of her small, severe mouth:

"I do this mornings; in the afternoon I am the sphinx without a body—the talking head in the window below."

Then she came to me again and mended filmy lace and darned silk, embroidered skillfully, and seldom spoke, never of the museum.

I had almost forgotten her, when one day Otis Skinner, his wife, and I were wandering down Clark Street, and in front of a dime museum was a cage, around which a dense crowd had gathered. In the cage was a black and fearful little creature, with long tangled hair all over its face, a strip of wolf skin about its loins and legs, and a haunting motion, half struggle, half weaving back and forth, while thin fingers clutched at the cage bars. A strange guttural sound came from under the mat of long hair, and above the cage was written, "Little Ruth, the Wild Girl," with a startling history of her capture. As we watched the human animal writhe and purr Maud Skinner suddenly riveted her sympathetic eyes upon its face; then she gasped, "Oh, Otis!"

Simultaneously we looked; the wild girl had swept the sea of hair from her face, and there, henna-stained and glaring, was the sober little visage of our seamstress! Only for an instant did she let us see; then she conscientiously began her

wild-girl performance, to the wonder and studious delight of passers-by.

Said this versatile freak-impersonator: "I've been married twice — very good men, but unfortunate, you know, and I learned to help once in a while. I used to sew for Lydia Pinkham years ago; that is where I learned to use my needle well. The museum business is not learned at all; it is just done when the chance comes and starvation is ahead."

So simply explained this gentle little woman with her life-work divided into a hundred parts.

"Richard" night there was a scurrying of feet and troubled explanations setting forth that some young woman who was cast for a queen's page could not wear the page's hauberk! That pretty young woman was in tears, the queen was enveloped in a frost of agitation, Skinner loomed up out of his dressing-room in a panic, and words divided the appropriation of the air with trembled regrets, when this mild little woman who had been sewing lace in Miss Durbin's stage sleeves arose quietly, pushed her way through the excited Plantagenet court sitting on trunks and standing on props, saying as she passed:

"I'll go on for the page. Don't wait; ring up the curtain; I'll be there at the cue."

There was a lull of hysteria and candid doubts, but in five minutes on went the page, straight as an arrow, with her brown hair tucked up under a hat and flowing feathers, her eyes solemn, cheeks rouged to a nicety, and very pretty legs in mauve tights.

After the scene she slipped back into her gray dress and finished the sleeve trimming.

It was characteristic of the delightful Skinners to befriend this quaint discovery, their lives are made up of large charities and brilliant intellectual activities.

MRS. POTTER

Mrs. Potter is a woman who has always interested the advanced, influential and more brilliant critics. She is unique, brainy, fearless, and gifted in both personal charm and mental activity. She is a learned little Arab, with the seductions of the East and the indomitable spirit of the broad, cold West stirring in her rushing veins. Her voice is low and sweet, and her face beautifully sympathetic. She has a slow smolder of emotion forever glowing in her eyes and burning in the pale rose of her cheeks. She has strange and not altogether reasonable meanings for odd mannerisms, and she startles erudition out of convictions occasionally; but to critics she has always been an intensely absorbing figure. As if expecting her to loom up in some colossal surprise or dynamic furor, the trenchant pens of inquiring minds await her faltering steps with much speculation and flood her career with potential inquiry and profound watchfulness. She has magnetism and beauty and unalterable persistence in her own ways and thoughts and arguments. These qualities have braided into the meshes of her life weird and devilish interruptions, sad stories and tear-stained melancholy; but in her art the same characteristics develop pluck, adventurous trials, and a large school for experience and reflection.

The pretty woman improves. She is less grooved in half-tone impressionisms and mirrored expressions of the decadents. There is less monotony and a wave of close-reefed exaltation coming like a trembling hope for excellence in herself.

She is a barometer of moods, depending upon environment.

She flies into a feline tantrum absolutely without count of the result. She does not know what fear means, nor regret, nor remorse. She is as regal in her independence as if she commanded the lightnings, and she abides by her own violence, her own decisions and prejudices valorously, with a certain imperialism. Again she is ductile, girlish, and humble with wistful sincerity in friendship and submissive tenderness. To Mr. Kyrle Bellew she owes the best points of her slow dramatic development, and her stage work is inseparably allied to the finest achievements of that very intellectual and interesting player.

Mrs. Potter has been so fêted, adored, and petted everywhere abroad that the frigidity of her own shores must be distressing. The beautiful little woman really has gifts above the ordinary, and has fought bravely with the true spirit of art for the position she now holds upon the stage. She is intense, appealing, and sympathetic. She makes no aimless efforts to achieve sensational effects in her performances, but is prettily natural and leaves an impression of general accomplishment which is delightful. Sometimes she drops into a pensive temper which trespasses upon monotony, but she is always refined, original, and brilliant. She is possessed of a governing subjective mentality which is almost too fine for the style of parts she has chosen. Her brain is high-strung and under tension continually. She is one of the few actresses of more brain than stage talent. There is a soupçon of coquetry in her comedy, and of course a thorough appreciation of the exact sentiment of every scene. Her dresses are tasteful and expensive, but not nearly so becoming as the dashing frocks she wears at home. She does not look older than a high-school graduate on the street; something in the falseness of make-up and the affectations of stage toilets add some years to her girlish face and figure.

The bizarre, though artistic taste of the Orient-adopted lady asserts itself in the arrangement of draperies, jewels, and coiffure. She wears her wonderful bronze hair in the most extraordinary tangle, all knots and angles and tumbling curls. Her dresses are charmingly costly and becoming, never like anybody else's, inimitable and sometimes puzzling.

She has Bernhardt's faculty of arraying herself in impossible nothings. A strip of nun's veiling and flood of unusual color, lace in profusion, and belts and curious combinations of odd shades and unusual fabric make up her stage clothes.

Of all the women costumed by Jean Worth the one he most delights in dressing is Cora Urquhart-Potter.

Once Madame Réné Duval, Mrs. Potter's sister who lives in Paris, came to invite me to a private parade of the wonderful gowns Worth made for "Le Collier de la Reine."

It was the *première* important commission Jean had since his father's demise, and he was in a fever over the efforts. He had a row of footlights temporarily placed in the big fitting room and Versailles tapestries draped across the mimic stage. Mrs. Potter put on one dress after the other in complete make-up for Marie Antoinette and the dual rôle in the play, while the five specially invited guests and half the force of Worth's establishment reveled in the costumes. Monsieur Jean was an excited and immensely diverting stage manager, and the whispered rumor that for years Jean had been the real head-creator of Worth costumes was emphasized into a song by the Potter costumes. They were indisputably historic and beautiful, and Mrs. Potter lovely in each dress. The last-act habit, an exact reproduction of Vigée Lebrun's famous painting of the queen, was most exquisite; blue, the wonderful Rigaud sapphire, with the dash, fleece, and eccentric elegance imparted to the old picture by Madame Lebrun, and immensely becoming to Mrs. Potter.

Pretty Mrs. Potter is very caustic in her gentle way about society as the average actor portrays it. She is too refined to be scathing, but she has a delicious vein of wicked humor, and appreciates the high-class "gent" who figures in the stage drawing-room, economically lifts his dress coat-tails when preparing to lounge in my lady's boudoir, and wears startling neckgear and prodigious jewels. Mrs. Potter is delightfully entertaining in her recollections of her somewhat erratic travels. Not many petted society belles betake themselves away to India and become so acclimatized as to be shyly homesick for the land of eternal summer. She has a store of fabulous romances about the beauty, audacious innocence, and brilliant attainments of Indian ladies, and Mrs. Potter tells any sort of a story with such enticing sweetness that luxurious India never had so charming an historian.

She is wonderfully magnetic and bitter-sweet. Her voice is low, with an attractive refinement of accent and intonation. She has lovely eyes and hair, and looks at one out of her eyes in a cool, sincere way that is very engaging. She says the simplest things with a caressing warmth, and moves her long, slim hands continually as she talks in a quiet, melodious way very learnedly. She uses piquant, unusual terms, is not sparkling, but rather smoldering. She has a bright, distinctly feminine mind, silently absorbent and prolific in originality and spirit.

She has renounced America for "twenty-seven years," so a piquant little letter from London divulged. She does not care for this country and openly asserts the fact. She feels she has been misunderstood and unappreciated, and a few other disenchanting things by her own people. London received her; she is toasted and quoted and patterned after jubilantly by the unimaginative Belgravians, and rather fine society has chained her in its beguiling ribbons and sort of

MRS. JAMES BROWN-POTTER

"fixed things" pleasantly for Cora. She lives the year around, when she is in London, out in St. John's Wood, Abbey Road, occupying the old Montesquion mansion, and entertaining brilliantly that rare coterie in which the late and most eminent Burne-Jones was the inspiring spirit. She abides in an atmosphere where exoticism and classic art are singularly amalgamated, and which perhaps is found nowhere in all its graciously luxurious maturity as it exists in London.

Plenty of our charming actresses go to Europe, never to come back again. Paris has a half dozen of them; Mrs. Potter's stronghold is in stranger climes. Mary Anderson knows where the tenderest words shower her, and John Kemble and a raft of American comedians and singers thrive there after this country has ceased applause.

To begrudge encouragement to American actors is falsest of all affectations. It is a nation that ought to produce signal artists for the stage. Not one master of tragedy, not a sole man who can move all people to laughter or tears, or one woman who shall be a queen among actresses, but plenty of them, witty men and soulful women and melodious singers, the country ought to be aflame with them; all they want is bringing out and culture.

Mr. Bellew is even more interesting than Mrs. Potter, for while she sparkles through descriptions of Japan and Turkey with the surprise natural to an American, Bellew dwells upon the enchantments of India with a sort of Oriental pathos. The long Arabic names drop very musically from his lips, and both he and Mrs. Potter (who has grown into something of a sybarite in an Oriental, piquant way) have seen more of the inner-harem life than could be written in a book.

The high-class ladies in India had never been permitted in a theater until the advent of Mrs. Potter. Then they saw the stage through curtains of spangled gauze, where the rustle of

costly satins and eternal symphony of rattling jewels told of the presence of hundreds of beautiful auditors. Mrs. Potter contends that the absolute sway of woman over man in India is marvelous. The men spend fortunes upon them—they are ablaze with priceless jewels and exquisite fabrics. Such colors, silks, and lace we never see. The women are most cultured, speak the languages, are musical and supremely contented. Altogether the winters Mrs. Potter spends in this celestial atmosphere rather unfit her for keen enjoyment of Chicago smoke-stacks, Gotham cobblestones, and Cincinnati tenderloins. But she is very glad to be temporarily engaged in collecting the willing American shekels looking for a place in her capacious and altogether prosaically Occidental pocketbook.

Mr. Bellew was born in Calcutta or that *voisinage*. His father was chaplain in the English army and stationed there with his family when the angel eyes of Kyrle first opened to conquer. It is home to this brilliant, unique man, whom women spoil and men misunderstand. He has all the nervous force of a thoroughbred Englishman and the poetry of his langorous, picturesque birthplace.

A mayor of Calcutta, India, was grandson of Thackeray, and a man of intellect and keen critical sense. He inherits many of his brilliant sire's personal qualities, and asserts vastly more diplomacy and conservativeness than ever the racy satirist of "Vanity Fair" thought of cultivating. The Calcutta mayor is a man of letters, and writes cautiously but with force and height of rhetoric. Once in a while he contributes valuable criticisms to the English and Indian papers, and takes a benevolent delight in this exercise of his talent when it comes his way to "salute the achieving genius and do homage to a hero." A personage of large influence and high standing in the picturesque community where he governs

municipal affairs, whatever the descendant of Thackeray indorses, condones, or condemns is likely to be regarded accordingly by the populace over there. He is a charming man socially, a patron of the arts and drama, and a figure of marked eminence at government house and in the luxurious society of English-India.

It seems rather odd that the Thackerays should crop up again in so pleasant a bloom within the gates of Calcutta, for although William Makepeace Thackeray was born there, the family is bound in the famed and unalterable blue book of English accomplishment. The Thackerays were masters of Harlow, British doctors of law, and all sorts of Albion celebrities, and William was sent to Charter House School when he was less than ten years old, and must have lived in London and the Continent most of his precious time. But his father was in the civil service of the East India Company at the time of William's birth, and there accumulated a fortune, which fell to his illustrious son, probably to be spent far away from the city of his nativity. However that may be, the famous old family is now represented in Calcutta by this gifted gentleman, who is mayor there (or was), and who writes capital essays and reviews which sometimes find wings to America. One of the most interesting letters he has written happens to bear upon the production of "Charlotte Corday" by Mrs. Potter. Over in the lotus and snake-charm country the enchanting American beauty is immensely popular. She has been admitted into the exclusive society of Calcutta, and is welcomed upon a confidential footing in the guarded harems and literary coteries of native ladies or visiting notables. Her lovely manners, education, and acknowledged talent succeeded in sealing an admiration into something akin to friendship with the thoughtful and fervid Orientals.

The mayor of Calcutta wrote a column of congratulations

when Mrs. Potter played "Charlotte Corday" at the Corinthian, and the Englishman sent his suave compliments broadcast. Wrote Mr. Thackeray, elaborately:

"Mrs. Brown Potter makes an ideal Corday—the Charlotte described by Carlyle, 'of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year, of beautiful, still countenance. A completeness, a decision is in this fair female figure; by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country.' The air of quiet dignity, of serene confidence in the justice of her cause, is admirably sustained. The inspired expression never leaves her, whether sitting to David as a model for Judith or hearing the declaration of love from the devoted Adam Lux. The character is distinctly enlarged and enriched by Mrs. Potter's beautiful portrayal.

"In striking contrast to this figure of angelic goodness and beauty is the vile figure of Marat. To note this infamous personality we may again quote from Carlyle: 'Surely also, in some place, not of honor, stands or sprawls up querulous, that he, too, though short, may see—one squalidest bleared mortal, redolent of soot and horse drugs; Jean Paul Marat of Neufchatel! Marat, renovator of human science, lecturer on optics! Oh, thou remarkablest Horseleech, once in D'Artois' stables—as thy bleared soul looks forth through thy bleached dull, acrid, woe-stricken face, what sees it in all this?' "

Mr. Carlyle had such a neat way of putting things!

Victorien Sardou suggested Corday to Mrs. Potter because the American had the "Corneille visage." Charlotte Corday was a descendant of the august founder of French drama or the creator of its tragedy, and more than likely it was the inherited gift for the theater and theatricals that inflamed her with a thirst for Jacobite blood and gave her the dumb persistence and dogged fury which led to the melodramatic removal of Marat. There is something in Mrs. Potter's

strange, savage, fine featured face which might have belonged to any intensely emotional, highly organized race. In the Corcoran gallery hangs a picture of Corday; a wholly ideal and enigmatic creation of tragic beauty. The face is a deadly pale and haunting waxen thing of darkened soul. All brown and lily-cream the picture is, and one look at its accusing, prophetic oval will last a long remembering lifetime. In Mrs. Potter's face there is this same white, fateful ghost of prophecy, a something uncanny which clings and hovers about the recollection of her singular beauty. It gives her peculiar personal capacity for the impersonation of Corday, and the delicate pruning of history and culling of incident, which would be the métier of a careful playwright, kept the edged tools of tragedy out of Potter's grasp.

She was sweet, tender, and fiercely patriotic in a breath, and recited the electric prayers and oaths of history with a wonderful far-away expression which made Corday a phantom Jean d'Arc. It was by all odds the most ambitious and successful piece of acting Mrs. Potter had ever done. She was a picture of serene and exquisite beauty in the simple frocks of the Caen girl, and in the cleverly arranged Judith scene well worth the distinguished brush of David.

Her voice is mellow and always cool, gray, and restful. There is a misty tone in the Potter's voice which carries a tinge of fatality and a hint of the sphinx about it. There is monotony always in it, but it is the beautiful, poetic monotony which rises out of a still evening sea when sky and ocean are one cold symphony.

Kyrle Bellew's Marat was a masterpiece of melodramatic character acting. Whatever he does is graphic, scholarly, and polished. He is one of the exceedingly handsome men of the stage who is clever enough to line his really beautiful face into painted villainies.

One of Kyrle Bellew's brilliant little effusions crept across strange seas and brought such news of Mrs. Potter's triumph that even if the distance was vast the ring of it reached the hearts of the lady's courtliest admirers.

From Hobart, in Tasmania, came the Bellew letter, and told that they had made a fortune on the sultry island. Mrs. Potter was deluged with praise and costly gifts; heralded as a regent of elegant comedy and fine emotional flights; her frocks copied, and her daring coiffures and chapeaux emulated; she was the rage, and the happy foam from the seven seas kissed her pretty feet.

Mr. Bellew always writes in the daintiest brevity, saying so much in such really poetic phrases and with such flashes and sleek little eddies of wit that his epistles offer an enchanting study. Mr. Bellew used to be a police reporter in Melbourne, Australia, and made a unique departure and what to modern audacity in journalism might seem a forerunner of the American newspaper—1899 model.

The youthful Kyrle arrived in Melbourne with stanch society introductions, for he was son of the popular preacher and author, the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, who had just met a charming success with his book, "Shakespeare's Home." He was little more than a boy, with a pale, sensitive face, refined, finely cut features, and a handsomely shaped head, which he carried with a peculiar grace. He was a young gentleman of fashion, quite exquisite for Melbourne society, and when he dawned upon the Australian police court the sensation made notches in the slate for the day. Heigho! what a life this splendidly equipped gentleman, with his delicately organized forces, his grace of intellect and brilliant genius, has lived, to be sure! Mr. Bellew used to put all his police news into a quizzical satire upon ethics and justice, couched in the most captivating language and written in scholarly rhyme. It was

a feature of the paper, and his roasts of famous big-wigs and law-breakers became the morning cocktail for weary brains.

A venerable clergyman of Heidelberg, who was entertaining Mr. Bellew, once said of his charming guest: "I never met a man of the same age who had done so many things as young Bellew has; he's been everything, from a needle to an anchor." Mr. Bellew was a sailor, too—third officer of a ship sailing from Liverpool to Singapore—and whatever Mr. Bellew has attempted has been well done. He was a fearless sailor, just as he is a distinguished actor.

He is too diplomatic to shout from the housetops that America chills him to the bone, and that his abiding place is near the Nile or the Yellow Sea.

A long time ago, when the plague was rampant in China, Cora Urquhart Potter awoke in Peking one morning to find herself locked in the city's pestilent embrace, and establishing a sort of salon she revenged the Celestial detention by entertaining upon so tasteful and delightful a scale that her Oriental champions and worshipers are scarcely through talking about her charm to this day. Delicate little five-o'clock teas, with zithers and odd instruments playing only American airs, choice wines and exquisite gowns, gracious manners and great sagacity in the invitation of congenial guests, altogether made the Mrs. Potter Decameron evenings and afternoons quite the most desirable enjoyment of China. She was courted by dignitaries and showered with costly gifts, decorated with choice honors and received into the most exclusive houses in Peking. Wonderful kimonos are still in her possession, lovely sashes and petticoats with horoscopes, chronologies and ancient pedigrees from Confucius down to Li Hung Chang embroidered upon their shimmering silks, fill trunks belonging to the fastidious and beautiful actress. Except India, where Potter luxuriates in her own preferred atmosphere,

there is no other place where she is so much at home as in China; the picture life of the Celestials is gratifying above any other, and but for the culture of India women— which is vastly beyond that of most countries, even in the most vapid harem— no attraction in the world can fill Mrs. Potter's idea of life as the Chinese existence does.

When she played Thérèse Raquin the diffident suburbans burst into a reportorial requiem of anguish because Mrs. Potter stripped herself in the tragedy. Now, as a matter of fact, she did nothing of the kind. She unbuttoned a few outside garments, unbuckled some more, allowed one or two layers of mulle to slide away from her waist, and stood unrevealed in a long China silk robe, very beautiful and disappointingly modest.

She is thin, "fine" to exquisite transparency. She is graceful as a day-lily, and as delicate. She has lost nothing in prettiness, and gained some in dramatic finesse and a quota of emotional strength. She has the same soft, warm eyes, heavy, damp hair, and sensitive, cruel, Spanish mouth, scarlet as holly and seductively beautiful. She is a siren, a decoy, who never betrays a knowledge of her charms. She freed herself from social strictures to no especial purpose, for she has no lovers, no trifling affairs, no light-o'-mind sensations in her very serious, peculiar life. Her fidelity is picturesquely obstinate, and her life made up of battles she believes herself to have won.

Bertram Mackennal, the young sculptor, whose "Circe" had the extreme honor of shocking Leighton and the British immortals, modeled his siren in Mrs. Potter's house in St. John's Wood, and the likeness to the brilliant American beauty was striking. However, the loveliness of Mackennal's Circe was enthusiastically avowed, but it was a remarkably realistic pedestal of symbols upon which she posed which

abashed the judges. Circe's pedestal was chastely concealed in brand-new Leamington mills cotton cloth when Mrs. Potter and I visited her in London; but later in Paris, where "Circe" had been decorated as one of the year's achievements, we read the mystic audacities unmasked. There was an undeniable likeness to Mrs. Potter, and Mr. Mackennal admitted that his marvelous bronze enchantress had been inspired by Mrs. Potter, though she was not more than a mind's-eye model.

The ambition of this frail, shadow-woman of intense resolves is beyond comparison. She was possessed to play Camille, and a most original clarified note she gave to the Dumas japonica.

When Mrs. Potter was at the Globe Theater, Boston, Mr. John Stetson insisted upon "Camille" as a soothing potion to the shocked morals of the Puritan contingent, which looted "Thérèse." The energetic proprietor of Boston's flash paper pounced upon the lesson in "La Dame aux Camelias," and forthwith produced a somewhat remarkable bit of programme literature calling attention to the moral drawn in the French play. Throughout he spelled Camille "Cammee." Mrs. Potter gently remonstrated, and suggested the usual orthography. "Well," persisted Stetson, "I heard you rehearsing the play, and you all called her Cammee; now, I don't propose to have a mob of people come here to see 'Cammilly' and be put off with Cammee. Either you will call her Cammilly on the stage or advertise Cammee as long as you play it at my theater." And so they persisted in the "ad.," much to the amusement of cultured Athens and the Potter-Bellew combination.

Mr. Stetson was urged to produce a translation of "Demi-Monde" to be called "The Crust of Society." He had longed to see his beautiful wife, Kate Stokes, the ex-circus rider,

accepted among Boston's Back Bay exclusives, and the name of the play attracted him.

A flying trip to Boston brought the Count Bozenta unexpectedly to the palatial residence of Mr. Stetson. John was busy listening to the reading of the new play. The august butler of the mansion, in answer to the count's card, brought a pleasant request that the count call at another hour, as "Mr. Stetson was just in the middle of the 'Crust of Society.'" Bozenta, not knowing about the play, but having been informed of John's social ambitions, radiated with courtly enthusiasm, and begged that his "most ardent felicitations" be presented to Mr. Stetson; all of which was very nice and amiably misunderstood by the millionaire purchaser of the new, untried drama.

A muffled gong of romanticism and disturbing poetic frenzy was sounded across dramatic waters when Lawrence Barrett produced "Francesca da Rimini."

It was the first note of modern symbolism and the infant cry of decadence brought to the cradle of stage literature.

In Barrett was that suggestive exaltation limp with the abstract, which has suddenly advanced to huge, unmanageable, morbid growths with spreading branches and flowers deadly with scarlet sins and degeneration. His correct and studious mind found no response of luminosity in dramatic expression; there were the slighted depths, the sodden balance of color, and the eternal iterations of monotonous symmetricals. There was in his acting and in his personality the cold simplicity of pre-Raphaelite crudeness and the swing of insignificant metrical correctness.

He was a learned and advanced pupil of introspection, and had no follower until Cora Urquhart Potter arose from the green and dismal seas of impressionism to wrestle with Barrett's unkindled fires. In Mrs. Potter is the wandering, unfet-

tered spirit of decadence. She is spiritistic, ghostly, and intensely poetic. Her methods are strange, Oriental, and of fleeting consequence, albeit so finely cleaving through conventionalism and stilted commonplaces in the art of acting. She marks an era, taking up the thread where scholarly Lawrence Barrett left the string with pearls dropping from the incompleted intention of his career. It is not visible to the public eye, but the revival of the sumptuous, erotic, and hideous classic by George Boker shows how far old ways are from the solemn lunacies of to-day. Romanticism must go back centuries for subjects; into the picturesque, the revolting and thunderous past somewhere, and Boker rested upon the art-embroidered story of Ravenna for his hopeless entanglements of eroticism, neo-Catholicism, and the typical shudder. The lines of the piece are exquisitely poetic, but loose-writ and of surly measure. In the uncouth mouths of spirited, old-mannered actors the parts of Lanciotto and Paolo are despoiled of that wine of poesy and withheld intensity imperative in melodrama of higher romance.

It takes the modern actor of fantastic notions to interpret these ivy and mistletoe choked stories of mediævalism, and Mrs. Potter is one of the liveliest exponents left to sound the tone Barrett's touch awoke.

WILLARD

Mr. Willard is one of the modern actors who do not believe much in the masks and disguises of the stage, for he is almost the middleman away from Jones's potteries, save that E. S. Willard is young and vigorous and agile, full of enthusiasm and robust good humor.

He has a distinguished and intellectual face, framed in hair like moonlight, which contradicts the youth in his smile, his happy laugh and graceful figure. Mr. Willard's firm white hand is even more attractive than his face, and he uses it seldom in gesture, and it never shows to such perfect advantage as in turning the decorated leaves of some costly book or a portfolio of art treasures. A gentleman who evidently pays little attention to his tailors is Mr. Willard, but whose tailors study him most assiduously, for he is always dressed in absolutely faultless taste, with a certain unaccentuated elegance and a fitness to Willard alone.

His voice is a rich, warm fountain of color, good to hear and very sweet to remember, and when he takes one's hand in greeting it is to lift one immediately into the confidence and friendship of a remarkable and delightful gentleman.

I found him one day burrowing between the sacred pages of one of the beautiful books of William Morris, I think the "Job" illustrated by Burne-Jones, or something of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's made glorious by Jones and Morris. The volume was such a lovely work of printer's and decorative art that Mr. Willard and I made fast friends over it before its vellum cover was closed and its famous initials hidden. He is

very fond of lordly works of literature, and wants them clothed like Esther, as every lover of books does. Following our inspection of the Morris-Burne-Jones folio came from the pretty shelves where Mr. Willard keep his pretty books first some other superb works from the Kelmscott press, and several of the choicest things American printers have tried.

"The general impression in England is that America produces cheap and inferior books, whereas I think your bookmakers have taken marvelous strides in the art of decorative type and reliure," said Mr. Willard, producing in evidence the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," so exquisitely illuminated, and the dainty little book Morris did for a Chicago firm of publishers—the only book Morris ever did for any house other than his own.

All the celebrated builders of wonderful volumes were represented in Mr. Willard's little library, and not a few Americans.

"It certainly is more consoling to read Keats presented in this array than in some of the guises of the hideous period, isn't it?" said Mr. Willard, holding up a tempting bit of a book full of arabesques, flowery initials, and sharp-drawn De Vinne.

"So very great a man was William Morris that it will be a long time before the might of his life is completely understood," said Mr. Willard, reverently. "You see, not only printing, but all art, the social and political atmosphere of his time, beauty in every decorative application, and the affairs of humanity at large unconsciously felt the influence of Morris and the delightful coterie working with him. When a man can fight valiantly, almost violently, and successfully enough to break down the horror of the early Victoria period of utter ugliness, he must mean something to decorative art.

"You know Morris, Burne-Jones and Rossetti started a co-operative institution where the lovely old furniture and

bric-à-brac of earlier centuries were revived most superbly. Thomas Chippendale's eighteenth-century delicacy, with the graceful simplicity of straight lines and polished surfaces and a crushing abolishment of those horrid marble-top traps. Do you remember those things? I shall never forget going into their fascinating shops one morning after the uprising of the socialists, which gave London such a shiver a few years ago. The place was in Oxford Street, was distinctly altruistic, and savored of well-ordered commune. The laborers all shared in the profits, and socialism was, of course, at the bottom of the ethics of the venture. Well, the mob formed in Trafalgar Square and devastated the surrounding streets and mewses, then it made for Oxford Street and swept down that thoroughfare like a lost hurricane. I said to Morris next day, 'Were you injured or attacked by the mob yesterday?' and he answered, 'No, but we huddled in the back shops and kept the iron blinds locked down tight all day long.' Which I regarded rather a commentary upon the great work of his life to assist the socialists."

"I never knew Mrs. Morris, though May, his daughter, was a great beauty."

Mr. Willard has a cheery, boyish laugh which adds zest to whatever he means to be humorous, and he is too candid to be sentimental, too honest to know affectation. He talks rapidly and with fine brilliancy, turning the drift of conversation skillfully from one subject to another without a perceptible break in run of thought.

Two familiar baby faces were perched upon Mr. Willard's mantel, and discovery proved them to be Eugene Field's children.

"Field and I were great friends. One morning he came to me and said: 'Say, Willard, I'm tired being asked out to meet you to dine, to listen, to congratulate, slide, or look as suits a

host. I'm not going to know you any more.' I said, 'All right, I won't recognize you again,' and from that time we always greeted each other as utter strangers, even wrote formal notes of congratulation and hopes of meeting, etc., you know, as people will who have heard of each other and aspire to meet. Field used to even go so far as to write me letters of introduction beginning, 'Sir, having heard of your popularity, I venture to offer you a letter of introduction to a friend of mine who is partial to American celebrities,' etc.

"One day at the Union League Club an acquaintance of mine asked me if I knew Field, and immediately dragged me over to the poet, who greeted me with the usual glassy stare of non-recognition. At the presentation he bowed absently, and said with a pleasant smile: 'Oh, to be sure, yes, sir. I am most happy. I had the honor of seeing you in "Captain Letterblair" last night, and I must say that I enjoyed you very much.' Our friend looked embarrassed and wished he had not presented us, and Eugene said some other jolly, unhappy things, still flattering to me, to all of which I bowed, and then I said, 'I am so sorry, Mr. Field, that I may not say as charming things to you, but the fact is I bought a pair of gloves at your store this morning, and they split quite hopelessly across the thumb.' By that time the gentleman who had introduced us was ready to sink into a purple spasm of mortification.

"It is amazing how many people are writing bad plays and how few ever bring the surprise of an idea. Why, I read caravans full of them and never quench my thirst for a gratifying inducement to read the next one to arrive. There are no playwrights. Henry Arthur Jones, of course, and some of the novelists—not many of them—but no soulful young genius leaping up out of the dark with a clever idea or a fine plot. There is always a lot of recollection wasted upon Tom Robertson in looking over the condition of plays to-day. Because

Tom Robertson hawked his 'Caste,' 'Home,' and other delicious little comedy classics about from door to door without a hearing, is no sign he was not appreciated. There was no theater in which he could have produced them with anything bordering on success. As soon as the Bancrofts found him and his plays and had their little bijou playhouse ready to perform them, they were instantly given a hearing. It was exactly the same situation as if your Mr. Hoyt had taken his farces to the Metropolitan Opera House, Auditorium, or Philadelphia Academy for production, or that Jones had taken 'The Middleman' and begged them to put it on at Hammerstein's or the Alhambra in London. Mr. Robertson's plays were probably deeply appreciated by everybody who read them, but there was no theater to receive them. I do not think brilliant writers of plays go unrewarded. There is too much demand for their work.

"I have really a great liking for that tremendous town, Chicago, with its steel-frame buildings and its enormous territory. You know I was there so long during the Fair, and was so interested in the Fair, as all foreigners were. I do not believe Chicago people have the reverence and sentiment we have for that wonderful exposition, have they? It was Chicago, after all, which surprised the world more than the Fair itself, though that congress of nations was incomparable. Quite the only affair of the kind which was absorbingly beautiful from an exterior point of view. I have gathered together a fine collection of literature of the Fair, and take much pleasure in reviving my memory occasionally."

The greatest beauty of Willard's acting is absolute simplicity, coupled with sympathetic intellectuality. His fine, intelligent face is a study. It is one of those plain, knowledgeous faces that change with every flight of thought and reflect emotion as do sudden resolving harmonies in music.

To Amy Leslie from
Edw Willard Sothern
1897

The eminent fitness of Mr. Willard for finished interpretation of Barrie's quaint poesy is evident to any acquaintance of the work of either. The two men are molded in the same exalted intellectual plane. There is a likeness in the gentle, unaffected worth of both, a quaintness in the author reflected in the actor, a rugged grandeur of mentality in one exactly echoed in the other. Picture two men matched in sympathy, brilliancy, or force, more delicately than Barrie as a playwright and Willard as an actor.

Name a dozen comedians who might realize the Professor in "The Professor's Love Story," perhaps not one who seems most probable a model would touch the exquisite delicacy of sentiment, quaint extravagance, and ideal submersion of personality achieved by the splendid English actor. It was a rest to see him released from the fearful tension of emotion most of the parts in his repertoire impose upon him. In the Professor he is completely under the sway of Barrie's eccentric-character drawing and is so exact a counterpart of the thoughtful author's idea that he is quite outside the pale of impartial criticism.

He is quaint and restful; he brings the sharp wit and caustic epigrams in the lines into bold and effective relief against the background of kindliness and sympathetic interests.

Willard never appears to act; he upsets no stage traditions, uses no startling methods, nor sinks his personality, his identity so positive, but he is, not seems, and that is the true—alas! rare—old art. He has that magnetic emotional quality that we have known only in a marvelous woman—Clara Morris. His audience is held pinioned in an almost hysterical tension. His forceful invocation which closes the great workroom scene in "The Middleman" fairly worked a house up to his own fervid pitch of excitement. The picture of this kind,

old, innocent pottery artist, with all his sweet absorption in art, his pathetic loneliness in the midst of friends, his honest, simple want of tact, Mr. Willard paints with exquisitely delicate touches, a rich, broad humor, and tender homeliness.

At Banstead, in England, Mr. Willard is most at home, and there he recuperates, outlines his characters, chooses his plays, and discusses with his playwriters. For Mr. Willard's builders are mostly of to-day, among the brainiest, the liveliest, most amenable playwrights.

DAVENPORT

In the history of American drama there has existed no more conspicuous a figure than Fanny Davenport.

A person of majestic picturesqueness, beauty, gifts beyond the ordinary, and an indomitable energy linked to insinuating graces of temperament and mind Miss Davenport always possessed, and in the subtle meshes of individual magnetism this great actress held her own nation's fealty.

The enormous amount of work accomplished by Miss Davenport, her incessant study, duties assumed, and aims reached are very vaguely understood by the people who made of her a rich and petted stage favorite. She was an omnivorous reader and devourer of the larger mental foods and a student of the play's ennobling intricacies. Nobody in Christendom was more deeply and finely informed upon costume, period, customs, and etiquettes of all time. An anachronism in equipment, delivery, or manners in any play presented by Fanny Davenport was an oversight quite incompatible with her superb empalement of information.

The splendid productions associated with her dramatic career each meant a colossal undertaking enclitic upon the personal endeavors of Miss Davenport herself.

For Sardou she took his not altogether elegant tragic extravaganzas and translated, adapted, and idealized much that was crude and cheap in the French sensationalist's dramatic structures. She did not hire the work done for her and endure the scourge of incompetent performance of the devoir, but she herself would put the play into as charming

English as the dialogue would admit, add delicate and forceful dashes of poetic fervor, glean, spice and bedeck what in the rough translation was a rather unprofitable skeleton of powerful incident and climax. Every dress, jewel, glove, shoe, and wig worn by her company was ordered—color, cut, and decoration—by Miss Davenport. Not a painter's brush was touched to canvas until Davenport had designed, enlarged, and approved scenic intentions. Lights, draperies, furniture, the minutest bric-à-brac, and the most trifling details were supervised and ordained by this goddess of labor. Every part given to the actors in Miss Davenport's company was copied in the flowery, distinct, and decisive handwriting of the brilliant star. She was capable of the most unheard-of toil, not only indefatigable physical application, but mental drudgery appalling to the nervous, flighty, easily exasperated women who travel in the same orbit of drama.

It is probable that never until her regal personality was withdrawn from the firmament of theatric attractions were the accomplishments of Miss Fanny Davenport appreciated. Her originality, beauty, and extravagance were acknowledged bountifully; but her unchallenged position, her influence upon current and earlier dramatic art in America was perhaps never generously estimated until the stage was robbed of her accomplishments.

To have been allowed the companionship of Fanny Davenport and her handsome husband, Melbourne MacDowell, was to be especially favored, for they limited the gregarious tendency to hospitable, sincere entertainment of loyal friends, some amiable instances of charity, and gentle encouragements to aspiring genius.

Fanny Davenport was exclusive to a degree, sumptuously indifferent to social bridles, and delicately attentive to her own preferences. She seldom received strangers, never courted

artificial amities, nor proffered idle civilities. She was big-hearted and serenely faithful, but shy as an Arab of adding fresh names to her list of associates. Away from the blaze of rose lightnings and the thunder of stage guns Fanny Davenport was the most lovable, joyous, and engaging of women. She was irrepressible, a wit, and a constant tease. She laughed and joked and scoffed in an exuberant, boyish fashion, not unlike Terry's enthusiasm, only Davenport was American in every mood of amiability.

She was taller and more blonde and blue-eyed than she seemed behind the footlights, and in her last performance seemed no older in temper nor inclination than she was when she came romping on the stage arrayed in the starched pinafores and school hats of "The Big Bonanza," skipping a rope, bubbling over with girlish comedy, and infatuating the multitude. Her dignity was impulsive, of a royal and imperious suddenness, as if under some remote sun a conquering king's shadow had empurpled her ancestral horoscope. But she was blithe and chatterey, bright as moonlight, and gay as a jungle bird.

Holding a dainty little cup of poison-black coffee, she greeted me one night with a shower of smiles and a straight, honest thrust of her unoccupied hand, but quickly corrected her simplicity by an upward arch of her beautiful arm and a laughing, "Oh, you want to shake hands way up there in the air, some place, don't you?"

I could not have reached Davenport's elevated finger-tips without the assistance of a stepladder or stilts.

She had finished her performance of "Gismonda," and was as vivacious, hearty, and "toppy" as if she had been asleep all evening. The star dressing hovel had been transformed into a white-muslin suite of apartments, cleanly and sweet as a Puritan maid's bed. Hung in proper folds were

rows of costly frocks and bewildering laces and ruffles. A sparse employment of plain colors sufficed in the make-up of Miss Davenport. A bowl of white, stick of smudgy black, and a dusty accumulation of peachy blush-red were all the secrets of Fanny Davenport's Gismonda face, and as she sipped at the coffee greedily she talked with a lively, adorable freedom.

"This is my only tonic," said she, enjoying the coffee. "The first thing in the morning I want a huge tankard of it, black and strong, and during performances I have it fresh made between the acts and drink little cups of it. I give sedate and unsettled persons grave qualms by this coffee habit. People have tried coffee with me just to show me the error of my Japanese ways, and have properly collapsed under the diet for my predilection, but I could no more do without it than a toper could without cocktails. It soothes, invigorates, and tones me up to the comfortable pitch of healthy action—have some?"

Finishing her coffee with a pleased, small gulp, Miss Davenport stretched out her long, slim hands toward a deft young gingham and orris maid, and said, wearily, "Do take off these things!"

"These things" were jewels of magnificent size and color. Rubies as big as robins' eggs, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, blind opaque turquoises and pearls—pink, black, and shiny white, a perfect nest of fortunes, which the maid stripped off Davenport's expressive hands and stowed away in a brass locked casket.

Then spreading her hands out restingly, she ran her fingers through that crop of gold for which she receives so little credit and wailed. The nimbus of spun gold which belongs so definitely to the queenly head of Fanny Davenport was usually described as a triumph of the perruquier's art.

"How am I to tell them it is my own? I might have

scenes interpolated in which the hero tests its verity, or I suppose I might announce it between the acts. It has been abused since all time. It is so blonde and curly and unnatural looking, no wonder; but I feel a blight of incredulity has been rather put upon my mop of hair and I resent its tragic abuse."

Near Cohassett Miss Davenport lived in the water, on the water, about the water. They had a magnificent place there, and yachts, dories, smacks, and steamers and a house there, too, a very splendid mansion it is. "I had to build that for my books and pictures; we could not keep them afloat," Fanny used to explain. She had been years collecting a library, and there are few in America or the world among the private libraries that are as complete and interesting as the one she left to Melbourne MacDowell. The classics and limited editions, rare extinct volumes and autograph manuscripts, original sonnets by the great poets, editions de luxe, and every meritorious or sensational book that was put into print, and many books of immense value of which her copy was the only one in the world.

"Pictures—well, everybody buys pictures. It used to be rather funny when I was educated to the old-world fashions to see vast collections of pictures in private houses of America, but I have as many of the celebrated paintings and etchings, etc., as any of us now, and revel in their beauty and expressive companionship," would Fanny apologize for her pictures.

To go abroad meant for her a difficult and tedious duty. She would go only upon absolutely necessary business, never for pleasure. That she regarded the most mistaken notion on earth; that Americans should crowd the deserted summer streets of London and Paris every year pretending to enjoy it, dreadful after once the novelty of its age and stupidity had worn away and its sights and possessions had been studied.

America was to Davenport the only dwelling-place in the world. "My living-room at home looks out upon the most picturesque and historical scenes of New England. The Miles Standish monument comes between me and the setting sun, and the shipping, old forests, and battle-grounds of the republic are near and beautifully inspiring," she would say in excuse for her patriotism.

Most of her dresses she made, did this queenly writer of plays, reader of philosophies, and swimmer of seas.

"Of course I design them entirely, and when I was beginning in Mr. Daly's company I always made every frock I wore. You see, they cannot do what I want, and though I give the most minute description, something is sure to be inartistic or irritating, and then my own needle and scissors complete the effects desired. I never wear the same costumes over three weeks," she said as she sat on the highest trunk of twenty-three out at the Cohasset farm.

She was sensitive to harmony of shades, and kept her own gowns subdued to the demands of architectural moderations, mural decoration, and essential accompaniments to the era of the play.

She died one of the richest women of the stage, and her charities were the quiet, heavenly ones of silence and immensity. She gave hundreds of thousands to deserving pensioners, and received impudent and snaky begging letters from all classes of barnacles and mushrooms.

Her budget of mail was always voluminous and diverting; sometimes incredulous, and occasionally pitiful, and she read every letter, answered them all, and found time to enjoy life in spite of her multifarious occupations.

She was a study of physical and spiritual endurance.

Her last production of a play was that of "A Soldier of France," a Joan of Arc resurrection, the failure of which was

Miss Amy Leslie
With every kind wish
for her health & strength &
would her admirable
Pen Frame
Chicago Fanny Davenport 1895

a body blow to the indefatigable Davenport. It was a new Joan, a strapping, masterful tomboy saint, and people who cling to their illusions jealously hesitatingly gave up the frail and soulful Joan of tradition for this modern masquerader with temporary catalepsy instead of heavenly missions, and pretty spangled armors, shining draperies, fine legs and shapely ankles, a face radiant with worldly beauty, and a figure like Juno.

Fanny looked to be about sweet and twenty as she roamed in over a hillock, with a branch of apple blossoms over her tawny hair, and the low French province shoes cumbering her handsome feet. She was peasant from the braids of her hair to the strings in her shoes, with the broad Delsarte pedal "base" for her statuesque poses in the realistic, a leathern jerkin and red petticoat—not a wrinkle in her face, and a wonderful youth in her eyes.

Around her Miss Davenport gathered about all the old-school declamatory actors left in the partially extinct fold—Charles Barron, Henry Jewett, who learned his oratory in Australia, under a tutelage of star-stock repertoire, James Colville, Albert Gran, Frank Tannehill, and as many women learned in the lost art of elocution. The play written in the Shakespearean comedy form of blank verse, with couplet finish for climax or special force was infinitely trying to modern slipshod reading methods.

What a wonder woman was this exhaustless, capable, knowledgeous, and intrepid Fanny Davenport! So many years ago that not half of them left lines in her beautiful face, Ned Davenport, who was the king of actors, stood in the wings of the old Athenæum (when it was the criterion theater of them all) waiting for the curtain to ring up; a tiny little girl holding a flag of silver ran off the stage and tugged at his armor, saying, "Papa, papa," over and over again, without any

heed paid to her cry. Finally Davenport said, "Fanny, go back and stand in line until the curtain raises. Don't speak to me again." Then turning to Curtis Gyld, who was watching the scene, said: "That's my little girl, Fan. She takes her first steps on the stage to-night, and I want her to start right."

Her prodigious training stood the tyranny of half a century when there was no school, and her valor in attempt was amazing.

And after considering all these achievements and talents, it must be acknowledged that Melbourne MacDowell is Fanny Davenport's greatest work of art. She took this stalwart Jovian animal, wild from the plains of Canada, lifted him to her own estate in the world of art, and imprinted upon his personality something of her own magnetism and exceptional power. He is to-day one of the handsomest, most forceful and influential actors on the stage. His voice is grown mellifluous and golden, his rash athletic gestures modulated to grace, and his splendid physique brought in from the lines of the giants.

Mr. MacDowell has seductively wedged himself into the well-shaped but colossal shoes of John McCullough. There is much of the same huge martial grandeur in Mr. MacDowell that lent attraction to McCullough. When Almerio appears there are always wild expressions of delight, merely in MacDowell's appearance; and not only at first but whenever the brawny falconer stalks in, clad in armor and fierce melancholy, there is enthusiasm next of kin to a riot. There was always this greeting awaiting John McCullough, for he was picturesque and commanding; his thousand faults in acting were forgiven because of his invigorating personality.

Melbourne MacDowell, out of his Greek draperies and Romanesque decorations, is so completely another man that his exuberant spirits, his contagious gayety and mischief make him something of a great, big overgrown boy. He was

waiting patiently for his wife when I stumbled across his path one night. He has a good deal of Fanny's effervescence, and that mental nourishing quality which made every moment spent with her of social profit. And yet they lived a life secluded and apart from all else but the theater and those in their immediate employ, Heloise and Abelard could not have been more absorbed in solitude and its beckoning thoughts.

"I have never seen a great actor—I mean by that one of those whose names are hallowed and held in honorable devotion," said MacDowell. "Once upon a Sunday night I saw Sol Smith Russell play a charming little curtain-raiser and 'April Weather,' and I shall never forget it. Seems to me he was the greatest of all devout and polished comedians. So gentle and original, so infinitely sympathetic and tuned to every vagary of emotion—by George, he was beautiful!" Could anything have been more ingenuous, come to think it over?

Somebody said to me the last time Davenport appeared, "What's the reason actresses play, make successes, keep on growing rich, accumulate honors, but never tire, never retire?"

Women in other walks of life grow very tired, old, dull, and smileless, but the living of many women in mimic rests an "acting woman" perhaps; the commands of the devoirs driving them to semblance of youth, the stimulus of applause and constant change of mood incident upon assumption keep an actress from vegetating. Look at Fanny Davenport!

"How old is she?" inquired an impressionable maiden of twenty, as Fanny fluttered her La Tosca ribbons about.

"Don't tell us," interrupted a serious boy in the party. "I wouldn't like to know; let's pretend just as she's pretending; whatever she wants to be she looks it."

Davenport's marvelous appearance of youth was even more amazing than Bernhardt's in the same character. With her

own golden fleece curled about her face, the girlish, piquant dresses and delicate colors, big hats, gay scarfs, and every wile a dramatist could give to a creature of his imagination, Davenport's Tosca was tremendously fascinating. Her comedy was bewitching, and the sudden tragic despair brought about through Scarpia's intrigues and cruelty were beautifully grooved into the lighter movement. Miss Davenport was an admirable medium for the best expression of Victorien Sardou's achievements. She expended a deal of money upon each production, and the public invariably responded to her earnest endeavors. "Gismonda," with all its fierce daring and undertone of immorality, was perhaps the loftiest, most picturesque, and at moments the most religiously exalted play Sardou ever consigned to her.

Davenport had such wealth of spirit, such a splendor of temperament, sentimental equipose, and mental health that whatever she played appealed to strong natures. She was polished in the old style of acting, definite and vividly picturesque because her long life-work in which she skirmished about through every kind of dramatic flood and fire made her almost elemental in a truth of method.

Her Gismonda was aflame with jewels and weighted down with rare old lace and embroideries. Miss Davenport was a series of pictures in every act, in every scene of the play, and her power, her seduisance and magnetism were most convincing.

This really great actress left a gap in the lists of celebrated Americans at the wheel of endeavor. Her whole life was one of gigantic labor. She hid herself and rested two months out of twelve, and was never more handsome, vivacious, and successful than when her last call came. She gave in, and answered it with valorous struggles to live a little longer that she might strive, achieve, and contend, for that was the game of her existence.

STODDART

One of the most interesting actors in American dramatic history is J. H. Stoddart. He is gentle and simple as one of Burns's verses, with a share of quaint anecdotes, happy wit, and marvelous reminiscences. He has an odd, cheery, Scotch way of encouraging a good story with a mellow "aye," which is melodious enough for a song accompaniment. Just what inspires unbidden reverence in his presence is undefinable, but there is about him an air of worthiness like the benediction of a gracious art.

Since John Stoddart was a baby he has known no life except the earnest work and the honest reward of a stage career. His father was an actor in Glasgow, a legitimate actor, and there is nothing on earth quite so indestructibly legitimate as a Scotch actor of tragedy. John and his brother George used to play all the pages, stolen infants, and smothered baby kings in the old Glasgow Theater. At night, after a long performance, the father would carry John home on his back over the moor and up a steep hill, where one of the happiest of Scotch homes stood waiting.

Then years brought ambitions to try old ventures in a new country, and John came to America. His father, who was well along in years, followed him, but could not battle against the demand for youth, impetuous energy, and strange customs, so he went back to Scotland, and died some years ago. I remember that the demise of this venerable actor brought out from one of the slumberous journals of Gotham a burst of desultory lamentations over the unexpected death of

the Union Square favorite. It was a most comfortless and undeserved obituary to John H., as it cut him off at the ripe age of sixty odd unrecorded years. Not being in debt, he found some difficulty in assuring people that his father and not his talented self had reached the dignity of so many decades and the inevitable end.

When an actor has breathed stage air since childhood, known books and proverbs and wit and sentiment as companions more than educators, aims wrapt in echoes of applause stir every motive in his life.

It is a fact of most grateful significance that the most exemplary men in the theatrical profession are those who have known no existence outside of the theater. Stoddart has always been most unobtrusive and retiring. Domestic to a fault in his social inclinations, his whole life has been spent in close study, fireside companionship, or in the congenial warmth of public approval. He is as sturdy, hearty, and vigorous as any one of the young actors about him. Away from the footlights he walks with a rapid, youthful stride, and has a quick, interested way of turning suddenly to grasp a hand or answer a question. Except for his fine chiseled face, where every character he has played has left a tell-tale line, there is no mark of years to tell how long the public has been his debtor. Saxton wrote some pretty couplets that come to me when I talk with J. H. Stoddart:

> "They ne'er grow old who gather gold
> Where spring awakes and flowers unfold,
> Where suns arise in joyous skies,
> And fill the soul within their eyes.
> For them the immortal bards have sung;
> For them old age itself is young."

I suppose it would be difficult to index the first success attending Stoddart's histrionic efforts. From the time he

trod Alexander's blue-law stage in Glasgow, where "happit up to the nines" John was a favorite child-actor, his career has been lighted with signal successes.

The most lingering attack of emotional terror I ever remember enduring resulted from an evening of morbid excitement in which I was permitted to revel during the run of Boucicault's "The Long Strike." Dion had produced the piece at the Union Square Theater, anticipating a hit, of course, for himself in the Irish sailor, and assured of an alluring colleen in the part assumed by his wife, Agnes Robertson. Stoddart played old Moneypenny, and startled all New York with a creation that will live in the annals of the drama. The star of that production was John H. Stoddart, and people crowded to see him supported by Boucicault and Robertson. I saw him then, and couldn't sleep for a month without the light turned on full and my head under the covers. Old Moneypenny's haunting eyes glared out of dark corners at me, and his sharp, abrupt voice chattered through keyholes and read columns of figures at me after I found an uncertain sleep.

A winter night I crept down the winding stair leading to more or less spidery dressing-rooms, and was offered "the" chair in Mr. Stoddart's cleanly little apartment. My friend Stoddart was not an encouraging gentleman to look upon. He had gray lines of hunger tinging his eyes, a hunted, tired droop to his severe mouth, and far from being "unco' snod" he was perhaps the most raggedy, raggedy, raggedy man with whom I ever shook hands. Boots high, and mud of all nations carefully kept where it had been splattered, a forlorn coat, a something or other instead of a shirt, and the usual escaped-convict knotted red rag about his strong, rope-proof neck. Stoddart in this guise of Jean Torquenie in "The Broken Seal" settled himself near me with something of a

boyish swing to the top of a convenient trunk. As his own kindly smile and soft voice came in gentle contradiction out of the vagabond make-up, I experienced a rakish sort of impression that I was pleasantly tête-à-tête with Jack the Ripper.

He sat on the theater trunk that night and told wonderfully diverting romances about all his confrères. I endeavored to veer the topics around to bear upon his own achievements, but with the most lovable modesty everybody else in the company was offered as a subject of immeasurably more interest than himself. He threw back his head and laughed at the traditional bad judgment of actors in regard to possibilities of untried plays. "Alabama" was an instance. Nobody thought it could be any good when it was put in rehearsal as a stop-gap. Palmer sat in front, scowling, when the piece was first read. The actors were sarcastic, stage director doubtful, and Palmer plunged his white hands in his overcoat pockets, turned up his collar, and called in the parts. But nothing better was discovered, so after all "Alabama" appeared and swept everything before it in enormous popularity.

It is proverbial among old actors to advise immediate shelving of a comedy that has been greeted with roars of laughter at a greenroom reading. Thomas wrote a thrilling drama for Barrymore. It was pronounced the masterpiece of the young playwright by a select corps of actor-critics. Barry read it on the cars to Stoddart. They were both wrought up to fevered excitement by the absolutely indisputable elements of success bristling out in every situation. Mr. Barrymore played it about a week, and lost a season's earnings over it.

We talked very enjoyably of the old Union Square days; of "The Danicheffs," "Féréol," "Diplomacy," and actors missing on the long roll-call: Charlie Thorne, Sam Piercy, and Nina Varian. Then of some of the lovely women who were

such magnets in these plays: Ida Vernon, Sara Jewett, Rose Eytinge and Katherine Rogers. A host of pretty girls, of whom none could be more time-defying and fascinating than Maud Harrison. Then I, through a darkened glass of inquiry, know that an eclipse lies over the sun of the actor's simple life. I asked for the sweet and gentle wife who seemed always so great a factor in his happiness, and in a voice that hunted tones in broken harmony he told me she had died a few weeks past, and the sudden bereavement had well-nigh broken him down. It was very endearing to see this rugged old man, a stalwart in his acknowledged art, standing where the iced edges of life cut sharp and deep, enlisted to await a beloved step that never comes, and pledged to plod along the frosted paths left him without the treasured companion of forty years and more. But he is brave; he talked about his boy, a bright young man who is studying law, and the charming daughter, and hope moaned through his sorrow in wintry gusts of resignation.

Stoddart has not played in comedy for a long time. He can be funnier in querulous old lawyers, eccentric characters, and epigrammatic rascals than any other actor who speaks English; which language, however, Mr. Stoddart mellows down with broad, rolling r's and Gaelic a's that are almost e's. A crisp honesty of diction brightens his dialect into originality but steals no color from its heather-laden quality. It is excellent English, but as Scotch as a Thrums brae.

It will be a long time before the stage produces another such a powerful, magnetic actor as J. H. Stoddart. Perfection in art rises like the tide, never too late, never too soon; it is not perfect if ill-timed; but the birth of genius is eerie and unheralded. It crops up where least expected and is as coquettish as the dawn. Time never marks just the break of day. It should be grooved in some brief second, but, lo! a sleepy

swallow stirs, the gold stars fade, a chill wind wakes up in the clouds and frightens morning out of a beauty nap, then through the starless mists breaks a new and welcome day. And so comes spirited genius. But a steady art like Stoddart's comes hand in hand with untiring endeavor, and comes to stay in niches where a flash of genius could not burn. He is a representative actor and a man of most candid humility. He is always as surprised at his own welcome as if somebody had paid his hotel bill.

His wonderful performance in "The Bonnie Brier Bush" spared Ian Maclaren's tender story a stage fiasco. With years imprisoning his magnificence, this amazing old actor studied with brilliant exactness a tremendous star part, gave it a clear-cut cameo perfection and a warmth most lovely and life-like.

ADAMS

It has been such a pretty occupation to sit apart and watch Maude Adams grow. Miss Adams's entire career shows the advantage of unbounded persistence in the balance against pathetic difficulties. When she first crept noiselessly into the Frohman set she was regarded as rather a doubtful precinct, with about half the votes counted. She came into the office one rainy morning, humbly carrying a small umbrella for her intrepid little mother, Annie Adams. Mrs. Adams pleaded the cause of her plain, small daughter, whose deep and searching eyes were fastened upon the intensely interesting top rail of a revolving chair, and when she heard a question addressed to her it seemed the speaker's voice was over in Weehauken somewhere, so far away it sounded. Maude gulped and whispered that she had danced and sung and tumbled about in farce comedy longer than necessary for the development of genius, and then arose to the tearful vibration of a "Please, sir, let me try."

She tried and almost everybody thought she was one of the mistakes of Daniel; some even went so far as to say, "Well, where does she come in?"

Maude was a pale and emotional creature without even a complexion in excuse for total absence of physical attraction. Her neck was scrawny and her arms were too long, but her fierce little bit of melodrama in "A Lost Paradise" roused people on watch to peer into the dawn of a specially equipped personality. Then did Miss Adams begin to grow. Physically she unfolded into a flower of distinction and attractive-

ness perfectly *sui generis* and piquant. Her figure developed, her face took upon its unhealthy thinness a Greuze delicacy of bloom and intellectuality, and from a determination to let the perfume of her gently blossoming mind pervade her inferior personal charms Maude Adams has come to be considered in the light of an extremely fascinating young woman of a certain indescribable style quite as captivating as beauty. She is original and intelligent; her talent is one of mind and manner, rather than fire and spirituality. She has no genius at all that has ever been submitted to test; she is simply a brave, fine, talented woman, boasting the absolute confidence of a plucky manager and judge of dramatic gifts. She has weathered through the gale of affectations which came near ruining what charm there might be in her acting, and she has gathered around her a goodly battalion of admirers.

She is one of the loveliest characters among women of the stage; she is quite the best dressed actress in the world, and these negative qualities cover a multitude of positive deficiencies. She has courageously arrayed careful study of her chosen art against featherweight talent for the stage, that great and all-devouring haven of genius. She veils the lack of lofty gifts with the sweet truth of womanliness, and blows upon the embers of faint talent the breath of fine impulse and spirited imagination.

Miss Adams owes a tithe of her opportunity to John Drew, who, when he climbed off his perch in the Daly company and chose a banner with the Drew device, insisted that Maude Adams should be his leading woman. Frohman had a Rehan beauty associated in his mind's retrospect of Mr. Drew's success, and Drew's persistence in selecting the fragile Dresden statue Maude was, to say the least, disturbing. But when Mr. Drew appeared in Fitch's brittle little looking-glass comedy, prepared for Drew's trial of speed as a star, Miss Maude

Adams was one of the charming surprises. The part of Madame Blondet is a rare, brilliant, high-comedy rôle, and Miss Adams touched the subtle character with a deliciously original color, beautifully complimentary to Drew's satirical elegance. She did not look the part in any one situation. She had an awkward, boyish manner and a mild, delicate face which contradicted her intelligent acting, fine voice, and brilliant comedy. But she impressed thoughtful people as being one of those lasting artists who grow upon the public and achieve immense popularity; she was so sincere, clear, and simple in her methods, and plainly intellectual.

In the Henry Arthur Jones play Miss Adams was even more impressive. She is so natural and womanly and has so much fine emotional talent that whatever part is given her to play there is found a sympathetic chord in tune with her own lovely temperament.

She is direct and graceful and is alive with the finer, more soulful emotions, so that she sighs and melts and droops with supine pleasantness. She is brightly intelligent, and reads poetic ripple with much charming intuition and feeling.

When she bade farewell to Mr. Drew, to scintillate with Barrie's Scotch kirk folk, that immensely popular gentleman was quite left alone, for she was almost a joint star during the years Drew proved his right to stellar honors.

John Drew is changeless as the multiplication table. Were he to play Polonius and Romeo in one bill, there would be no earthly difference in the two parts barring a possible set of aged whiskers. But Mr. Drew is delightful in his sameness; he is breezy, intelligent, graceful and brimful of high, light comedy. His own personality is infinitely engaging, and nobody in America would care a rap to see him in any unrecognizable guise.

Society in all quarters rushed upon Mr. Drew and "made

of him" vastly. He took to tea and golf, and invariably proved a source of edification and delight. Lots of actors take kindly to golf and play it horribly; perhaps it is because of the opportunity for bizarre make-ups. If a man can appear to advantage in a golf costume he ought to be able to play low comedy without a net. John Drew is politely rabid upon the subject of golf, and when in Chicago creates something of a pleasurable stir among the devotees who club in plaids at Wheaton and Onwentsia.

Somebody asked Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor whether John played a good game.

"Well, no," judicially decided that lovely lady; then hesitating she added, brightly, "But his stockings are dreams."

The unquestioned success of Miss Maude Adams is an evidence of how manner, style, and temperament may eclipse the claims of beauty and genius.

Miss Adams' distinct femininity is her dominant charm. Her face is sensitive as a japonica, and has a piquant lack of repose which keeps the smile of her eyes, a pair of bewitchingly uncertain dimples and delicate lips in an entertaining kaleidoscope of surprises. She entirely lacks every line of beauty; nevertheless she is lovely. Expression of a soulful, intelligent, and emotional sort saves her countenance from undeniable scars of ugliness; her teeth shine, her eyes glow, her voice ripples musically, her throat beats with sympathy, and lo! she delights ineffably. For the rest, she is a scrawny, awkward girl, all angles and physical disappointments; her arm is no more like the slender, dimpled limb of a lovely woman than like the disjointed branch of a sapling; she has a yard of plain, bony wrist, and likely that much ankle; her waist reaches from her neck to her hips, and every Hogarth curve is missing. She has not Bernhardt's combination of thinness and leonine force of grace, her lithe elegance, or ani-

To Miss Lucie -
Sincerely Yours - Mlle Se Walcott - 1899

mal suppleness. Miss Adams is simply a bony young woman who tries very hard to use her feet and hands as if they were not hinged on wires, and in the discreetly arranged success of Miss Adams's concealment of what she lacks lies the secret of her commendable triumphs.

She is an appealing, direct, and soothing artist, whose keen mental digestion is one of the healthiest elements in her work. She has a certain originality of mode and a formidable package of arch-coquetries which are rooted cunningly in her personality, bestowing therein a welcome bit of the unusual.

In "The Little Minister" Miss Adams gives wings to her prettiest ways, her smolder and flame of mood, her exquisite comedy and tender rainfalls of pathos. A delicate and engaging picture is this uniquely gifted artist as Babbie, a distorted shadow of Barrie's glorious Egyptian.

Babbie is not the wild barbarian of beauty and luminous emotion who danced vindictively into the kirk lad's gray life and lit all Thrums with conflicting passions. Dear me, no! Babbie, the Frohmanized Babbie, is an awkward little lady of high degree, who in a charming blend of mischief and sympathy most demurely flirts with the beloved young dominie, does a lot of semi-respectable things, and whisks from midnight woods to lordly halls with the dainty frolic of an irresponsible pet kitten. Miss Adams is positively delightful in all this. She bubbles over with humor, and her fascinating face with its small roseleaf flutters of expression, her adorable nose and pretty eyes, her long, Consuelo throat and dainty touches of art are simply captivating.

Miss Adams folds her listless hands one over the other, she tilts up her cautiously concealed chin and ripples out something meant to be unco snod Gaelic, but which has so fragrant an odor of Tipperary shamrock that only the unskilled devotee could mistake the accent.

Mr. Frohman has thrown about the production his choicest mantle of perfection. Not the savage blackness of Whindy-Ghoul, nor the moan of the starving weavers, for these are compressed into forgetfulness, together with the reckless splendor of Babbie's beauty and wickedness, but the Scotch characters assembled about the manse in the kirk are preserved valiantly. W. H. Thompson flings a tartan into the clutter of dialects struggling to be Scotch; his superb interpretation of Tammas Whamond is the most vivid and truthful thing in the play, his rich mellow Gaelic struts like a bagpipe among the other rolling tongues, and a fine strength is given Barrie's preserved humor by Mr. Thompson's intelligent portrayal. Nothing in the history of the Empire Theater has created such a social ripple of profitable excitement nor any success been so remunerative, and Maude Adams's witcheries, her indescribable magnetism and personality are the fascinations most sought and complimented by fashionable approval. She is still growing, this delightful girl with music in her throat and soul in her eyes, and the charm of watching her has a broader scope than in her spring-flower hour of bloom.

KEENE

After all, it is the gallery boys who preserve the classics in legitimate drama.

They revel in the untrammeled luxuriance of elocution, oratory, and the thunderous verses of incomparable bards. Shakespeare had long since died a death of oppressive respectability had it not been for the "gods" and the melodramatic tragedians who play to them and cater to them.

Thomas W. Keene drove the Avon Pegasus through storms of icy indifference and over mountains of effete contumely. He clung to his original and rugged methods of interpretation, leased no tithe of his schooling and flaming heroics to the gentler intellectuals. He played Shakespeare to the gallery, for the gallery and those below of the top-tier inclination. If financial success did not follow him invariably, at least literature is indebted to him for keeping the prince of poets before the people when greater artists looked askance at the divine tragedies, touched the comedies with modern wands, transformed them into something else than Shakespeare, and unwittingly rung the knell of strict old-time legitimate tragedy by avoiding Shakespeare except in elaborate disfigurements of spectacular productions.

Unless Americans cared to hear Shakespeare's tragedy interpreted by Thomas W. Keene or Robert Downing they did not know him, save as a most highly regarded book occasionally dusted and enjoyed in scraps of silenced harmony. But the boys aloft are aware of the undimmed treasures in Richard of Gloster's heroics, they rant in bold imitations of

Keene's Othello and Downing's Cæsar. Mr. Irving and Mr. Mansfield put exquisitely accoutered presentations of "The Merchant of Venice" before the sated public palate with more loyalty to the poet than hopes for unusual gain. The fashionables go not to hear Shakespeare intellectually translated, but to see Irving and Mansfield. The gallery boys are crowded out by aspiring students and amateurs, who pack the roof seats ordinarily devoted to a noisy and knowledgeous herd. That factor of civilization known as "the people" does not see these great actors, and by and by Mansfield will shelve his Richard as Irving has Malvolio; but Tom Keene, as long as he lived, shouted Richard's ire, bellowed out the hallowed poetry for the delectation and education of the classes which give tone and potence to a century.

By his persistent pursuance of one line of parts long after lugubrious drama had found its Waterloo, Mr. Keene has left a gap in the seasons no other actor is ready to fill, and next to filling a niche in the arch of fame is leaving a vacancy. It may not have been the largest, finest harvest for talents so brilliant as Keene's were at the start, but a lot of actors who looked upon Keene as an inferior could be much better spared by the cause of the drama. He carried the echoes of Shakespeare into the fastnesses of the wilderness, he sung in caves and waved his garish banner through the darkness, and there is nobody else ready to catch up the broken flagstaff and carry crude but welcome drama into the highways and hedges. He will be missed for years, not in the gorgeous temples of modern art, but in the woods and on the prairies, in the folds empty of music and the villages where rustic faith is invulnerable, and where Keene's mastery was complete. He went about "with his wild harp strung behind him" like the minstrels and historians of old, and all his faults accumulated were most forgivable.

When Tom Keene played his last engagement in Chicago he was induced to consult a famous astrologer upon the prospect of Keene's immediate season, his health and general chances of good luck, long life, and the usual encouragements possibly hidden in the secrets of the stars.

He left town before the horoscope was cast, and the learned interpreter of the firmament's ultimatum brought the document to me that it might be forwarded to the actor's address. The horoscope was still in my possession when Keene was seized with his fatal illness, and with permission of his wife I read the document through before forwarding it to the sick husband. Most startling were the disclosures of that simple map of a life under glowering threat, and over all the predictions lay a warning against the middle of May, the entire month, and a malarial density of outlook from the twenty-fifth of that month. In one part of the story there came the words, "Beware of the month of May; a miss is as good as a mile," followed by mysterious hints and evasions. The day after I had read the odd forecast of Keene's danger he was no more, and the horoscope with its melancholy forebodings, was on its way to the bereaved widow.

Thomas Keene lived such a very subdued and inconspicuous existence during the last years of his life that few except his intimates knew of the manifold deeply thoughtful pursuits which occupied his mind. He had grown profoundly religious through the influence of his devoted wife, who is a believer in Christian science and something of a theosophist. Keene's cure from his first menace of paralysis came through the exertions of the scientists and laying on of hands. It was almost a miraculous awakening from incipient paresis into comparative vigor of intellect, and naturally the actor was led into study of the methods and enthusiasms of that cult which had afforded him not only relief but lease of life and restoration

to mental control and a marvelous return of his "study," which enabled him to continue his work upon the stage without learning all the parts again. A hesitation in speech arising from partial paralysis of the throat muscles and a sympathetic uncertainty of mental action were about the only difficulties Tom Keene experienced after his healing through faith. He was strong and well, happy, though always a trifle more somber of thought and occupation than he had been in his prime. He withdrew from the gayer set of companions, closeted himself with his interesting family and his work, his advisers and beliefs.

Tom always took himself and his acting very seriously. Though he was hearty and amiable and a good fellow when called upon, he was never without his special pose, and it did lend a charm to his work and his personality. It was not affectation at all, but simply a consideration for his métier and his endowments; an appreciation of the calling which he held himself bound to adorn and a realization of all its weight and honors. Actors have always inclined to the impression that Keene was "short measure" in genius and accomplishment, but he was neither. He had a breadth of dramatic understanding beyond the ordinary, and a tremendous fire and magnetism. In 'Frisco I have seen an audience turn from McCullough and rise to its feet in wild cheers for Tom Keene, simply because of the splendor of his voice, the brilliancy of his moment of passion, and the irresistible power of the man, his chief attraction when he was at his best. McCullough was a great favorite in California, too, but Keene divided laurels with the big roaring tragedian.

Keene's magnificent successes in melodrama led him into florid, pompous and excessive styles of delivery and those glaring, flagrant schools of acting which limited his possibilities to a degree, but he used to be one of the most delightful

character comedians, one of the happiest interpreters of dialect and strongly drawn caricatures who ever acted in America. His villains swooped down upon art like a Nemesis and were admiringly hissed from Los Angeles to Boston, and the strange might of his murderers and plotters, his picturesque rascals and kingly scoundrels slipped Keene into a groove which, as his days grew paler, left him behind the dramatic age. He was not fitted to study new parts, and the rust upon Shakespeare ate into Tom's heart and threw dust into the eyes of his public. But he was of good cheer and great hope, even toward the end, and was a big card in those quarters of the earth where "the classics" in any shape are greeted with respectful solicitude. Keene never cultivated his genius at all; it ran riot, and when Ariel Barney selected him out of the splendid galaxy of actors then available as one of the impressive hopes, it was regarded a fantastic speculation. But Ariel made a lot of money and Keene a fine reputation that busy year of Keene's initial bow as a star.

He was always a mine of force, and never made the slightest effort to chisel or carve or minimize his terrific power into nobler symmetry. He went at his work with an honest, assured laborer's conviction that to expend power was to achieve success, and it was this violence of his vital expenditures which probably superinduced his collapse. My, but Keene could be noisy when the melodramatic mood was upon him and he was in full blood and heartily infatuated with the work in hand! It was an effulgent, captivating sort of noisy oratory which in after years became a brawl inconsequent and objectionable under the modified devoirs of acting. His sudden recalling from the hawk flights of rant to the pedantic suppression of scholarly acting came like a body blow to him, when through Lawrence Barrett the exclusion of Keene's

name from among the celebrities invited to participate in the famous Cincinnati dramatic festival put Keene a rung lower upon the ladder than the humblest votary of Thespis. The blot splashed upon his escutcheon, and he never forgot it. Toward the last Mr. Keene was relegated to the towns not so sullied that they would sneer and scowl at smaller attempts in mimic and preservation of rudely interpreted classics. Tom Keene tided Shakespeare over ten years' positive neglect, and in revivals his influence is not to be regretted.

HERNE

In a little red frame cottage at West Troy, James A. Herne was born. Forty years ago Troy was not as rapid a village as others on the map, and James, who was a fine, whopping, brainy boy, began to peer about into employments which might lead to adventure, breadth of experience, and vague fame. Occupation in a Troy grocery with plenty of muscular demands in the daily routine, exceedingly small mental opportunity, and toy remuneration sent James to books deep and lurid, to dark recitals, melodramatic stage performances and the dusty shelves of romantic literature, tragic classics, and the grewsome plays of Kirby's day.

Those were the real, the true, the developing days of dramatic talent in America. There was absolutely no commercial incentive to adoption of the stage as a profession. The ablest leading men were paid ten or fifteen dollars per week, and required to furnish every item of wardrobe. Stars were their own managers, and that ubiquitous nuisance, the "press agent" had never breathed. Every actor engaging for a special line of business was presumed to be "up" in the parts belonging to that line in all the standard dramas, and the repertoire of the least pretentious was something to be marveled at by later-day, collar-and-cuff favorites. The result of this plainly uninviting hue of the financial department of the profession and the honest, toilsome prospect in the matter of study and attainment brought to the unsteady footlights only devotees — men of exalted ambition and soulful intent, women of promising beauty and profound mental gifts. Brisk

soubrettes, sad eyed emotional aspirants and piquant *ingenues* were instructed according to the evident showing of the complexion of their talents, and a change of bill every night, year in and year out, soon schooled the most tiresome and dull of the amateur pupils. There was a systematic abandon of the world outside the theater, except as a rowdy recreation, perhaps, or an occasional reckless lawlessness. For the stage door was secretive and hidden, and the rehearsals under breath, and in reverent cultivation was that fascinating atmosphere of mystery which kept the dazzle of pure gold on old-time tinsel, and let false curls blowse fetchingly about the heroine's powdered shoulders, and preserved all the lofty puzzles which cheap and inartistic moderns have divulged to the familiars behind the scenes.

Those days actors were looked upon askance, perhaps, but always in awe and respectful curiosity. They in nowise belonged to the battling herd of dollar-grabbers, and they affected the careless and poetic air of a cult above the ordinary.

The "chummy," intimate day of King Cole and Kitty Clive, Mrs. Woffington, and the dictatorial hour of the fops, the king and clowns had not swept across the ocean and through the years, and the distrait, transcendental actor at ten dollars per, nothing found, was a being of strange fascinations and mystery.

James Herne was a particularly handsome youth, and with ardor of belief in a higher vocation than twirling of flour barrels and measuring potatoes, he silently bethought him of the stage. Companies came rarely to Troy, and it cost twenty cents to travel to the Thespic joys of Albany. But once, when fortunes seemed to have clubbed together to gloom upon the soulful James, a troupe arrived at West Troy and his spirits writhed with hope.

The troupe consisted of one highly approved Joe Webb, a supporting cohort, and two magnificent St. Bernard dogs. They played "The Dog of Montargis," written about the story of Aubry de Montdidier, "The Peddler of Ghent," and dramas where the canine triumphant thwarted villains, saved heroes, and committed unparalleled deeds of glory.

Fate and the flowing bowl of West Troy left the part of Macaire in the French mountain melodrama open for aspiring genius, and the comely, bright, and talented young Herne boldly offered himself ready to take the absconded highwayman's place, allow the famous dog to bark at his upraised club, tear at his heels, and otherwise threaten instant and gory removal of his plastic calves. Webb was a delightful fellow, vrai Bohemian, and learned in all the tricks of catching applause and leading the gallery on to howls. Young Herne went from the little red cottage at West Troy, with its soft curling vines of honeysuckle, its neat sunny garden patch under the shade of elm and weeping willow, dense with the smell of cinnamon roses and marigold, and he went away into the mysterious life of an actor—an actor with the dog of Montargis at his clanking heels.

He has had a panoramic, adventurous, and picturesque life of ups and downs, and all his great successes, splendid achievements, and tragic disappointments make a romance of immense interest. There might as well be all colors on the palette of a painter who would picture James A. Herne's life; the pale, smoky rose of dawn, the blaze of noon, stormy nights, blasts from every fitful whirlwind of time and tide, and the warm glow of peaceful setting suns mellow and tender in content as the candle lighting his Uncle Nat up rickety Shore Acres stairs.

Herne is still a handsome man, though I can remember when he stood straight as an arrow, brawny and spirited, with

an odd, unruly crop of brown hair, fine blue eyes and about as neat a foot and hand as are usually given to the ruder sex.

He has the same responsive face, though a pair of rather feminine dimples which used to adorn his cheeks have spirited away, and his firm mouth has grown considerably more gentle and likely to be the pleasant channel of greater speeches and better yarns than used to issue therefrom years ago. Herne has seen life in all phases, has fasted and feasted among its richest treasures, and is to-day one of the best-preserved, mellowest, productive actors of the old and honest school.

He talks in a comfortable, humorous drawl, and uses beautiful language, original diction, and quiet, convincing tones.

He is the most philosophical stoic in the world himself, but he knows a thousand subtle webs that weave tenderly about the public heart. He is immeasurably human in his character-sketching and dramatic situation. The baby in "Hearts of Oak" won thousands of dollars through the regular matinée contingent from ocean to ocean. Herne's simple pathos will sway hearts that Hugo's tragedies could hardly touch. There is a quaint homeliness to all comedy that leaves his pen, and a quiet naturalness most engaging. Above all, Herne writes from a human standpoint. His characters are unpretentious people we know, the scenes all from our own maps, and the English our own broad-gauge prairie and nutmeg homespun. There are no weak sentences in Herne's plays. They are pointed, well put, and telling, written with an eye to correct composition, but above all, couched in air-line words which reach an audience quickest. The instinct of the actor is uppermost always in any of Herne's pieces. To have a line in elegant language is advisable, but to make it "go" is imperative, and the actor craft succeeds where literary merit is adroitly shut out in favor of effect. It is astonishing how often rhetoric and dramatic climax spar

for scientific points only. For years Jim Herne has studied, adapted, staged, produced, and acted every sort of play from Shakespeare to Gunter. He is an actor of acknowledged power and finish. He has invented rocking ships, drifting clouds, pantomime tricks by the cart-load, and gags of every description, from Cape Cod slang to Camille lung trouble. Everything capable of decoying the winged public which delights in being fooled.

Herne and James Whitcomb Riley are the most devoted chums. They meet seldom, but are jealous of every minute the fruitful companionship is allowed. When Herne meets Riley in Indiana the poet sits thoughtfully through Herne's play, and after the play they wander around in an atmosphere especially created for sympathetic humorists, and laugh at each other's stories, sympathize over pathetic fabrications of their inventive minds, or the real, true suffering exploited in reminiscence.

Mostly they talk of children, because both the men love these little jokes on posterity, and once when the two Jims sat out in an Indianapolis Park until daylight, telling stories of children, nearly all imaginary, the greater number of those delicious Riley child-life sketches, which are reaching the hearts of multitudes just now, were told under the morning starlight to Jim Herne. The ragged little chap and his strawberry shortcake, and a dozen like it, and one which never saw print, but which is as airy a baby trick as ever Riley conned.

Twin girls, very tiny and very beautiful, could never be told apart, and one day Giroflé was very naughty and Girofla very good, or vice versa, so the adventurous mamma of the gemini put the naughty little girl to bed, and in order to make the punishment more indicative she dressed up the other twin in her prettiest gown and ribbons and allowed her to go out

walking in the park. A lady met the small walking maid and said: "How do you do? Now, which one of the twins are you?"

The baby lifted her curly head and said, loftily, "I'm the one that's out."

That is Herne's story.

BARRYMORE

Of all the comedians sent to us from the British Isles—and their name is legion when it is not Dennis—Maurice Barrymore is the most brilliantly gifted. His conquering personal magnetism, physical beauty and vivacious intellectuality constitute him a figure *sui generis* and enviable. He is in tune with every thrill of sympathetic pulses; he is a dramatic artist from his clear olive cuticle to his heart's core. He is ineffably lazy by inclination, but works if he must, as some indolent men do, with a ferocious ardor inspiring in its vital endurance.

Barrymore writes with a fierce speed, a mental precocity which burns with an exalted light and races away from suspected possibilities in himself. He has woven plays of fascinating intensity, and plunged into themes upon scientific phenomena and social economics. His intellectual capacity has never been tested by the delightful, romantic fellows with whom his dramatic talent has peopled the world of mimic. He has tragic force and exquisite poetic moments, but they have all been summed up in flashes because of the volatile, boyish nature of this charming man. He has no steadfast ambitions, no truth to his vast inheritances, but he stands to-day a most picturesque revelation of extravagant versatility in talent and forgivable irresponsibility.

Something ought to arrive in the procession of inherited Barrymore genius, for nothing can come of delightful, brilliant, and gifted Maurice's waste of his own advantage.

He is the most charming bundle of contradictions ever created. He has not even profited by his wonderful good

looks, and a handsome man sometimes makes capital of that. He is as tender and gentle and sympathetic as a little mother, and he even wastes that. While his magnificent children were growing up he rarely asked about them, but would burst into tears of repentance and joy at hearing of them through an affectionate mediator. He has not an insincere bone in his perfect constitution, but he is made up of unfulfilled expectations of his friends and unfulfilled promises to himself.

Barrymore was born in India, and the mystic phosphorescence of that clime has clung to his temperament through years of sedulous English college training and the ruffian part of bohemian existence, both over there and here. He is a talker of faultless vocabulary and a spinning wit, which is not of any time or nation, but inimitable, irresistible, and uncontrollable as a spring freshet.

To look upon, to watch, to listen to Maurice Barrymore in a congenial part is to behold nature in her liveliest temper of pleasantness. Mr. Barrymore perchance has faults, but they are not of personality nor face nor figure nor intelligence. He is about as near a desirable man to see across the footlights as the stage shall ever grant us.

He is in truth a man of such undisputed physical endowments that simply his presence is a tribute to art. But aside from his great luck in possessing eyes sung by poets, hands framed in Ouida's chapters, a length of limb no tailor can defy, and graces scarcely granted lesser mortals, Mr. Barrymore has a wit brisk as Sheridan's and an intellect keenly sensitive to exalted emotions and piercing comedy. His personal magnetism is so irresistible that since first he consented to entertain his enslaved public everything unpardonable is instantly absolved if the fault be "Barry's."

No good actor can be totally without a sense of humor, and usually they are witty. Except Barrymore, however, and

Sothern or Nat Goodwin, no actor America has chosen to call her own can hold a spluttering candle to Wilton Lackaye in the matter of brilliant incisive repartee and inventive humor.

Lackaye is a wit very much after the style of the humorists of another day, when wit was scarcer and of a higher, more cleaving and enduring sort.

But there is this gentle difference in favor of Maurice Barrymore—his most artful and subtle point is rose-blown with pleasantness and the welcome lack of harm. Lackaye is bitter, intensely cynical and caustic, without a touch of the Barrymore sweetness to alloy his severely unapproachable wit. Lackaye's steel-cold eyes, big and penetrating, go with his vitriolic shafts of humor, and Barry's beautiful, soft, gipsy orbs carry mischievous apologies for every unkind thing he may be whirled into slipping from his storehouse of fun. Together these irrepressible humorists are dangerous enjoyments.

One evening Marshall Wilder, the amiable manikin who has a more or less expected fib and an entirely unexpected appetite to exhaust at the expense of every acquaintance he pursues upon the globe, met Wilton Lackaye and Maurice Barrymore at the Lambs' Club, and Marshall, all thirst and blinks and cold-storage humor, confided to the two handsome men, who towered above and bought him wine, that he intended writing an autobiography. Marshall, being of the wee-folk tribe born to be petted rather than depended upon, is "near" and is seldom known to "treat" in the American fashion or entertain in the more civilized, less whole-souled mode of foreigners.

"Yes," bustlingly announced Marshall, "I am going to write an autobiography, and you two will probably figure decoratively."

"An auto-buy-ography?" inquired Lackaye, "with the accent on the buy?"

"No," mused Barrymore, "with the accent on the ought-to."

At a table Barrymore steals into his least alluring shell, and refuses to shine where Goodwin and Lackaye scintillate according to their various humors. He is unspeakably shy and abashed by numbers, which inspire other wits to memorable efforts. Not that it takes a crowd to awaken any of the witty actors, nor a great provocation. One day Lackaye and Barrymore boarded an elevator just as Richard Harlowe, a celebrated female impersonator, stepped in to make the third passenger. Lackaye, without a smile, politely lifted his hat and rode uncovered to his destination.

Maurice Barrymore's life with his brilliant wife, Georgie Drew, was a continual bombardment of wit, clever queries and answers which are classics. One was quite the match for the other, and the pair incomparable. Both tall, handsome, and strongly individual, they were observable anywhere; but in their hundred amiable battles of wit they were perhaps as unique and dazzling a husband and wife as ever devotedly entertained diverging opinions. Georgie was blonde, a devout Roman Catholic, and the gentlest of mothers to her pretty children; Maurice, dark as night, a bohemian of the wildest popularity, who believed in his wife and approved of her enthusiastically. He mourns her always now that she has gone, speaks of her as "my Georgie," and loves to talk about her. She was the daughter of the famous Mrs. John Drew, and inherited her exhaustless mother's various talents.

The old Arch Street Theater, where Mrs. Drew made so much money, seldom entertained any of Mrs. Drew's children. Every Friday night they were allowed to come there and enjoy the play. John, Louise, and Georgie, in their little

dimity pinafores, would sit wide-eyed and applaud the great acting. Louise was the pretty little unfortunate who had been hurt through the carelessness of a nurse, and was always delicate and suffering, but she was the most beautiful of all the family.

Once Maurice Barrymore played Captain Absolute in "The Rivals" for a benefit in which most of the Drew family and its addendas were represented. Maurice never knew a line in his life, and of course said whatever entered his head instead of the dialogue. Mrs. Drew was confounded, and in a blaze of anger she whiffed scorn at him through every scene, switched indignation at him from the hem of her petticoats, and landed him glares which would have tamed a zebra. But through it all Barry was cool as a sherbet, bowed graciously to her, showed his milk-white teeth, and never blinked an eyelash to admit he had received her subtly but unmistakably delivered shafts of rage. Only the actors who knew what should have been done could detect this side drama of mother-in-law and delinquent son, and Georgie Drew, who was in the cast, nearly laughed herself unfit for the play at the duo her brilliant husband and equally brilliant mother were doing in a minor key.

Georgie was always ready to see the humorous side of her husband's shortcomings. Once Barrymore and Louis James met in the cool dawn of a June morning, and Louis said, "Come on, Barry, let me walk home with you."

"Georgie's there by this time," said Mr. Barrymore, reflectively. "She was to arrive at four-thirty this morning; perhaps it would be nice of you to come."

Arrived at the Barrymore domicile they were greeted by Georgie in regal state of full traveling dress. She looked at them both silently, and then said to Mr. Barrymore, "You have brought your 'squarer' with you, have you?"

"No, darling," said Barry, unperturbed, putting his long arm around James; "I have brought my 'rounder' with me."

Barrymore was listening very much bored to the pompous braying of a man who had come from the slums, reached out and grabbed things enough to make himself rich, and accomplished enough bizarre things to make himself notorious. Telling fabulous episodes of his career and of himself, he wound up by boasting of his own helpfulness.

"I am a self-made man, Mr. Barrymore," blew the success triumphantly. "Yes, sir, a self-made man."

"Who interrupted you?" gently said Barrymore.

When Mr. Barrymore was contemplating the production of his turgid Slav melodrama "Nadjeska," strange beings with untried talent hunted him in his lair and offered their gifts at his shrine. Barrymore was deep in his manuscript, brooding over a tumultuous murder scene, when Georgie appeared and asked in her ringing voice of satire, "Can you make any use of a young man who has never been on any stage, but feels the dramatic fire coursing through his veins?"

"I'm afraid not. Tell him Russian ceilings are too low for his act," responded Barrymore, with a blue pencil between his even teeth.

It used to be the loveliest amusement of the season to catch Count Bozenta and Barrymore together when Modjeska petted Barry as her stage lover and her faithful devotee everywhere. The count and madame are so perfectly mated that no such unpleasantness as a disagreement between this pair ever grew out of any manner of outrageous complications. The count is a Blackstone for argument, and Barrymore, being eloquent, is quite as fond of pro and con as Bozenta, and the two couldn't pass each other on the street without violent contention about the simplest, most trivial points of

difference. Madame would invariably fly to the rescue of Bozenta when things waxed torrid.

Expecting instant disagreement with anything he might present for Barrymore's diverging opinion, it was Bozenta's habit to blow a storm of cigarette ashes over himself and stop Barry, plunging both the subject of argument and the indisputable answer at Maurice, and then flit absently out of sight.

"Wot you think off Gladstone, Barry? For me no," would shout the count, hastening out of reach of Mr. Barrymore's home rule defense of the grand old man.

Understanding Barrymore's predilection for things British and clever, Bozenta would say: "Maurice, wot you think off ze English comedian—he is a hopeless thing *toujours*, eh?"

Once they had a famous squabble over a blackbird.

"As obvious and blatant a blackbird as ever stole corn," explains Mr. Barrymore, which Bozenta insisted was a robin.

Bozenta brought out tomes of imaginative authority, and spouted personal reminiscences of Audubon at Barry until that handsome fellow's ears drooped, and while Bozenta glibly quoted, the merry bird flew away, and Bozenta described it as he chose, and Barry listened and wanted to wrestle with his conversational manager.

These daily wrangles always ended by Barry's deliberately calling the count a prevaricator, and the count instantly discharging Barry, or the count calling Barrymore an inventor of fabrications, and Barrymore formally but indignantly delivering his resignation. About four times a week these interchanges of decisive courtesies took place, and the adorable Modjeska was expected to accomplish the very easy task of reconciliation. One night it suited Barrymore to accept the release from his contract, and he took a train for New York, a proceeding Bozenta does not understand to this day, though they are still fast friends.

Notwithstanding his own physical beauty, which is exceptional, Maurice Barrymore has so little of the saving grace of vanity that his garb is a Petruchio wedding outfit the year around. He is never aware of his good looks, from which he cannot escape, and even on the stage he is careless about his dress to a point of eccentricity. He cares less about the adulation of femininity, which swamps him all seasons.

He is a rather irrational and eccentric lover of animals, and once when his dogs, birds, beavers, cats, rabbits, and weird furry cubs of various paternity accumulated beyond the endurance of his housemates he bought a farm and kept his menagerie there.

At a New York bench show, where Barry's famous Belle of Clyde, a Clydesdale terrier of fabulous pedigree, was sure to carry off a medal, I looked in vain for the Belle and her lovable master. The third day I saw, creeping listlessly about the show, Barry, unshaven, miserable, hollow-eyed, and distrait. I made my way to him, and he clasped my hand in a desperately tragic way, and then in a torrent of tears he told me that some miscreant at Staten Island had set his farmhouses on fire and burned up his entire collection of vertebræ, ornithological and mammal. Knowing the surprising and grotesque variegations included in this farm full, it was rather laughable, but the cruelty of it had so upset Barrymore that nothing but a sort of an impromptu wake and intense sympathy were possible. The Belle of Clyde was saved, and she is always with her owner, under his chair and occasionally on the stage, as intelligent as a whole lot of actors.

Once when Mr. Barrymore was with Frohman they went across country for a visit to California, and the fearful aggregation of flora and fauna shipped as excess baggage for Mr. Barrymore was a matter of perpetual contention. He had three coyotes, two mountain lion cubs, four dogs, eight birds

of entirely different and quarrelsome feather, four Angora kittens, six prairie dogs, a cactus, and three weasels. Every day impromptu fights between two or more of these pleasant overland companions were arranged by Barrymore for the amusement of the company, and a delayed train meant wild excitement in the baggage car ahead. Finally Mr. Frohman politely but distinctly requested Barrymore to remove his menagerie or hire a special car, and with great reluctance the matinée favorite crated his beauties and shipped them, vegetable and all, to the ill-starred farm on Staten Island. Lonely to feverishness, Barry arrived in Seattle with but one dog to his hapless name, so he started out to hunt things normal enough to accompany him and relieve him of the constant strain of refined society actors and traveling games of harmless poker. Way out at Lake Washington Mr. Barrymore was rewarded for obedience, and coming to look him up two of the company beheld, sitting on a rock, a trampish fellow coaxing in rare pantomime a blundering, awkward, and wabbling bear at the end of a knotted old rope.

"Barry ought to catch this chap," said Rowland Buckstone.

"By George," said Faversham, squinting his eyes against the long evening rays of a red territorial sun, "it is Barry!"

Sure enough it was, and upon approach of his friends he jerked his dusty handkerchief around his neck, hitched up his suspenderless trousers, and said, with a glorious light of amusement in his wonderful eyes, "Watch him, boys; come to papa, you ruffian, come here to me!" And the bear submissively rolled toward the actor. Barry had bought him from a tramp not less shabbily attired than himself, had paid five dollars for the bear, and meant to bring him to the hotel to take the place of the lost menagerie. The hotel rebelled, and Barrymore went prowling around Seattle for a helpless

boarding-house keeper with a back yard and no boarders. Something possible helped him out of his homelessness, and he invited the men of the company in for an exhibition in boxing which he and his bear gave Sunday evening. The bear delighted Barrymore much more than it did his guests, for in the third round the beast tore Barry's shoulder wide open, and though he did not regard it other than in a spirited light of sport, he proposed cutting the animal's claws, and borrowed a plumber's shears for the solemn ceremony. Barry edged up companionably against his bruin, and cajoled him tenderly while he smoothed out the longest and wickedest claw to begin. Snip went the big clippers, and a roar came from the bear's throat, that broke the window panes and sent the sportive actors out through the transoms, doors, chimney flues, and cellarways. Barry and the bear closed for keeps, and the bear never let up a minute on the chilling roar of distrust and rage. Barry managed to wriggle out of the mad hug and shot through an open door, breathless but safe, and full of excuses for his newly acquired pet. Inside, the bear was thrashing around like a canyon freshet, tearing down mantels, smashing chairs, lamps, and tables, ripping up carpets, and running up a damage bill of about one hundred dollars against Mr. Barrymore, sportsman and humanitarian.

Every little while there would be a grunting lull, and Barry would say, "There you are, old chap, all's quiet," and poke his head venturesomely in the door, but with the sight of Barry the wildest thundering of roars would begin again, and finally it was decided to send for the tamer of whom Mr. Barrymore had made the purchase, and quietly dismiss bruin from the Frohman company. Melancholy sat upon the Greek-god countenance of Mr. Barrymore, and if somebody had not eased the suicidal pressure of failure upon Barry's sensitive heart by promising to send him two wise beavers in

a peripatetic mud-bath he had probably retired to a monastery or taken to vaudeville many years too soon.

It was typical of the gentle simplicity and eternal youth in Maurice Barrymore's contradictory nature that he should gather together all sorts of dumb brutes and feathered singers just for love of them.

He had offered one hundred dollars to anybody who could furnish him with a pair of beavers, and a man in Wisconsin secured him two splendid specimens and shipped them East, with way-bills calling for care and food. All the bills were made out "two in a box," the shipping-bill adding "beavers" to the description. They came along to a midway town, and fell to the receiving man on duty at night. He was an old Irishman, very exact and faithful, and he bethought himself of the tip for care and food, and proceeded to count up his house and inquire whereof the genus beaver did eat, drink, and be merry withal. He pried open the crate, and out jumped two measly little cats, scared to death and very hungry. The Irishman rubbed his eyes, corralled his freight, bought them milk and meat, charged it up on his way-bill, and wrote, "Two in a box. Is cats," and sent it out. Nobody ever found out where the change was made.

Mr. Barrymore's cosmopolitanism was once deferentially indicated when a suave but annoyed stage manager came to him and said: "Mr Barrymore, I'm very grieved, but your American accent is so decided that although we are sure of your eminent fitness for the part allotted you, the London public, you know—"

"Oh, yes. I know," said handsome Barrymore, with his Adonis brow a-furl. "I wonder what I'll do. In America they won't have me because I am so blasted British, you know, and here I'm too American. Do they expect me to confine my dramatic efforts to the transatlantic steamers?"

LANGTRY

Every once in a while in a glitter flies the suspicion that Mrs. Langtry is about to sail for the Pacific coast, bringing the usual cohorts of purple and gold in her magnificent train. She never arrives, but the warning is exciting.

She travels much and always in the most resplendent American fashion. In Europe, where busy or idling people rich enough to build railroads board a train in a sort of polite economy, piling into second and third class coaches with emigrants of every tribe—except Americans—Mrs. Langtry's preferences for luxury and seclusion is regarded as something akin to bad manners. If she can, she has a private car, and her own portable kitchen and chef, if her trip is of sufficient distance to threaten the lack of a dinner. She travels superbly groomed, and gowned with her own exquisite taste for gravities in toilet dominant but not obtrusive. The average dowdy floundering about in trams and trains abroad looks upon tidiness as a surprise, and fashion on a railroad is light-minded at least in the eyes of the swarms loaded with a ticket to be wretched and ugly. Once, when the celebrated beauty was still upon the stage, we were to go from South Sea to Portsmouth, and thence to Liverpool, the briefest distance, likely possible in surface cars. Mrs. Langtry chartered a superb yacht lying at Cowes during the Queen's respite at Osbourne. Trunks, valets, butlers, maids, and "Joe," Langtry's famous poodle, were packed on board, when a terrific storm came up, and the rakish, white-sailed ship rocked and battered its sides and tossed about the luggage and the servants. So at midnight

The Lily ordered her perambulating household to evacuate the yacht, and telegrams were sent scurrying to officials of the railroad leading to Portsmouth, and there were no more trains. Lillie was eating cold gosling and curried rice when the submissive attendant brought that message through the storm, and as Mrs. Langtry picked the morsel of a wing delicately she said briefly, without the shadow of consternation, "Well, order one," as if a train had been another gosling wing. There are never any explanations or proffered testimonies after Mrs. Langtry gives one of her melodiously sweet commands. I never heard her speak except in the most pleasant decision to her servants, but they do her bidding silently to the best of their several devoted abilities.

The yards of the railroad were waked out of a sound provincial slumber, an engine fired up, and a coach attached, the proper right of way established, and when Mrs. Langtry had slowly finished her gosling, had a game of cribbage and a rubber of indifferent whist the carriage was announced, our wraps produced, and we ploughed through the South Sea mud from The Queen's to the depot, and in tolerably commodious berths of a sleeping car we slumbered until the sun and whistles awoke us in Liverpool.

She is a sleekly contented traveler wherever she goes, nor fears, nor frets, nor complains of anything. Once she had planned to go to Paris, and the night before her departure one of the most reliable of the Dieppe boats, "The Seabird," or "Seabright," or some such name it had, ran violently into a schooner and sunk in forty minutes, only such passengers being saved as were picked up by the ships passing, and all the luggage sunk to the bottom without hope of recovery.

Everybody in the Pont Street palace, from little solemn-eyed Jeanne to the entire servants' hall, was individually warned not to mention the calamity to Madame for fear she

would have nervous prostration. The lumbering omnibus came and carted away ten huge trunks, and those of the household closest to the beauty led conversation to strange topics and avoided newspapers of any clip. Finally she slipped into her brougham, kissed her fingers good-by to palpitating Jeanne, and drove to the steamer. When we reached Dieppe, garçons were selling specials describing the disaster and the rescues, and Mrs. Langtry, beaming beautifully, with one of her matchless smiles upon me, said: "Well, now that the trip is done, I don't suppose you'll topple over in hysterics; but there was a terrific disaster on one of those abominable little boats night before last, and I have been trying to keep it from you. I wouldn't let any of the papers be brought to the house or have it mentioned to the servants! Jeanne was safe; she never reads anything later than Josephus."

This beauty, with barbaric wildness and independence filling her life with strange occurrences and impolitic oddness, leads the most refined and inconspicuous home life. To be sure she is seldom within the walls of any one of her cloistered manors. "Sweet Duchess," as the Jersey Lily calls her own mother, Mrs. Le Breton, has watched over the little growing lady Jeanne and fetched her into glowing, adorable womanhood. Sometimes Jeanne was on the Isle of Jersey, on the Le Breton estate, sometimes both her pretty grandma and Jeanne were at Kentford, the wonderful country estate of Langtry, sometimes they were at the London mansion, and always in the strictest privacy. Jeanne, closeted in her schoolroom with tutors and instructors and coachers, a college staff of her own, and Sweet Duchess in state with her own attendants and her tender, elderly loveliness quite invigorating to see. Mrs. Le Breton, the mother of Lillie Langtry, was one of the most beautiful old ladies in all England. She

was small and dimpled and pink and white, with bright, doll-baby eyes of china blue and a whirl of snowy curls in a halo about her well-poised head. She never came to dinner except in full dress, decolleté and very elegant. She did not object to Mrs. Langtry wearing whatever suited her humor, but Mrs. Langtry's mother never forgot the proprieties. The Lily inclined to costly teagowns and marvelous confections of lace and flounces and ribbons for dinner when guests other than the family were not at table, and her mother's conspicuous rigidity was very tenderly humored by her spoiled daughter. All the gentle courtesies a child could flower a lady mother withal were cast about Mrs. Le Breton's widowed life by her daughter. The plate and portraits of the Dean of Jersey, Mrs. Langtry's father, were just where Sweet Duchess might always see them, and remembrances upon his birthday, their wedding day, and the special venerations of the gracious Dean were respectfully celebrated in consolation to his widow.

The Langtry home was a place of rest and infinite quiet. No laughter except that of pretty Jeanne or a sympathetic ripple joining hers from her mother. Mrs. Langtry, however, very rarely laughs. She smiles with her exquisite eyes and her lips, but a laugh is an extremity of license with her. Servants belonging to Mrs. Langtry are machines of absolute perfection, and seldom guests are entertained there, and then only those of the most exceptional and exclusive character. Women rarely receive the flattering courtesies of the Langtry, and for obvious reasons do not seek them. She is witty and she is wise, is this radiant creature, whose beauty thrives on years and is unrivaled. It is the sort of beauty which must be studied closely in all turns of the sun and under the moon. Sometimes she does not even strike a watcher as good-looking, and an instant afterward she melts into the most supernally

exquisite of creatures. Once when Jeanne was a slip of a girl she went to Kentford to see the famous roses cut which took all the prize ribbons at the Newmarket horticultural fair. She wrote every day to her mother, and when the great pile of letters came in to Mrs. Langtry mornings, all of them were huddled over in a heap until the small scrawl from Jeanne appeared, and then without any pose at all, for she was not avowedly maternal to any extent, she would devour the contents of the child's letter, smiling temptingly all the time. She never seemed so beautiful to me as she did these minutes, when she stopped scoffing and mocking and philosophizing, or betting or flirting, or the twenty other difficult things she seemed forever to be busy about, just to read her little girl's scribbled letters. She always closed them reluctantly, whispering to herself, "Sweet little Jeanne!"

And when she read them she sat in a quaint oval boudoir smothered in tapestries and gold, with ivory bordering the ceilings and thousands of roses stuck in slim little cut-glass vases in a bank near the window. She had huge invoices of these flowers sent her every day fresh from her famous rose nursery at Kentford, and she wanted them all in one room in one corner, except those for the table; she never had flowers anywhere else in her London house. Under these roses she would read her letters, chatting in her high, melodious voice, always in satire or mischief, or quite the opposite, in severest philosophy. Her face, never to be looked upon until high noon by anybody, was loveliest when it came fresh from its morning sleep, and her lovely hair clung damp and close to her temples in those marvelous bronze waves, and her eyes were dazzling, and her teeth, and her skin like the petals of a fair, unreal orchid—the sort De Maupassant made love to!

When the races, the excitement of gaming and making money and losing occupied her, later in the day, something

MRS. LANGTRY

of this celestial beauty escaped her, and her splendid carriage, her statuesque pose and color governed the noisier hours of her triumphs.

She has deep respect for many things, and though cold and cynical, her refinement and good breeding usually keep her covertly polite in the face of annoyance.

I met her driving to the train en route for Sandown, the day of Henry Irving's celebration, given in honor of his knighting. Mr. Irving had written her a grave and friendly note begging her to be present, and she had been very anxious to accept, but important business, as "Mr. Jersey" as she masquerades on the race-track, prevented her attendance. She stopped her brougham and deplored her inability to be one of the throng of professional people and writers expected. She was covered with two thick veils, to keep her complexion from the country buffets of the wind, and she dragged them both off, took a telegraph blank from the brougham pocket and wrote a pretty message to Sir Henry.

"I'll send it—dear me! It would never do to send so solemn an abstract of my sentiments from Sandown, would it? I'll have it sent from Canterbury. At least that will be edifying, if not honest," said she, mischievously. And from Canterbury it came and was given a place of honor in the wonderful book Sir Henry reserved for all the pleasant things written and telegraphed to him on that auspicious occasion.

Mrs. Langtry is American-British. She has caught all the gimp, reliance, and charm of the American belle and congealed it with English stateliness. She even admires London, something never thought of by the unresponsive woman of Albion.

Socially London life is harassing to a degree America has not yet succeeded in compassing. Day is turned into a distracting and dreamless night, and night into glaring, artifi-

cial and exhausting day. Dinners in the middle of the night are unlovely courtesies imminent at every hand, and theaters are never in full blast until nine o'clock. With all its beauty and cultivation, London is a trying dwelling-place. There's a wearing, defeating sort of atmosphere which arranges things so that a cheerful foreigner after a fortnight of it "daon' knaow w'ere 'e are." Because the hardest worked class is the enormous idle majority, and whether to strive madly in the anxious swim or browse about stolidly among the money-makers is a question of no small account.

Under the bewildering guidance of beautiful Lillie Langtry I first grew to know London, so naturally I came out of the immersion soul-steeped "in the gray twilight of Gothic things." At that time the town was infested with a remarkably new and unavoidable race. Through the usual continental blundering these vigorously objectionable papalangi are called "Americans." That does not convey any very lucid idea to people who belong to America and who know American manners, education and disposition. Perhaps in the dark ages of coast shrimpdom certain gilded fungi from western nowhere may have had their checks cashed under the stars and stripes; but these days anything human, strange, traveling, quarreling and ignorant is instantly dubbed "American." As sightseers and visitors are probably from any part of the globe these brawling, tip-resenting hordes, crowding desirable places everywhere, are least of all likely to be representatives of our country; but a thrifty New Zealander, a Pole or Brazilian ape is bluntly pointed out as an American, without more than the clogged and mossy guess-machines of disturbed residents as proof.

These tourists are vital nuisances unmistakably. They come in guarded battalions, with the exalted aim of "doing" Europe according to the well-laid plans of a professional

excursion director, who guarantees to be ring-master plenipotentiary in a swift canter through the accumulations of learned ages. The excursionists tear over sacred galleries, ascend volcanic mountains, scare vampires watching in the catacombs and rip open divinely sealed secrets of the centuries, without a qualm. They monopolize everything free and shout "ah there" to the kings and pope. But these are nothing like our Americans. They never see anything except through the thick cover of an official guide-book or somebody's equally opaque skull. It is contagious to mistake unusuals and brand them American. There is never a cold drink of pure water in this land of wine, but of late years certain inviting tents garlanded with the stars and pretty stripes crop up at fairs, races and huge gatherings, where "American drinks" delude the passing guest. These are awful imitations of our soda waters and lemonades, which as weak and vapid reminders bring tears to a real born American's busy eyes.

Wherever Mrs. Langtry disports herself she is the most watched celebrity and most serenely unconscious of her position. At Ascot one year Lillie Langtry was not only the most beautiful woman present, but the most exquisitely arrayed woman ever beheld. Her frock, a creation of La France chiffon and pink moire, hand painted in huge clusters of Gloire de Dijon roses and ferns; her hat, white straw, very large, covered with nodding plumes and pink roses; long cream gloves and a pink-lined black parasol, completed this fetching and enormously chic toilet. At Sandown the beautiful Jersey Lily attracted much more awed attention than did the royalty; people peering under her parasol and gaping at her in groups of admiration from a distance.

"Wouldn't you think I was to start in the Eclipse?" said she to me as we stood in the paddock where they were parading the favorites. As the staring crowds grew bolder, she

led me away, saying: "Really, I feel exactly as though I were to be saddled and spurred out to the wires."

The Lily has learned from American betters the way to plunge bravely. She bets very high, and during the meets she makes a tremendous lot of money.

Out of doors Mrs. Langtry never wears jewels, except a chatelaine, diamond-studded gold cigarette case and betting tablet, without which she would be lost. Though the fabulous collection she owned was stolen, and her banker obliged to pay an enormous amount, as the casket was in his charge, it is probable nobody cared so little for jewels as Mrs. Langtry. The belongings of all other celebrities fade away in comparison to the mine of wealth which used to be carted about in caskets marked "Lillie Langtry."

There were costly little lockets with royal miniatures within their golden clasps, huge angry rubies melting into wine and emeralds bright and shining as a snake's neck; there were hundreds of diamonds blazing rivalry at each other, and coronets, belts, buckles, bracelets, pearls—black, pink and milky white, and such turquoises as I never had looked upon. Two brawny and trusty servants brought a big iron strong-box into Mrs. Langtry's room, and then the beauty took a sharp, peculiarly shaped key out of her portemonnaie and bade me open the lock and enjoy them at my leisure. It was something of an Arabian-night proceeding, and as I took little and large morocco cases out of the prison one by one the air of the room fairly trembled with the light of precious stones, sterling metals and exquisite ornaments. An odd casket of mysterious appearance attracted my eyes, and naturally it was the first opened. Upon ivory satin, smooth-laid and turning yellow, hung a decoration of unique design containing great diamonds swung in festoons of two rows for the neck, caught at the shoulder and breast with rosettes of big emeralds and the

same size diamonds. The rosettes were as large as fine wild roses, and pendent from two strings of the brilliants were enormous pear-shaped emeralds, made from the crown jewels of Empress Eugènie.

After this astonishment nothing seemed marvelous, though the emerald decoration was eclipsed by a diadem of huge diamonds and pearls set with stones of absolutely faultless cut and whiteness. There must have been five hundred gems in this one coronet, perhaps more, and the turquoise crown, which lifts off its frame, and can be worn as a necklace, offered a distracting challenge to the two splendid tiaras in the more brilliant gems. There was a delicate little chain of square-set diamonds ending in a fantastic lovers' knot of pearls and diamonds, holding fast two close-knit diamond hearts, one surmounted by a black pearl and the other by a white pearl of identical size.

Brooches were in all imaginable styles and shining with all sorts of jewels, and everybody with presents to offer seemed inspired to enslave the Lily in bracelets of wonderful costliness and novelty. A box of bracelets displayed one of rubies and diamonds, one of emeralds and diamonds, one of pearls and diamonds, and one of sapphires and diamonds, each set in squares of gold and carried about the wrist with light cables studded with small brilliants. Another bangle was thin, sharp-edged gold, lifting high a diamond big as a wren's egg, and still others were heavy British affairs, which Mrs. Langtry vowed she had never worn, nor would she ever, on account of their weight and pompous expensiveness.

In the midst of this excess of splendor I opened a ponderous amber case and found sapphires in every guise of adornment. Not many rings, for the Langtry does not incline to that sort of savagery, nor any ear-rings, for her ears are not even pierced, but circlets and necklaces, cinctures and always

the viciously clasping bracelets, tiaras and single sapphires, mounted upon stilts of platinum and gold, blue torches of the same magnificent stone glowing out of gardens of diamonds, hedges of pearls and silvery threads of sparkling metals. The sapphires were the most marvelous things to see in the whole lot of jewels. There was the deep, shivery blue of the Mediterranean in their diamond-lit waves, and a steady, fatal sort of burning that was almost cool and liquid but still fire.

Mrs. Langtry questioned the likeness to the Mediterranean, except that the vast sea was capricious in its color and the sapphires were. "They change with atmospheres, environments, but have especial depth and blueness quite their own. Rubies can be utterly killed by difficult comparison and emeralds or sapphires heightened finely by complement; a diamond is fidelity itself," said Mrs. Langtry, meditatively. "I remember dragging my hand in the morning waters of the Mediterranean once, and I had a sapphire ring upon my finger and a turquoise bracelet on my arm. The water was so beautifully blue that my sapphire sunk quite out of identity in the lovely waves, but at noon when we sailed back the ring shot streaks of blue through the same waters that in the high sun had grown quite the cold, stolid green-blue of the turquoise in my bracelet.

There were gifts from royalty, peasantry and lovers; from rajahs, princes and serfs, some with crests, and all with sentiment upon their blinding costliness. Some came to her when she went a-roving for honors of the stage, but more arrived as tributes to her great beauty.

It is rather a wonder that Mrs. Langtry has not married, considering the way marriages go. Edward Langtry married Emelie Charlotte Le Breton when the Jersey Lily was only fifteen years old. The marriage was solemnized at St. Heliers, Jersey, by the Right-Reverend William le Breton,

Dean of Jersey, the father of Miss Le Breton, who afterward became known as the famous court beauty, Mrs. Edward Langtry. The Dean died several years ago, while Mrs. Langtry was playing in Chicago, and the chapel in St. Heliers, where the marriage was celebrated, has fallen into picturesque decay, though it was a beautiful place before the Dean came to London to take charge of Marylebone parish.

Mr. Langtry died where he had lived, at Holyhead, a pensioner on the bounty of his beautiful wife for many years. He was rather a gay and dissipated gentleman, who did nothing for a living, but demanded that Mrs. Langtry support him as the husband of such an eminent and wealthy lady should be kept. He had never seen his little daughter Jeanne since she was a baby, and never came near the Lily's many handsome homes about England and elsewhere. Mr. Langtry was a commendably steady and violent drinker, and occasionally a reliable rumor came over the Irish Sea that Mr. Langtry was dead of a fit or something stronger, but it was invariably denied by next mail. Finally a pathetic rumor was substantiated, and Mrs. Langtry was a widow.

A man could not have a more cultured, brilliant or more beautiful companion should he choose from the world's congress of women. Mrs. Langtry is rich, well-born, and of exquisite refinement in manner and education. Not the dangerous Circe the gabbling gossip-mongers and her own indiscretions make of her, but a magnificent woman, who has suffered much and known the world in its wildest acceptance, but who, through it all, has been an adorable mother, a devoted daughter and one of the most sumptuously envied women of the century.

The report of the social début of Jeanne-Marie Langtry was the heralding of a new and exquisite star in the social firmament of London. Mrs. Langtry's lovely daughter is a

type rare as adorable, and in all England there is not a sweeter, more fascinating and modest beauty than the flower-like Jeanne.

Jeanne for a long time, upon the advice of Mrs. Labouchere, was not known to be the child of the famous Jersey Lily, but her niece. Jeanne always knew the exact relation, though, and adored her lovely mother with something akin to worship. When Mrs. Langtry made up her mind to go upon the stage Mrs. Labouchere and Ellen Terry united in giving her every encouragement and assistance in their power. It was a notion of Mrs. Labouchere that a beauty should not have a growing and disillusioning infant in her suite, so Jeanne, though idolized by her mother and given every luxury of care and affection, to the world and court was known as a niece. When the little Jeanne was old enough to talk to grown-up people, they wanted her to call her mamma Aunt Lily, but she plumply refused, saying prettily, as Jeanne always says everything: "She is my Rose."

Even to this day she gives her mother the little love name of "my Rose" when she is particularly charming. Soon as Mrs. Langtry was firmly established as a successful star she flouted the idea that she could not be mother to her own beloved little girl, and since her American premier Jeanne has been her mother's companion, confidante and occasional adviser of late, for she is a wise and diplomatic beauty, is Jeanne. This extraordinary arrangement gave rise to reports that Jeanne was an adopted child, a cousin and what not, when she is simply the own daughter of the most beautiful woman in the world.

And Jeanne is the spirituelle repetition of her mother in many respects. She is darker, but has the same infinitely sweet and alluring expression of countenance which makes the Lily so irresistible. Jeanne's eyes are deeper and more

serious than her mother's, but she has Mrs. Langtry's habit of lifting her beautiful orbs suddenly and shooting a wondrous glance straight into another face; it comes like a shower of violets and is a trifle intoxicating at times. Jeanne is divinely tall, like her mother, and has nut-brown hair and tender, scarlet lips curved into the ideal Cupid's bow so captivating and exceptional. Her teeth are tiny, white and not savagely straight, but immensely attractive. Her nose is a copy of her mother's, and that rose-leaf skin for which her mother was the envy of every clime her beauty ever shone upon, is Jeanne's even in a more delicate and mysterious loveliness than the Lily's. As delightful a wit as Langtry's never grew in England among its women, and Jeanne has that, too, even to the delicious little caustic satire which is Langtry's most dangerous weapon. Jeanne is high-spirited, but so evenly and prettily tempered that nothing but sweetness is in her young heart, and no thought but the brightest and happiest ever comes into her life. She is educated in the most superior and elegant fashion. She is a cultured linguist, speaks German, French, Italian and Spanish as perfectly as her own English, which is absolutely flawless in Jeanne's conversation, and of delightful fluency. She is a shy, demure creature who does not search for notice, but whose modesty is hardly the laciest veil for all her splendid capacities. She plays with great skill the harp, piano, violin and the lesser string instruments, is devoted to Beethoven and Chopin, wrangles superbly with Wagner and the Russians, and spends days interpreting according to her own theories the mystic classics and music of the future. Altogether Miss Jeanne Langtry is perhaps one of the most extraordinary as well as most beautiful girls of the century, and her début is but the first drop of a jeweled pebble likely to raise a phosphorescent wake of excited waves in the social sea, for she is no ordinary

girl in anything. She is an accomplished horsewoman, rides like a Western prairie girl, and drives fearlessly though modestly; she is an expert swimmer and skater, rides a wheel like a professional, and is both devout and gentle and good. She must be about twenty now, and her beauty blossomed out to cope with her magnificent mind.

Once when Jeanne was about fifteen years old I said to her mother: "What a beauty Jeanne promises to be!"

"Yes, I think so," thoughtfully answered the Lily; "I hope so; it makes everything so much easier when one is a beauty."

Miss Jeanne was kept in trim little girl frocks until her elaborate education had approached the finish. In her own home Mrs. Langtry combines comfort with beautiful array, occasionally breaking into her custom of wearing no jewelry by appearing after dinner decked with jewels enough to make the fire-worshipers turn faces west. She smooths her beautiful hair away from her temples and coils it in a knot of burnt gold at her neck; she wears gilded slippers, embroidered hose, and covers her arms and throat with sapphires, diamonds and turquoises big as plums.

She is cold as a glacier to everybody except a few intimates, and these she showers with favor. She is never stirred, has no tempers, no ecstasies nor any impulsive instants.

Once, in Paris, Sandow gave a special lecture and exhibition for Sarah Bernhardt. When he reached the "dancing-muscles" point of the exhibition the enthusiastic Sarah proceeded to faint, and had to be fanned, quieted and soothed before the performance could continue.

The same enlightening exercise was repeated for Mrs. Langtry, and the beauty said, calmly, her lips a trifle curled: "What a fright he must be in a dress suit!"

Seafaring and race-horse people are always prepared for dire disappointments, so when a tender missive from Mrs.

Langtry invited me to fly to Portsmouth in pursuit of bracing airs and sunny shores, the vagrant behavior of the sun all the way to South Sea neither surprised nor discouraged hopes for serene enjoyment of the Solent when sailing hour should come. A long stretch of angry ocean tearing up into the South Sea sands and whipping the dainty boats close-reefed and scared into shivers by uncouth waves, greeted the sanguine gaze as we rode down to the beach.

We were to sail in the splendid Russian yacht which had created such a sensation at Cowes and rival seaports. And there she lay rolling about like a monster porpoise, dipping her huge nose into the foam and grumbling in echoes at the storm. Nobody seemed anxious to board this reeling, fighting beauty of a pleasure-ship, so we wended our blown and foggy way back to a cozy hotel within sight of the sea, and the big plaza devoted to military sham battles and parades.

Even on a stormy day the Solent appears gay when the Queen is at Osborne Castle, on the Isle of Wight. When in an obscure corner of the newspapers, greedily watched by courting England, there appears a dignified announcement that the Queen, accompanied by certain favored relatives and suite, will leave Windsor Castle and proceed to Osborne, the entire aristocracy tumbles over itself and steps upon its own heels, either to follow the royal fleet or disappear into sequestered haunts of rest, removed from the steady glare of society reporters and gossips.

We had the advantage of a prospect to join the fleet at Cowes, but such a Burlington (Iowa) drizzle set in for the day appointed that we perched ourselves close to the windows looking out on the discourteous Solent, and played bezique in desperation until the Rubicon contests indoors made the rash elements outside seem comparatively calm.

Suddenly Jimmie Pigott, glowing with the golden light of prophecy, exclaimed: "It will be fine at five o'clock, sure." This would have been encouraging if the inevitable pessimist in every well-regulated skylarking party hadn't solemnly hauled out his watch and proclaimed the anti-Joshua prognostication just twenty minutes too late for itself. However, the morning broke in a symphony of quiet and sunshine, and though the mischief of the day just gone prevented our winging the waters in the Russian yacht, we were all the happier in the dashing steam yacht Marjorie, commanded by Irish George Howard, as natty a guide as any in the harbor and infinitely more interesting than the majority.

There is no water so inviting as the Solent and Southampton arm, nor any little scrap of earth so deliciously old and absorbing as the Isle of Wight. High up in elm-studded hills, its gray spires and walls covered with ivy, strangely alone, stands Osborne, and in the offing lay the royal fleet, the Albert and Victoria, a pompous side-wheel yacht with tremendous speed and security, attended by the Prince of Wales' yacht and twenty others, among which was Mr. George Gould's Niagara, bowing her graceful sails, onward bent.

The Prince objects to Osborne cottage, his quarters on the isle—and it is rather a commonplace nest for royalty—so he lives upon his yacht while at Cowes, and music, flags, signals, devices, ribbons and pennants various make the harbor brilliant beyond expression.

Once landed in the funny, narrow streets of Ryde or Cowes, the miniature towns take upon themselves oddly fitting London airs. Queer little shops in imitation of Regent Street and Piccadilly abound, through which wanderers are shoved shoulder to shoulder like convicts, for the streets will not accommodate two abreast.

In Cowes a sudden crush of walkers, craning of necks and

recognizable hush foretold the approach of the Queen, who drives through stuffy High Street in the afternoon at stated intervals.

The wonderful old ruler of England seemed rather less ponderous than usual, but pleasant-faced, comfortable and more British than her blood. Some very ordinary-appearing Dukes and the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein attended the Queen immediately, and the usual escort bolted down the little street in a sort of bumptious flying wedge, some of them turning from the Queen to glance open-mouthed at Mrs. Langtry.

Skimming back after a fine sprint over the waters toward the Needles, the soft evening sun touched the beautiful coast with exquisite colors. The rocking fleet became a milk-white citadel of pleasure, veiled in golden mists; along the island shore grew rare strips of silent sea in sharp greens, pale violet and cobalt blue. Beyond, the turrets of Norris castle caught strange lights in dewy pink and deep purple; shone so many shadows and glows in contradiction to accepted nature that forgiveness for some of the academy revolutions and paint outrages crept over an awed and undecided soul.

Mrs. Langtry wore a trig sailor suit of white duck, with white hat, gloves and shoes and a bunch of heather in her belt. She came to me, walking straight toward me, with a quizzical look in her eyes, as if she wanted my verdict without words. Then she said, airily: "Rather like mutton done up for lamb, with mint and green peas, isn't it?"

Langtry is the best-groomed lady in the land always. The aggravating sort of woman who is never mussed, never blown about, never caught untidy nor ever dressed otherwise than perfectly and perpetually. A lot of the gentlemanly fellows who are actors in England are fond of Mrs. Langtry, and follow devotedly in her train. Mr. James Pigott is one,

and he is not only a capital actor, but a very agreeable comrade.

Mr. Pigott's summing up the difficulties of an actor's life was a proverb in '93. Jimmy is a son of the London examiner of plays to the realm, and rather drifted sidewise into the profession, though he is such a rattling, clever little chap. One evening at the Lambs they were discussing the annoyances and exacting duties, the hard study and ups-and-downs generally of stage life. Jimmy was silent as usual, with his cane clasped in his hands, tracing mysteries in the carpet, and watching his stick, somebody said: "What do you think of it, old man?"

"Oh, it's all right," answered Jimmy, in his funny London English, with its elegant touch upon consonants and drawled vowels. "It's all right, only it breaks into a chap's evenings so!"

Mr. Pigott sat in gloom upon the yacht in the Solent while we were at anchor near the South Sea bathing beach. Suddenly he looked away from the frowsy accumulation of English women diving and floundering in the water, whilst platoons of men watched them from the shore and boats, and said, reflectively: "We're such a chaste and thoughtful lot of plums in England. We put ungodly flannels upon our maids and matrons, shove 'em into the sea and then stand about and make fun of them, instead of taking them out for a swim and a shock as Americans do."

The great old forts, Kilkicker and Spithead, abruptly arose into the view as if to drink the beauty of twilight; the immense Lawn of South Sea follows, full of scarlet statues, heralding taps for the drilling soldiers in their jaunty red coats and for us a toss going ashore in a cockleshell of a landing boat. Such a day of changing pictures, pleasure and wonder! All that was sweet and true in nature came troop-

ing out to glorify the Solent. Swift flying over lovely seas, gentle courtesies and inspiring scenes awake more reverence and religion than do Gothic crypts, grim altars and exhumed sculpture.

Langtry said, coldly, with her eyes against the sun: "Somehow this always makes me think up God!"

MORRIS

I am neither hysterical nor nervous, not timid nor easily hypnotized, but there is something in uncanny genius which strangely influences me—I am afraid of Clara Morris; scared of her voluptuously emotional face, her trembling hands and her hollow, feverish voice.

When I was a little child a woman used to come out of the night to my cradle-side in the darkest hours, stand there with eyes as big and cold as saucers, eyes which grew out of the black shadows before the woman appeared, eyes that never moved from mine, leaping out from under streaming hair which used to sweep my tiny face without ever touching it; a fixed and fearful apparition which disappeared when lights and cuddling arms answered my shrieks of terror. After these nocturnal attentions I used to hear considerable speculative learning expounded during the course of diagnosis and discreet but unconvincing assumptions that my saucer-eyed visitant was the result of everything, from an overdose of taffy to a hypersensitive cerebral development. Finally a prairie Esculapius ordered that a spoonful of salt should be forced into my mouth upon the instant I vocally announced the arrival of my lady of the eyes. The effect was magical. Salt is not nice in bulk, and I learned to be as much frightened of the Syracuse cure as I was of the fruit of my small but lively imagination.

When I see Clara Morris I always wish somebody would hurry up with a spoonful of salt. It seems nothing else could

relieve the tension, moral and spiritual, which enthralls me while under her grotesque and morbid spell.

She has not the first inkling of art in its exalted sense. There is the impression that she is an actress who knows her business; not a woman who is inspired by soul. A woman who has immense resources of an intangible and unnatural sort, who does not reach the hearts of her hearers, but plays madly upon their animalism, their human sympathies and emotions with a wizard touch of spiritism which is almost demoniac. She has the over-human possession of magnetism which raises new prophets in religion, moves mountains in sensational revolutions and brings out of the wilderness of doubt huge, unwieldy faiths, great martyrs and social upheavals.

Had fancy taken Clara Morris to nihilism or creeds instead of the stage, she would have carried half the world with her, which ever way she led, blindly and unflinchingly into the august precipices of fanaticism and over the hills of beautiful faith; not by any power which she herself knows or boasts to command, but by a weird gift for unloosing hidden forces of emotionalism and enveloping herself and her excited followers in an atmosphere of abandon to the tenderer senses.

Morris has the Aubrey Beardsley face, the broad, sloping shoulders, the restless, loose and sensuous mouth. There is not a feature in her face which is not curiously fascinating to physiognomy. It is a generous negative, upon which she flashes the most delicate and potential emotions. Every note of joy or grief or fear or humor that sounds upon the soul of a character creation is vividly reflected in the Morris face. Next in authority come her wonderful hands. They are rude and sudden in movement, never seem to be under her own control, but shiver and dart and twist as if an unseen tormentor had possession of them. Her eyes are the opalescent

dread eyes which come in nightmares and phantasms; they are neither pretty nor deep, but they are as fascinating as a basilisk's and as variable.

Above all that which is her most startling talent is the ghostly power to eliminate herself spiritually. She is always the same ungainly, writhing, absorbing woman, without beauty or dramatic cultivation, but whatever suffering blows its sad gamut across the heart-strings of the character she portrays leaps into this wonderful Morris face and to her igneous finger tips. She does not play parts, she materializes souls, gives them the tenancy of her own plastic body and lends them the seven devils of herself as servants of expression.

She has the theatric essence in her veins. She could no more make a false play for triumph than the tide could serve at the wrong hour. It is the instinct which makes heroes and spectacular heroines. The element moving Bonaparte, Pontius Pilate and Moses. To seize a nation, rebuke a deity, to go into the mountain clouds, crash stone monuments of celestial command and roar shivers into the chronicles, takes a something less tangible than blunt courage, high pride or Jovian indignation. A general is likely to be remembered not for what he accomplished, but what he dared, how he stood and where he was in the picture. Morris is always the entire picture; other personages about her sink into detail.

I had met Clara Morris twice, but never saw her act until her widowhood and necessity brought her back to the scenes of her unforgotten triumphs. In Baltimore one cold morning I found a strangely-attired woman feeding my horse lumps of sugar and carrying on a rather lonely monologue for his benefit. She had wound around her head a knitted thing of white called a "nubia," and her face was covered with the web of wool, but through it burned big, tired eyes and a sensuous

mouth, which was tired, too. She sighed and scolded amiably about the horses being left out in the cold, and was very grateful when my sugar-munching equine reached over to her and sniffed his augmented appetite at her sleeve. The lady was Clara Morris, and she had just recovered from her encounter with the Moxa treatment, and happened to be in Baltimore for a rest.

I did not see Clara Morris act until she was nearly ready to retire from the stage. That marvelous genius which had left an impress upon the century's dramatic history still burned with the fever of a new-lit fire. If there ever was a time when its possessor reached more exalted heights in emotional fervor I was quite content never to have known the piteous wealth of it.

Now, after years of torturing wear there is a hectic enthusiasm of youth about the acting of Clara Morris. A wild, untrammeled excitement which is not art, but prodigal nature. She is a breathing caldron of sensation, hysteria and soulful extravagance. She is not graceful, except as a reckless, untrained runner might be. She has none of the adroit methods acquired by study nor the accomplishment of calculation in effects. No pretense to stilted elegance of elocution, no idea of coquettish raiment, not a tithe of style or beauty nor even a commendable notion of "make-up."

I never had the conviction of dual personality so thrust in the face of rational argument as in the acting of this awesome creature. There is in it that which is consummately uncanny—the abandonment to emotion, the fearful tension and electric outbursts of suffering, the ebbing pulses and startling eyes are unreal as materialized wraiths of the doomed. The woman seems to penetrate an outer, ethereal envelope and stand revealed the inspired incarnation of pathos, revenge and misery. The irresistible inference to be drawn from the

acting of Clara Morris is indisputably scientific and occult. It seems to be lawless as a dream and as haunting. There is no moment that the actress her outweighed self is any part of the part she plays. When she wearily acknowledges applause the illusion receives a sort of shock, for the character has been so vividly portrayed that it appears contradictory and disintegrating to see this woeful sufferer bowing as if it were not real but mock alarm; as if it were not nature but most delicately tuneful art. A spirit which could endure so many years of racking excitation is more to be wondered at than the frail physique the divine gift feeds upon. There is no building up or fructifying exhausted emotional vitality. In its very sustenance lies its own inevitable consumption. That Clara Morris has outlived a score of lesser stars shows the splendor of her unequaled temperament, the radiance of her exalted talents. The woman is borne on winged intensity to heights of endurance beyond moderate calculation, beyond human divination. She may last like this half a century.

A review of the dramatic achievements of Clara Morris is not founded on the basis of criticism, but diagnosis. She is veritably a *born* actress; not one cultured or improved, but one inspired, and the only one America ever produced. One of the few on earth. There is no question of her method or finished art, because she has neither the one nor the other. She is aflame with a fire which is unearthly, a genius which is incalculable.

She was rather surprising as Camille—that is all. Not a bit like the audacious, sensitive French bohemian in any scene. Uncouth in the delicate episodes of Dumas' sensuous play, she was impertinent instead of volatile, ribald instead of careless, and entirely at variance with the motif of the first two acts. As Camille grows more womanly Morris grows more like the lady of camelias, and at the trying last Morris

is triumphant in a grand burst of realism which is ample payment for all her debts to the airy French. She dies. She does not cough and mince bonbons because the plot requires these artistic sacrifices, but because she is fading, with hunger for life, fighting content in the approach of death. She gasps in little, pitiful spasms which seize upon the listener's sympathies like a baby's struggle for breath in croup. One is irresistibly impelled to open a window, whip out a fan or suggest some immediate relief as the imperative. Her death is the actual fainting flight of vitality necessary in phthisis.

HENRY MILLER

One of the very interesting men graduated from the conservatory of society drama is Henry Miller. Well born, intelligent, up to the hour, and gravely in earnest, his long service and deep study entitle him to larger occupancy than opportunity has granted him. Character after character Miller has given with splendid craft, but they have never been framed enticingly enough to reward Mr. Miller generously for his constant and delightful effort. He is the husband of Bijou Heron, the daughter of the great Matilda Heron, and their interesting family is housed in Europe all the year around. When Mr. Miller brought out "Heartsease" in the frills of a lost century I could not arrange to see the play, but sent a learned gentleman who was authority upon the drama and music. Miller frowned and ventured to charge me pleasantly with desertion and neglect. However, the next day we took a walk along the lake shore, and I asked whether the substituted critic had enjoyed the play. I said:

"I haven't read his review, but I know he will treat the play beautifully from a literary standpoint. He does not know anything about acting, but he understands all about plays."

"Is that so?" queried Mr. Miller, his handsome face in a delightful glow of humor. "Well, he said my play was very bad, but that I was a very good actor!"

The Miller infants are imbibing rudimentary learning in French, and speak English very imperfectly. Bijou Heron Miller herself is a linguist of exceptionable culture, and the

children will be instructed in German, French, English, and Italian before they are brought back to America.

One of the little boys inherits through heroic generations some remarkable traits of character and some genuine temper.

At Long Branch one day a younger brother broke little Jack Miller's gun, and "sassed" him considerably after the destruction.

"You never mind; I won't forget that—first time I get a chance you'll be sorry, see if you aren't," prophesied the older boy, who was limited in his vengeance by the watchfulness spent upon the baby.

That afternoon Mr. Miller had the two seated in the back of an Irish jaunting car, and was spinning down the ocean drive without looking much at the boys, when Jack leaned over and shouted:

"Papa, maybe you'd better stop. I shoved brother out about a mile back."

ANNIE RUSSELL

Five very interesting young women arose at once in the world's eyes. They were Julia Arthur, Annie Russell, Maud Adams, Effie Shannon and Viola Allen. Four of them came sparkling in like will-o'-the-wisps. Miss Russell battled gravely, tearfully, alive with charm and genius for years, though she is still young.

A snowflake of womanhood was girlish Annie Russell, who glistened a memorable instant in the sunlight of success and melted out of the dramatic atmosphere like a sensitive wraith of purity. Her influence, felt in that preservance of reflected individuality which keeps alive the attributes of style, temperament and mental grace of many retired actors, is quickened into recollection by the modesty and delicate keenness of intelligence recognized in lovely Effie Shannon and Anne O'Neill. Frail and angelic in appearance, Miss O'Neill clung to those astral graces which made Annie Russell and Effie Shannon so alluring.

Annie Russell, without a ray of intention illuming her way, really created a new school, a distinct type of ingénue, frosty, sagacious, piquant, dewy, with girlish pathos and fateful youth. The few gentle creatures who can follow this virgin, tendril sort of art have won all hearts. Even though they may never have seen the exquisite Russell, shadowy guideposts to an interrupted career of brilliant achievement lead like into the spirit and demeanor of like, and any phase of art developed never quite dies out again so long as physical and mental counterparts exist to vitalize it. Annie Russell is

fragile as Sèvres and as inimitable. Her comedy is delicious and pathos vague, but laden with the perfume of sympathy. Miss Russell's great success was Catherine, a part in a peculiarly deft fashion molded to fit the Russell temperament, which is a sort of emotional point-lace, and the least bit more weight upon the sentimental filagree would tear her winged soul to sad tatters.

She came back to the stage after a desertion for years, and immediately picked up the broken threads of silver leading her to the public heart. She was the same insubstantial, delicate, exquisite Annie Russell. The gifted and lovely actress had not appeared since the mysterious floating catafalque of Elaine drew her enshrouded across the stage. There was something fateful and prophetic in Miss Russell's picturing this wailful victim to virgin passion and a broken heart. The plaintive regrets of Elaine wore fearfully upon Annie's fine, sensitive organization, and at the end of that season she retired an invalid, and recovered only by dint of tenderest watchfulness and every precaution that might revive a fainting lily.

Miss Russell is still half celestial. She looks out from somewhere beyond, and always there is in her presence a suggestion of a tread that scarcely touches earth. Her deep eyes are full of pretty plays and shining pleasantness, and her figure is yet an unfulfilled promise of girlish grace. In her voice there is liquid coolness like drops from a melting icicle, and in the draped symphonies in which she is inevitably arrayed there is something inimitable and refreshing. She went away as the cold lily maid of Astolat, and, as Lethe, Annie Russell drifted back again into the public heart.

"Esmeralda" first brought this pale, sad-eyed girl into notice, and "Hazel Kirke" substantiated her success. But not until Mr. Frohman—whose faith in Miss Russell is

unbounded—found "Catherine" for her, did the delightful actress "arrive" to her own satisfaction clearly beyond dispute.

Miss Russell's genius is as delicate, pliable and responsive as the sensitive strings of a harp. She is all force and emotion, all tears and tragic fierceness, if called upon to reveal these intimations of misery; she is tender and timid, cool, innocent and arch if necessary. In "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" she played a daring flirt, all delicious abandon and mischief, saucy dash and quick wit.

The moment she tripped on the stage in a smart evening frock of Parisian tones—white, black lace and cerise reliefs—with the silky Russell hair piled high up in fluffy puffs, with roses nodding impertinently from the top, the tonic chord of her performance was announced. Her merry little laugh, her long, cultivating glances and the pungent, sparkling vivacity of her comedy were delightfully captivating. She smoked a cigar—imagine Annie ever touching one with her tender little hands—interviewed a burglar, flirted with every man in the piece, quarreled with her sister, fooled her lover, and wore darling gowns. A more fascinating, brilliant and creative comedienne had not arrived in years, and her success was one unparalleled by any of the light-comedy triumphs among the beauties braving that gracious art during two decades.

Tommy Russell, the beautiful little boy actor, who was so famous a Lord Fauntleroy, is Miss Russell's brother and ward. She has brought him into manhood, cultivated, serious and companionable, and the devotion between the two is most touching.

"It used to be yachting every June, but now we desert the water for long wanderings in the woods, covering miles of strange lands and plowing over unbroken fields; that is

For dear Amy Leslie
With Loving Remembrance of
Annie Russell
Jan. 96.

because of the bicycle fashion," says handsome Tom, the worshiped little lord of earlier Fauntleroy days.

Tom is a great yachtsman; he is a great anything requiring speed, grace, quick wit and invention. His lovely sister educated him at one of the celebrated colleges of America, and Tom has completely forgotten his stage triumphs except as a rather successful joke.

Hundreds of Annie's precious dollars go out yearly to give Tom every advantage of a scholarly, elegant education, and Tom indulgently consents to Annie's extravagance, has grown manfully and heartily according to Annie's most devout longings, and is a credit not only to his charming sister, but himself. For those who remember Tommy Russell's angelic boy-beauty as his chief charm, it will be interesting to aver that his marvelous physical perfections have not been marred.

One summer Annie and Tom made an extended tour of Switzerland and the south of France, entandem. Annie had been over most of the enchanting ground in less heroic fashion, but Tom's inexhaustible spirits, his splendid health and endurance, his poetic temperament and companionship made it all seem new and more wonderful to Annie.

She wrote me in a letter with a breath of Normandy and Brittany through its pages and dwelt upon the delight of having Tom with her:

"We ride miles every day, and I am fearfully strong again!" wrote this fragile little devotee to art and the science of preserving health ready to make its own wings at every breath.

Most of Miss Russell's hours of meditation and rest have been hours of tears and bitter resignation, hours that have tempered her worldliness and nourished her spirituality. She is learned, and has a deliciously original wit when her days of sunshine break into laughter.

SHANNON

Miss Shannon has the privilege of being beautiful, and that compensates for any faults of her playwrights.

Effie Shannon is so distinct a type, so delicate but vigorous, so tender but so vivid and definite, so witty yet so sweet and so girlish in the height of splendid maturity that she is like nothing so much as a full-blown hardy orchid—one of those imperishable pale yellow ones, with little frosty curled edges and a shimmer like dew upon its heart.

All that is enchanting seems to hover about this lovely woman, no matter what part she plays. She is tinted to catch the essence of all mellowing light and shade. Even the stage shadows seem to wrap about her in a tender way, her yellow hair catches just the finest gold-dust from a blazing sunset, morning rays tip the edge of her white chin with a hint of rose-leaves, her eyes snatch little gleams of starlight, and what is delicate and choice in words suggests her gentle beauty most confidingly. Buchanan must have seen Effie Shannon, and then outlined Bridget of his book. They called her Hetty in the play, which was one atonement for the dramatization. Effie was delightful in the part; it was worth the waste of an evening to see her standing in a rick of hay, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes.

As Julia Maxwell Miss Shannon was allowed to bloom in other than the bedewed violet mold, and she was still enchanting.

Beautiful Effie Shannon, with her angel face, seductive nonchalance, and keen, delicate intelligence, imparted to the

rôle of this acid little wife a color absolutely unique and charming. Effie is quite unlike the rest, anyhow. She is always sure to be distinctly original and altogether lovely. Julia Maxwell is a sharp-tongued, suspicious young woman of vivid imaginings and decisive obstinacy; but so prettily does Miss Shannon nag her stage lord and stir up endless strife that one envies the man harassed in such amusing gentleness. She says the most peppery things possible with a tantalizing purr and her eyes half shut. Sometimes she does not say anything: she just opens her lips in a strawberry-ice smile and looks sideways at the culprit of a scene. She is a comédienne of persuasive rather than brilliant gifts, and it is worth the admission to see this spirituelle sylph consume a brandy and soda of depthous dimensions while an ethereal content creeps into her blue eyes and breaks into dimples about her mouth. Miss Shannon is enjoyable in simple pathos and gentleness, but she is enchanting when there is just the faintest mist of naughtiness hovering about her.

She comes of a family with a stage lineage, both admirable and indestructible. Inherited graces and talent are traceable in her charming art, and a facile spring-like wit and many pretty arts make her socially delightful. Associated as joint star with Mr. Herbert Kelcey, Miss Shannon has harvested brilliant honors. In "The Moth and the Flame," Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, Miss Shannon developed remarkable force and grace of interpretation, and her beauty grows richer and more impressive as her dramatic gifts mature.

CRANE-ROBSON

Whatever Billy Crane plays must be something a part of Crane—sharp, brainy, humorous, and forcefully characteristic; for so is Mr. Crane, and his public expects these qualities in him and in his mimic men as well. So great a power is Mr. Crane in the West that a man running for office affects the Crane personality to carry out the popular idea of a "regular Billy Crane" politician.

There is never much dust of forgetfulness to blow away from recollections of a good actor's work. We forget mayors and tailors and dates and debts, but easily bring to mind a delightful comedian who has made us laugh, or sweet *ingénue* who has made us weep. Did anybody ever see William H. Crane's old Eccles and have to stop ten years afterward to say, "Who was that fellow in Hooley's stock company played Toodles, Dogberry, etc.?" Never! Billy's bald wig, expansive Marseilles vest, and perplexed brow are guests as familiar as a looking-glass reflection, and his name on a three-sheet poster is as friendly and welcome as a five-dollar note. Crane is one actor in twenty who has clung to his own personality in every part he ever played, from Dromio to Le Blanc. He could walk on the stage backward in any make-up he ever donned, and be greeted with cheers of recognition from every old comedy lover in America.

His personal characteristics have been so much stock in trade, and they are just such hearty, happy characteristics as are forerunners of success in any path of life. If William H. Crane had been a Van Alstyne in real life, everybody would

have boomed his "Henrietta" stock. Templeton Jitt would have won a divorce suit in any court, and Colonel M. T. Elevator been the star boarder in any Lake Front hostelry.

William H. Crane is about the only actor who has persistently and pugnaciously kept a spread-eagle emblem above his stage escutcheon. He employs clever young American actors and beautiful American girls; he produces the composition of American playwrights, and encourages art in his own bluff, hearty fashion more than all the exalted students and producers who rush to Europe every year to bring back unhealthy and indifferent dramas, some pretty queer actors, and other alien tricks.

Mr. Crane was the first to find time to listen to Bronson Howard, Martha Morton, Sidney Rosenfeld, and better writers in the Americans, crowded back by foreign humbug. He has brought out young comedians and charming *ingénues*, resurrected some of the mellow old-school character delineators, and taught dozens of American stage freshmen how to act.

The happy thought of substituting Anne O'Neill by Effie Shannon was an inspiration. There are three women so delicately fascinating, so original, so flower-like and distinct from all other acting women that they are the three graces of sweetness dramatic. One is Annie Russell, one is Effie Shannon, and the other is Anne O'Neill; Mr. Crane was influential in bringing into popularity all three of them, either by direct interference or commendation. Miss Shannon is completely bewitching; her exquisite comedy, her beauty and captivating personality quite illuminating any season-dimmed play into an enjoyable new arrangement. Crane is as round and merry and popular as prairie worship can make him. He is one of the comedians who, though he left the West as a home, never left Western theater history, and so long as star-spangled

Billy continues to shout "Yankee Doodle" all America bows down gratefully for his presence at least once a year.

William H. Crane and Stuart Robson became so much a unit in the affections of America that their ultimate division of spoils and departure, each alone and in search of a single star line, was looked upon as a divorce without consent of guardians and heirs. Crane is a prolific caterer, and continually adds to his expensive repertoire, but makes plenty of money. Mr. Robson found nothing less exalted than a Shakespeare comedy his surest money-maker and a contribution suited to his riper comedy. He is not afraid to spend money upon a lavish production. "The Comedy of Errors" is a play built after the limitations of Robson's eccentric humor. The man of Syracuse fits the whims in which nature indulged in the make of Stuart Robson. His peculiar inflections and lisp, his monotonous but perpetually amusing facial expression, and his changeless gestures seem to be made of, rather than for, Dromio. He is always intelligent and active, and ages less noticeably than any of the entertainers of his freshest and most golden time.

One Christmas eve Mr. Crane sat through the Robson performance of Dromio of Syracuse, and it was quite as amusing to watch the visitor as the actor, for every line Crane was accustomed to speak came to his lips in a whisper, with the facial expression so close an imitation of Robson's, and the twinkle of the eye, the gaping look of wonder all unconscious but diverting.

Years ago, at McVicker's, when "Comedy of Errors" was the star play in the Robson and Crane repertoire, a knowledgeous gentleman with his hands in his pockets and a good cigar to blow smoke where it did the most envious mischief, stepped up to the box office and asked the bill for the evening. Charlie Redfield, who was treasurer then, swelled with proper

pride in the announcement, and said with dignity, "William Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors,' sir."

"Oh," grunted the smoker, twirling his cigar to the other side of his mouth, "Shakespeare; well, I don't want none of him."

Such a lot of people think that, but have no courage to say it. They just stay away and don't have any of him at any price; though they came to see Mr. Robson, and enjoyed him immensely, some of them even paying the tribute of attention to the sparkling lines and pretty intricacies of Shakespeare's deliciously written comedy.

Mr. Robson is as airy and light and eccentric as ever in the gay embarrassments of the grotesque twin. He is sprightly and graceful and picturesque, and in nothing he ever played did his odd intonation and irrepressible personality so definitely fit the part.

Stuart Robson is even more engaging away from the footlights than under their spell, and a word with him is as good as a half-hour with Shakespeare. He is full of charming stories of his confèrres, and has bright, easy wit, which is scented with youth and buoyancy and a certain spontaneous gravity almost as entertaining as his lightest humor.

This spirited, graceful, and entertaining actor is honor bound to fifty years, and there is a brawny little chap, who has not much over three years the best of life, who calls Robson papa. The baby was named William, for Mrs. Robson's father, but custom and compliment rechristened him Stuart, and the boy is very proud of the title, Stuart Jr.

Robson has the cheeriest, sweetest recollections of Edwin Booth, knew him so intimately and pleasantly, and always talks so tenderly of the lost actor, though the Robson hat does not hang upon a peg at the Players', for he is devoted to the Lambs', proclaims it infinitely happier in atmosphere than

the Lambs' in London, and believes in the youth, the vigor, and the American gimp of the royal army of splendid fellows who do most gambol there. Jack Kellard is one of the shining lights, beloved of Robson, because of his good temper, his unlimited fund of repartee, and his half-back coolness in taking the frightful tongue lashings the gentle lambkins affect when most amiable. Robson likes the soldierly Kellard and appreciates his fine nature and many graces of mind and talent.

John Kellard is a wit and a satirist; he doesn't look the part, but he is a delightful *raconteur*, a grave humorist, and one of those comedians who captivate partially through the surprise of finding so daring a sense of fun under such a shaggy, threatening brow.

Kellard is stately and black as night. His eyes burn gloomily in deep sockets, and his shining teeth add no brightness to his heroic, somber countenance. He is ugly, in a mystic, Plutonian way, and that's why his wit is such a treat.

I sat beside him a gloomy evening, when a gushing dame gazed upon him amorously from behind a bouquet of ferns and things. Kellard was in a quiet mood, so the lady of the eyes had it all her own way. She evidently had gone from New York to Brooklyn via Liverpool, and ached to shift the conversation to the subject of London, and finally she did, while John answered.

"I adore London this time the year, do you know?" began the giddy traveler.

"Yes? You have been there at this trying season?" suavely ventured John.

"Well—yes—but I stayed most the time in Lincoln; you've been there, of course?"

"In 1893 I had the toothache there for twenty-four hours."

"Oh, were you ever in London?"

"Yes, once."

"How long did you stay?"

"Twenty-one years," quoth dark John, the Englishman.

The conversation shifted to actors, and the lady protested that she liked not their company, excepting vigorously Mr. Kellard.

"I just hate those kind of people," piquantly observed the lady.

"Speaking of those kind, you may never have heard of Lindley Murray; he's buried down in Lancaster, I believe; you ought to look him up."

"No; I don't remember him; but, as I said, I do not know many actors."

Everybody is agreeable, gifted, and friendly in Stuart Robson's eyes. He is rather a simple gentleman himself, in spite of his great information, his full and brilliant career, and his breadth of experience; so every artist is charming to Robson, none other than pleasant and all worthy. It is a revelation to talk to so splendid an exponent of old methods, with so many delightful acceptances of the modern in everything.

"Come here; let me tell you a bundle of stories, all old enough to be new," said he.

"Odd how stories stand by a fellow, isn't it?" queried Robson, shifting his crossed knee and clasping his hands over it comfortably, and musingly perforating a sprig of wit with one of his inimitable glances. "Why, I dragged out a lot of rubbish which has been written about me from time to time—stories of escapades, lies, truths, and romances, jokes on me and jokes on the writers, and all sorts of anecdotal baggage—and you have no idea how the chestnuts are snatched at. After all, if a fib is old enough it is brand new, and I've lived long enough in the sun's eye to see revolutions, you know.

Well, there is that fearful old fiction which really began with Betterton and it still continues its triumphant upheavals upon occasion—the story of the young actor who was rebuked by Betterton for not reading a speech correctly, Betterton finishing the scolding by reading the speech and saying, 'That is the way, sir,' etc.; whereupon the tyro made the celebrated response, 'If I could speak it that way, sir, I would be the star,' etc. Oh, it is in its second childhood now, but it always goes; Fechter, Booth, Wallack, Barrett, everybody, has had it printed about them, and really it is not particularly clever; any journeyman tailor might have said it to his superior without floating down the ages as the very *crême de menthe* of a wit."

I met Kellard coming out of McVicker's after enjoying Opie Read's "The Jucklins."

"Robson is a sterling old chap," said John, vivaciously; "he is so clean-cut and keen, so capable above all his eccentricities. He always touches me deeply. There is the one beautiful character picture. It is a good deal like a fine book; it is charming to have great engravings decorate the literature and deckle-edge paper and Venetian reliure, but if the book is paper bound, blotchy, with cheap print, and not an illustration from 'kiver to kiver,' the story is all right, isn't it? Well, that's the way I feel about Stuart Robson, no matter what his company. He is an up-and-up actor of the true, the old, the only school. It's mine, too, you know."

Actors are proverbially good auditors. They enthuse over a good play, they endure placidly a bad play, and the reason for it is mainly because they know, and because the stage is such a novelty to them seen from a comfortable box or orchestra chair.

OPERA

When all the beautiful singers spurn the dust of America from their expensive feet, spiritual collapse settles upon the community.

The lobby soulfuls will count up their adjectives, summarize and subjugate that peculiar dialect contagious always during operatic intervals in civilization. There is so small a quota of individuals who can retain the English language in chaste form through a whole opera season that an enthusiast without kinks in all the prepositions of national inheritance and doubles in the adverbs, verbs with gender or Latinized substantives, is a person to be suspected of a tendency to flounder outside the foreign atmosphere.

Foyer English pendent, an operatic invasion, is something too picturesque and spectacular to pass by unnoticed. The first night timid lingual ventures, limited to mild French or Italian peculiarities of exclamation, are the awakening philological signals. As the week tolls off the number of librettos sold, language takes upon itself an exalted polyform not to be despised. Ordinary American salutations of "Hello!" "Ah, there!" and "How-de-do?" are lifted into charming stumbles of transferred French and Italian, so that the nearest anybody in the swim can come to a brief and pleasant "good evening" is something like "Ah, it is it that it is how is it it is going with you?" which, being reduced to the usual climate, signifies "How's things?"

French is the preference in foyer language during opera, and it is quite inspiring to tackle the typical music critic—

one with the white, white heart and frenzied vocabulary—toward the end of a grand opera run; the true judge of translucent tone, thematic technique, and things; not the critic who has to write for the daily papers, but the one who feels called upon to explode conversation between the acts wherever there is room for his exclamation points.

The music critic under journalistic remuneration is a sad, suffering exception to the rule governing judges of harmony. He is reduced to a frazzled state of mental daze impossible to duplicate under any other circumstances, and so far from incumbering his cerebral machinery with carefully hoarded samples of dialect he is in such a condition of partial coma that to save his neck he could not remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, without the assistance of brain forceps. But there are others.

They do not draw salaries, but they talk, seize the red thread of attention, pose in judiciary delusion, and gradually take upon their conversation verbal colors usually veering toward the Gallic, so that dialects reign in the clear overtones of lobby cackle. Then just about when the music mattoids reduce their temperature to normal and their verbs to aboriginal, they are obliged to drop all these comforting intelligibles and slug their gutturals into line for Wagner, who arrives in his own vernacular.

MELBA

Within call of Adelina Patti's good-by trill—clear as a lark's and glad—came Nellie Melba's celestial song of greeting to music. Two unparalleled voices in melodious salutation to one lucky century; the one filtering its glories through the accumulated adulation of forty years' supremacy, the other caroling from the heights through silver-lined promise and appeal. It was very interesting to study the adieu of Patti and the arrival of Melba, for they were almost simultaneous. There was nothing pathetic in the arch kiss of parting blown from Patti's lips, where song lived, nor anything of trepidation in the upturned throat of Melba, ready to take the place of the world's greatest singer.

Madame Patti made a tour in chamber opera just before the advent of Madame Melba, and Patti's voice was in its loveliest mellowness and her triumphs unalloyed.

Madame Adelina Patti is nothing if not perennial, absolute, and exhilarating. She packed the theaters everywhere as if she were sixteen, divine, and never going to sing again on this favored earth. Tiers of exquisitely arrayed beauty, flower-laden and wildly enthusiastic, split twelve-button suédes in relentless demands for one more note from the diva's glorious throat. Patti was regal and radiantly amiable. She sung "Luce di Quest Anima" with all her bird-like staccato facility, just as she always did, and she responded with "The Last Rose of Summer," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Comin' Thro' the Rye" just as she always did. There was not a strange note accorded the hungry public, nor a shade of differ-

ence in her intoxicating smile, nor a fresh coquetry, nor a new cadenza. Just exactly the old entrancing "Chamounix" cavatina, the three angelic ballads, the toss of her adorable black head, glimpse of glistening teeth, sweep of a train, a last turn of her pretty back, and lo! earth ceased to smile. It is not alone that Adelina is the most heavenly-voiced sprite of this prosaic century, but she is the most marvelous little woman on earth. She hypnotized nation after nation by her dazzling magnetism. It is not in the least because she could sing "Home, Sweet Home," with a tone of more liquid sweetness than other gifted singers, but it is the enrapturing dream that she sings at all, that Patti is there with her soft eyes smiling out life-chaining electric reins over the heads of a thousand new slaves every time she deigns to sing. She is a most bewildering creature in her least attractive mood—her very swan song—but Patti under the halo of inspired happiness is simply joy idealized and expressed.

Sometimes her last audiences seemed afraid she might fly away, afraid her preservation might be artificial, and that a breath or outburst of pent-up enthusiasm might crumble her to rose-dust; they seemed restrained by a servile awe that oppressed even jubilant Arditi. Patti's reception was sometimes so placidly decorous that the fêted diva would widen her midnight eyes and burst out laughing. She had not sung so exquisitely in ten years as she did that year of farewells. There was a fairy-wine warmth in her angel voice absolutely intoxicating. She was piquant as a kitten and more fascinating than ever. She warbled through a new waltz by Arditi, and was showered by applause that was recklessly spontaneous, and in America, one matinée, Patti, coquettish little diplomat that she is, took a wreath of laurel sent to her, tied with red, white, and blue ribbons and United States flags, looked tenderly upon the inspiring colors, and glided out in a

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tremor of deliciously effective patriotism. She came flying back with her lovely eyes bright in tears, bowed to the composer of the waltz, and graciously sung it all over again, and insisted upon Arditi accepting the lion's share of applause. It was all very pretty and endearing.

Then Patti turned her graceful back for a moment, wiped two heavenly tears out of those eyes of hers, and whispered tenderly to Arditi, "Home, Sweet Home." Then that hiccoughy classic came from her nightingale throat like filtered starlight. Oh, she is a wondrous creature! A kiss from the tips of her pink fingers is worth a bundle of three-per-cents from any other hand to a delirious audience. She is ideal, ethereal, and overcoming. The mad scene and rondo of "Lucia" was given with marvelous fioriture and enticing canary staccato. The country timidly implored one more note from her, but she gave a bewildering series of smiles instead, and a hope of "The Last Rose" or "Comin' Thro' the Rye" was radiantly crushed out of the thousand enthralled hearts captured by Patti's adroit way of making love at them.

The next time the mad Lucia's coloratura fantastics filled the earth with wonder Melba sung them—Melba, with a voice straight out of the virgin white of starshine, a voice wild and sweet and true, and a trill which instantly showered exquisite forget-me-nots over Patti's Lucia. Melba sung like a suddenly liberated nightingale, her voice leaping to angelic heights, reaching into the clouds for crystal bubbles of melody, and spangling the air with beautiful notes and rare cadences. Her marvelous crescendoes, soft meltings into touching little delicacies of pure tone, and exquisite caresses of song cannot be attempted by any other singer in the world. She is peerless in execution of fioriture, and her voice has captivating sweetness of quality, vibrant timbre, and amazing compass. After the mad scene a pandemonium of gratitude and enthu-

siasm reigned. Melba was called before the curtain so many times even the boys forgot to count in the exciting storm of applause, shouts and frenzied bravas that kept Melba bowing, throwing enviable kisses, and smiling in a beloved way over and over again. If the "Lucia" scene had been missed entirely, the Melba coronation would have been something to remember forever. Ladies applauded until their pink shoulders ached, men hurrahed, youths stamped their tingling feet and beat their gloves into fragments, the entire balcony stood up and waved handkerchiefs, fashionable aristocrats leaned over the loge rails and kept up a running accompaniment of vociferous enthusiasm, clapping hands, fluttering bouquets, and scarfs, while from the democratic quarters came a ringing battery of Americanism as adoring and sincere as it must have been unusual to the prima donna's pretty ears.

Madame Melba is so statuesque and seductive a Lucia that the wonder-singing she achieves in the rôle comes unexpectedly, particularly facile and alluring. She flies upon the stage like a starling, and sings as deliciously as an impassioned bird. Notes spring into the air about her as if these exquisite roses of tone grew and Melba caught them into bouquets of melody to be thrown away in showers. The great purity of each note, the knitting together of golden threads into a splendid network of song, the rush of liquid jewels in her roulades, portementos and cantabiles, the beauty of her trill, and that charming touch of child innocence in her voice are bewitching beyond any verbal expression.

Madame Melba has swept the nations out of the dusk of content into marvelous exaltations and enthusiasm. She is gifted with a voice of celestial purity and facility, and her temperament is simple, attractive, and lovable, combinations rarely clasped in one with divine preferences in genius. Even Patti's most faithful adherents must salaam before this new

and young and matchless goddess of song. Melba is the unchallenged queen of music magic this moment, and it is not at all probable that this generation will know another such an enchantress.

She has an infantile disposition to fly into small, futile rages, which are very amusing, but the May-day brightness of her happiest hours is infectious and invigorating. St. Patrick's Day, when America was on the verge of its sixty-day annihilation of Spain, Madame Melba and I started out for a drive in the face of a warlike Hibernian parade. Our carriage instantly sought distinction, and was the recipient of police attention from the hopeful beginning to the welcome end of international complications not expected and not at all appreciated. Melba argued with every officer who claimed the right of way. She lifted her Australian chin into the air and her voice into cataclysms. For three miles we were forced into line behind a valiant band of Father Mathews' T. A. B.'s, and then we climbed out of our unhappy vehicle and were sharply criticised for stopping the procession. We escaped through an alley, after a collar-and-elbow encounter with a crowd dense and terrific. Every once in a while Madame Melba would be wrenched from me and drawn into the good-natured, rowdy broil of sight-seers. I would hear her voice hysterically shrieking: "They are murdering me! I am going to faint! Help! Sir, how dare you?" and one could easily locate the songstress by her frenzied ejaculations and frightened little yelps for rescue. Everybody else was laughing, jostling, staring, but it was an engagement with a public not at all Melba's own, and she resented its very indifference and joy.

Her desertion of Paris forever as an abiding place seems the strangest move. All of her beautiful Trianon furniture, her Dresden and Watteau plaques, her bronzes, marvelous

embroideries, glass, linen, and famous pictures, sold for a fabulous sum to a *dilettante*, whose fortune permits the asking for this exquisite cage for the rare songbird, exactly as she lived in it. Melba confessedly tired of Paris and her belongings! Her new palace in London is something too august for description, and the house upon the Thames is a glorious structure, in which the fanciful dainties and fairy stuffs of her Rue de Prony apartment would be lost and belittled. But the associations hallowing the lovely marble house in Paris seem too powerful to desert. Here Dumas *fils* and Sarah Bernhardt would cosily wrangle. The resplendent actress is a most intimate friend of the singer, helps Melba in her dramatic evolutions, believes and delights in her. Marchési brought to Melba's *coin de feu* the latest voice of promise to be tried, and Gounod, during the last months of his life, would climb the broad stairs leading to Madame Melba's home, or be slowly lifted by the elevators leaving visitors at her door. Gounod, whom Melba worshiped in a girlish, trustful simplicity, and who would have no other Juliet sing his opera. It was here the pretty romance linking Melba's name with that of Philippe duc d'Orleans reached a somewhat sensational climax, when Paris excitedly accused the young refugee of entering Paris in the guise of *valet à pied* to the diva, an attack upon their good sense which these picturesque lovers denied with indignation. In London I saw this amiable scion of a royal house, where he was recuperating, very pale and helpless, still suffering from an accident which disabled him in Spain. Except for its intrinsic political bearing the persistency with which this pleasantly unambitious Paris aristocrat is driven out of his own country does seem rather a case of straining at a gnat. He was resigned with the friendly sort of tolerance which comes of youth and divers less enchantments, but he wanted to hurry to the Black Forest, or even

still, cold Normandy, or anywhere in France, while he was lame and ill. He is a gentle-voiced, mannerly gentleman, with nothing more than his clear, bright eyes and well-knit figure to distinguish him from the other men of London, but likely he would be picked out of a thousand on the streets of Paris, and hounded to a chopping-post for rebellion and treason. It is not of much comfort to a joyously inclined bachelor to be the heir to a monarchless throne, which empty inheritance banishes him from a beloved land when his leg is broken into splinters and London weather detestable.

But like Nankipooh's paternity, "that happened some time ago," and the beautiful *parc monceau* home of Melba held some of the treasures of his story within its satin-hung walls.

It was an apartment, of course, as all the *maisons* of the city without homes are. A dim-lit, brown-and-sable hall was the introduction to this abode of a songstress; a cosy *salle-à-manger* opened on one side, where ruddy leathers and mahogany, allowed to shine, silver, antique and modern, Royal Worcester, Dresden, Da Rimini, and Bohemian glass, bisque, bronze-vert and gold in miniature dignity. Opposite, hung in pale brocades embroidered in gold upon faint pink and blue, were the four proud walls clasping the sleeping-room of Melba. Her bed was one of the few authenticated possessions of Marie Antoinette. White marble and gold steps three lead to the couch, a cradle of point lace, embroidered linen, Watteau pink and blue-flowered stripes, touched with bullion in the curtains. It was very small and sat pertly against the silken wall. Every costly golden trifle a belle might envy lay shining upon her tables and before her mirror—jeweled brushes, bottles, ewers, combs, knives, and tablets of ivory and shell. No picture was in Melba's bedroom there except the solemn little face of her pretty boy, Charles Armstrong. In the drawing-room rare paintings, famous tapestries, gilded

chairs, inlaid divans, sumptuous draperies, made the place a small wonderland of loveliness and comfort. There was sculpture with a dedication chiseled upon pedestals by the producer of the work; autographs of men of whom the world stood in awe, and books from pens revered. Yet with all its meaning, its fascinating beauty, the Melba home in Rue de Prony never seemed to be decorated to its fullest capacity, nor did its gold and fine lace and jewels carry the weight of oppressive splendor costly furnishings usually do. No satin and fragile couch therein was ever too delicate to lounge upon, no glass or china too costly to use; nothing but delightful comfort and invitation radiated from the mirrors and the velvets, and Melba kept this charming haven year in and year out with the same chef, the same servants, and the same welcome, whether she stepped her owning foot within its door or no during a season. Here she studied most of her successful rôles, here dwelt in happiness, in qualms, in joy. And now she courts the cool, gray towers of London, when she is not traveling or junketing at Fernley.

Fernley is in the town of Maidenhead, on the Thames, up on one of the gentle sloping hills of the village, with a full view of the river, but none of its dampness or fog. Melba has her own house-boat and her resting season is made simple but joyous by surroundings and the friends she gathers around her. She is very fussy about just who her summer companions are, and instructs them as to what they are to wear and expect. She is the most delightful hostess, and lives bare-armed and in ginghams from the time she reaches Fernley until the knell of her summer rings her back to triumphs. Fernley is one of those spacious country palaces which are roomy as hotels and fitted with every modern assistance to a good time. There are over twenty-seven guest rooms, and Madame Melba manages to have them filled with sympathetic,

brilliant, and famous people all through July and August, when she entertains most royally, or allows her guests to entertain themselves, with *carte blanche* to roam at will and order *ad lib.* She has a retinue of servants trained like a faultless army, and her social affairs are among the sought-after arrangements of the London season. There are always hosts of unobtainable guests about Madame Melba, who ignore the ordinary lion-hunter or society jubilee. Artists of renown and writers, famous composers, poets, and occasionally a celebrated actor or envied beauty. Always the most agreeable, inspiring crew mans her house-boat, and there are princes, dukes, and titled ladies hovering near her throne all the summer through.

Madame Melba, like most singers, can whistle and will whistle under the most amazing circumstances. She has a marvelous whistle, as sweet and clear as her voice and capable of the most wonderful execution. All of her parts she memorizes, not by singing, which is the carefully trained finish of her study, but by whistling, and she warbles through the intricate cadenzas of Rosina and Lucia with the ease of a bobolink.

A gloomy little canary sat blinking at us in a restaurant, and Madame Melba looked up at him and said: "Poor little chap, he looks lonely. Maybe I can brighten him up." With that she began in a soft, purling whistle to imitate a canary's notes. In an instant the bird was all excitement; he fluttered about in the cage, came down close to the edge of his door and began to answer Melba's pretty trills and soft, cooing notes of friendliness. He caught some of Melba's delight in his voice, and sung excitedly and musically all the while we sat there, interrupting his ecstatic melody with occasional pleading little notes inviting Melba's whistle to call again and stay longer. It was in a big, noisy café, where people sat

long distances apart, but those nearest looked inquiringly about for the beautiful whistler, and listened to the flirtation the canary fell into with great enthusiasm; but Madame Melba held a menu close to her eyes, and the duet went on with much surmising as to the location of the delicious whistle.

Melba is a great romp away from her work. She likes children and birds, but not mice or cats. Her stables at Fernley accommodate twenty horses, and she has the rarest breeds of carriage and riding chevals. She enjoys the most infantile sort of joke, and is in a tempest of laughter most of the time. She wanted an Easter bonnet, and broke an engagement with Herr Kraus in order to consult a milliner. Kraus said, in his illuminative English, "I mus' haf buy yo' ein hats."

Melba thought it a good suggestion, and told him to send one to her and she would look it over. It came in an hour, and was a creation leguminous and of much atmosphere. There was a vivid suggestion of *ragout à la printemps* in the odor of the bandbox, which, when opened, discovered a huge straw hat decorated with onions, leeks, carrots, beets, aigrettes of lettuce, and pompons of tomatoes. At street quotations it must have cost a dollar for the trimmings alone. But Melba had fifty dollars' worth of fun over it, and the big, boyish Kraus took much delight in his own good-natured clowning.

They are happy strolling folk, with music in their souls and a good deal of simplicity in their permitted enjoyments. When they disappear to rest it is silent time, for no birds sing as these great ones of earth with strangely special gifts and unusual temperaments. They cannot be judged by ordinary standards, but are beings to be grateful for in every mood and under all circumstances; at least they give to earth what the ordinary captious, proper, and plodding mortal scarcely understands, much less cultivates.

When Madame Nellie Melba is loading her crown with dazzling jewels, is singing new rôles magnificently, and studying others with a vim and application indicative of her vigorous temperament and inexhaustible vitality, she is very nervous about herself. Not upon special occasions, but all the time. She will fly out of her dressing-room ready to pick up her cue and suddenly declare in a feverish hysteria that her voice has gone completely, and that she can never sing again. Then when the cue comes she glides in upon the scene and sings like an angel, without a flaw, without an effort, as only Melba can sing at all times. Really, above all other singers this gifted diva has least to fear, least to suspect of her divinely perfect voice. It never has rare hours and comparatively beautiful times; it is forever the same, indoors and out, at noon, at eve, at midnight, and she is never irritable about singing when she is with treasured friends. At her bijou of a house in Paris she always carved or served at luncheon, and while in this interesting employment she would sing, sometimes a ballad, sometimes a cadenza, sometimes hum a waltz or trill an aria. It was like the jubilant carol of a bird, as enchanting and as brilliant, done entirely without effort or pose, just because she wanted to sing. And for those careful sopranos who never dare sing until certain hours after eating, perhaps it may be entertaining to know that Melba will break into a song—as the Russell Brothers say—between the ham and eggs, jump up from table, and sing immediately in the most delightful abandon to her disposition. She will sing a cavatina beautifully, nibbling between measures, a bonbon or a chicken bone.

She delights in American folk song—all the odd darky songs and simple ballads—and would hum in an entrancing voice, "Alabama Coon" and "Annie Rooney" way off in her luxurious palace in Paris, where she gathered charming peo-

ple, especially musical people, from every clime. Once she interrupted a learned discussion upon astronomy, in which Flammarion and Daudet, or some knowledgeous persons of worldly note, were crossing swords, and she said: "Let us bring these men out of the clouds, will you? Tell me the words—prompt me if I forget—and I'll sing them 'Maggie Murphy's Home.' "

A more easily accomplished task could not be imagined, except that M. Flammarion gallantly shouted, when she had finished, that she had not brought them out of the clouds, but translated them beyond hope of earthly return.

What a pity these wonderful notes of hers cannot be bottled up somehow for future enjoyment, a note at a time, like expensive conserves!

It is rather a bewildering ignis fatuus of delight to have the cadenzas of Melba's Lucia passing through memory half-clear, all veiled, and quite intangible. Might there not be some Elysian treasure-forest where the ephemeral essences of beauty fly when once given out from the joys of earth? Some opal air holding the lost perfume of violets, the crimson faded from rose petals, flown innocence from smiles of children, the swift-dying love-light in a maid's sweet eyes, and songs exultant, fleeting as snow's whiteness, and rare as the rustle of angels' wings?

And there, wherever it is, in the eternal reservation of all things beautiful—somewhere high in crystal evidence—must flow the exquisite notes that Madame Nellie Melba has sung to worldlings. She must have jeweled this ghostly-sainted atmosphere with ten thousand lovely stars of song of which we caught only the passing sweetness in the flight to eternity. To reverently circle each fair note in a ring of fire, hang it within a human heart, or keep it in shadowy memory seems an impoverished kingdom to bestow upon such incomparable beauty.

Once Melba undertook the leviathan task of teaching a Frenchman how to speak English. He was the Viscount du Barry, who pretended he wanted to know. One of the observable characteristics among the French is a total contempt for any other language than their beautiful own. The pleasant shock arriving to every visitor is the finding that English is spoken in the Paris shops by English or American clerks especially engaged for that unseemly purpose. Either it is a national prejudice or Bourbon conservatism which keeps anything newer than Sanskrit from interfering with an educated Frenchman's vocabulary. Each raises his eyes heaven-to-win'ard and is desolated because he "spiks not." Once in a while he says "nit," because that is Russian, but it never occurs to him that he could have masters and learn English, or at least British, which can be translated by clever persons speaking pure English. Most all English and Americans speak French of some sort.

An amusing instance of the helplessness of exceedingly well-educated Frenchmen came to light and enlisted Melba's sense of humor, so she tried to teach. The Viscount du Barry of Paris is a typical boulevardier, up to the instant in dress, polished, witty, charming in manner, distinguished in appearance, with the unusual combination of taffy-colored, sleek locks, the amiable large French mouth, and neat way of turning compliments and jests. He had by ardent devotion to philological pursuits succeeded in learning from the sweet daughters of a British duchess, whom he had been visiting, such useful if not highly ornamental words as "hat" and "head," "glove" and "hand," black" and "white," together with a choice quartette of verbs in the give-and-take list, coupled with one or two prepositions. Armed with this prosody, the viscount hied him down Piccadilly to buy a new black tile.

Stepping confidently into a hatter's Du Barry said with his most exquisite bow, "Vill yo' giv' me un black head instead zis white one?"

And true to the instincts of the invulnerable British subject, who never tumbles, the clerk calmly pointed down the street to a hair-dressing establishment, stolidly remarking, "We doesn't dye 'air 'ere, sir."

After this, Madame Melba and a cohort of idle ladies tried to teach the amiable Du Barry English in carefully assorted bunches, but met with signal defeat, for at the first lesson M. Du Barry made up his mind never to go to London or air his lingual accruments for fear of political and social ostracism.

When this woman with the angel voice arose out of the army of celebrities grouped at a respectful distance from Patti, who had the one supreme, perfect voice of the century, Melba was pardoned her absence of dramatic attainment because of her peerless voice. Patti stood a single star surrounded by asteroids until Melba dawned upon the world and shared the incomparable honors of Adelina. That Melba showed no signs of dramatic gift was simply a negative flash of inconsequence. The voice beautiful had darted out from under the steady blaze of all the big, fine ordinary soprano voices intrusted with grand opera, and Madame became the instant idol of the hour, with no account taken of her dramatic talent nor an effort made to bother so celestial a voice with any accompanying stage accomplishment. Patti never had been credited with a startling dramatic genius, and Melba, the only singer of the century who could be compared with the celebrated diva, was looked upon with awe for the adorable "white" quality of her voice, the amazing facility, compass, and the same "bel canto" preserved through the accumulating years devouring Patti's inclination to address her public. But as a surprise Melba came with her small

hands stretched out for new laurels, those held by Bernhardt, Duse, and Terry, and one or two other actresses of great versatility. Except Eleanor Duse, there are few actresses of the day who could give with Melba's distinctness of dramatic expression two such different characters as the heroine of "The Barber" and that of "La Traviata."

One is chic, high, light comedy, all youthful mischief and airy inconsequence and music filled with birdlike laughter; the other is Camille with her blight, her tragic discouragements and arias glorious with dramatic beauty. In each of these Melba called attention to her really great histrionic genius, and her Marguerite in "Faust" amazed her most devout slaves.

The purling rumble of rubber tires through Parc Monceau at midnight, and a veiled, still woman with a mission sure to be piquant explained where Madame Melba's newly cultured gift found nourishment. The woman driving through le Parc was Madame Bernhardt, and after her own mountains of endeavor, rehearsals, performance, the countless duties with which she chains her life, she would delightedly give hours to training her admired *amie* and colleague, Madame Melba, in the dramatic requirements and possibilities of her greatest operatic rôles. Every move, every gesture, every sigh, every look was ordained by the great Sara, and Melba, part of the time silently listening and part of the time singing with exultant gratitude, drank in the colors put upon the pale heroines she had been singing. Through such inspiring lights as the noblest genius in the world threw upon the characters, Melba saw wonders, and Madame Bernhardt was in a friendly temper of enchantment over her voluntary devotion to a great work. Sometimes at the theater, sometimes at Madame Bernhardt's own hotel, sometimes in the mountains, wherever this sympathetic pair of gifted beings chose to study, the revolution of

Melba's talent was carried on until almost unreasonable artistic results proclaimed the trial over. Marguerite came out of the white fire glorified.

All the pretty arts of Goethe's type of innocence adorned the first act, when with silver tones and sunny tenderness Marguerite looks up from her prayerful mood into the glossy net of danger, and sings sweetly, "Non monsieur, je ne suis demoiselle, ni belle," and childishly colors the spinning-wheel scene with the interruptions to "Le Roi de Thulé" ballad. Sudden leaps from bliss to Marguerite's peril and misery were made with beautiful security by this delightful Melba with the new surprise in her load of divine gifts. Nothing more intensely dramatic could be depicted than Melba's willowy sufferer Marguerite sobbing and shivering and pitifully wailing over her murdered brother's curse and her awful fate.

It put fresh vitality in the old beauty of Marguerite, and brought her attended by an emotional fervor no singer had given her for many years. To-day Melba's Marguerite is a superb dramatic recital of Goethe's unhappy model of spiritual disaster, and aside from that she sings it more beautifully than ever, and a more symmetrical, inspiring idealization of poetry and music could scarcely be imagined. She is lovely as a girl in her teens and faultlessly graceful; in a word, Nellie Melba was never so bewitching or more in full possession of her kingdom than after the generous keys delivered her by Bernhardt, the anointed, had unlocked the singer's soul.

Melba always wanted recognition for her dramatic accomplishments. After Madame Bernhardt's sacrifices manifested richly, Madame Melba wrote from the furnace of a Pennsylvania triumph in "The Barber."

She was in a tremor of delight over the event, and felt that the lovely music was exquisitely fitted to her voice. "What

pleases me most is that the papers and people all speak of my improvement in acting. Don't you know, that is what I care for most? My voice—bless it!—always takes good care of itself, but dramatic art is such a great study apart, such an accomplishment, and requires such exceptional talent."

Melba with her voice is like Lillian Russell with her beauty. "If only you think I can act, who cares whether or not I am beautiful?" vehemently asks Lillian twenty times a year. "My face takes care of itself, but acting—ah, there is something one cannot have without study, talent, tact, and temperament. Please say I do act beautifully and that I have lost my complexion, won't you?"

Melba's dramatic art has steadily marched on toward the throne for three plenteous years. Her magnificent constitution has allowed her to sing more times during a season than most nervous, erratic divas do in two years, and that is training.

Her Rosina is deliciously piquant and birdlike, and she sings "Mattinata" with a success which grows into a hurricane of adulation when she adds "The Suwanee River," and upon her first appearance as Rosina she was so generous with her peerless notes that the audience simply prostrated itself in a worshipful lump at her small satin slippers. How the great songstress did romp with cadenzas, trills, roulades, and staccatos! Never in her life did she sing so magnificently, and the audience wept and screamed and beat its gloves apart in a vain effort to express a hint of the delight Melba's lovely throat had given. There has been nothing like the enthusiasm—which amounted to excitement—since the first time Madame Melba appeared in America.

She was showered with roses, pink, white, and red, and jealously begged for another note from her lovely voice before she kissed her hand and bade the multitudes adieu.

Her Violetta exploited more than any other presentation, except Marguerite, the growth of her dramatic intelligence, and gratified the generous goddess who had breathed spirit and inspiration into the diva's dramatic work and taught her affectionately and honestly the true dramatic note from a great tragic standpoint.

At six o'clock her first Violetta evening, Madame Melba clutched her throat and moaned in a transport of grief that grip had seized her, and there would be no "Traviata." But nobody paid much attention to the sorrowful caprice of the song bird, and at seven she had forgotten the cataclysm and was purling out priceless notes before her little gilded mirror, defying certificates, sprays, and gargles, and heralding by delightful vivacity and trills, tumultuous spirits and cadenzas, a remarkable performance of her favorite rôle. Melba takes especial pleasure in singing Violetta, chiefly because she does it so beautifully, because she feels it all emotionally, and because it was through Madame Bernhardt she understands the dramatic wealth in the time-worn character. Madame Melba dramatically gives a superb rendition of Violetta. In some of the delicate detail she is inventive and infinitely soulful; she departs from tradition and blossoms seductively in sympathetic dramatic effulgence, and she sings with a glory in her wonderful voice and fascinating depth of sweetness.

Pure as crystal and limpid "white" is the marvelous Melba quality of tone. There has never been a voice so exquisite nor one so delicately lovely of a like force and staying attributes. She begins the florid score of Violetta with a certain shining quality of tone almost too heavenly to promise continuance, but her last act is always the greatest triumph of the rambling old score.

In the coloratura and brilliant bravura movements she is

irresistible, singing with resonance and volume, and in the twenty small instances of gentle cantabile and parlando she displays both a grace of distinction and taste, a perfection of tone, and phrasing absolutely captivating.

The jewel of Melba's Violetta is the tenderly sympathetic renunciation song to the meddlesome old padre del Armando, who arranges things for his marriageable offspring. The simplest composition in the score—almost a ballad in construction—given with such opalescent delicacy, such charm of mood and feeling, and so much crystal purity of tone, that it is indescribably appealing. In the passionate scenes with Armando she quite astounds her admirers by a thrilling abandon and fire, a dramatic intensity and magnetism scarcely equaled in any other performance of Melba's held in reverence and awe by the world. She is something of a surprisingly emotional and tender Melba—quite another being of soul and ardor. What sprite of heaven has bewitched her anew and decked her with fresh means of conquest? But Melba is unmasked, is more an empress than ever, more an unapproachable, unchallenged enchantress with silver glittering in her notes.

Madame Melba's own personality is a befitting addition to her other infatuating gifts. She is as simple as a country girl, no more spoiled by her phenomenal successes than if she were the veriest tyro, and her smile, archness, and frank democracy, are not the least of her manifold enticements.

To listen to Melba telling of her own voice is to experience a pretty overturning of the senses; for one does not quite hear her say what she does, but feels the innocent truth in her statements. Once she came to me after a triumphant matinée at Covent Garden, and putting her firm, sincere hands upon mine, she said gravely, looking straight at me, "Wasn't my voice most beautiful this morning?"

It was such a glimpse into the heart of divinely apportioned genius that every note of self was locked out of the little musical conviction of perfection. It was the same piquant beauty of truth which makes Galatea's responsive greeting to her own image so captivating, and it is only a peerless, faultless woman who could say "how beautiful" to her own reflection in a mirror, or the celestial voice of Melba echo her own matchless notes and wonder at their loveliness.

She is such a creature of music; she lives in it, for it, hovers about it, and drinks it in as other people quaff intoxicants. A splendid orchestra inspires her, and I have seen her so exhausted with the joy of a great outpouring of poetic harmony that she would be on the verge of collapse. There is never any affectation about the stanch Australian cantatrice; she is blunt to abruptness, and not emotional over anything but her own voice and all other music. Her younger brother bids fair to be a great tenor, and all her family except one sister are intensely musical.

From Bergamo during the Donnizetti festival Madame Melba wrote from under a mantle of musical enthusiasm, and sent me a delightful picture of herself and dear old Joachim taken together in the stiffest, quaintest attitudes with effulgent and expansive grins upon their contented countenances. In the letter she tolls a wail over a lack in her pretty sister. "I am bringing my sister with me to your country. I do hope you will like her, though she is not at all musical. Isn't it strange that I of all people should have an unmusical relation?"

Madame Melba's father is an eminent and Mazarin-blue Scotch Presbyterian dominie, who never approved very heartily of his daughter's gifts, much less her impossible use of them, until the world arose and called her blessed. He

brought his Australian family up in an austere, devout way, with Melbourne advantages, and that is where his famous daughter found her name. "Melba" is from Melbourne, and her closest companions have a diminutive which gives her the pet name "Melbuzza."

VAN DYCK

Ernest Van Dyck is a Belgian, but his Flemish heredity is so glossed over with an education largely Parisian and Viennese, his artistic inclination so illuminated by cosmopolitan contact and his own temperamental originality that no sort of nation seems to hold dominion in his composition.

He is nearer *tout-à-fait* American than Belgian, and is one of the most irresistible wits, the most boyish, ebullient companion, who takes neither art nor success very seriously, since both came to him for the asking, and who laughs more than he studies, and argues profoundly more than frets or consults his artistic nerves, as do most of the blessed angels masculine with top C's and *il bel canto* in a panic.

He is a royally good fellow, with sanity of the purest, finest quality, impelling his genius to its most superb achievements and a belief in the rationalisms and lucidities of art with a crystal intelligence which is a discovery in a tenor. He never oppressively talks opera, signalizes his theories by the upper-case "A" for art, nor thrusts scientific principles into conspicuous tedium in accounting for acquirement and triumphs. He likes a big glass of American brew export better than cobwebbed Burgundy, a pretty girl better than an imperious lady of title or genius, and a good story better than a flight of poesy. Whatever he does socially is accomplished in the most charming and most cultivated fashion, and he is one of the rarest souls, intuitively sagacious in picking out things nearest the heart of his guest or comrade, completely to the extinction of Van Dyck himself except that productive subject be insisted upon.

His vast experience and incessant success in as many employments as his brilliantly kaleidoscopic talents would allow in a lifetime have made him one of the most interesting personalities of current history. In the first place, as a boy he had a soprano voice of exquisite charm, and his mother, a pious, grave, and gentle lady of means, fostered his pretty childhood song in a grateful tenderness, and perhaps his teacher during those choir days of censer and incense and love-notes to heaven really impressed the gifted Van Dyck more than all the costly trainers and technicians who have influenced his career since. He does not believe much in constant wrangling with schools and methods and theories and musical dogmas. His voice having found its celestial pose needs nor seeks further earthly assistance in preservation or perfection. He never saves himself nor his beautiful voice nor his nervous forces when his art demands either or all in exertion. He never indulges in qualms nor tremors nor hysterics nor those hyper-spiritual galvanics most distinguished creatures of special endowment and vocal equipment grow to depend upon and to expect. He has Edwin Booth's gift for instantaneous transformation, or rather transmigration from his own mood to that of the hero into whose heart and soul his dramatic polish bids him spring, and he lives a heartier, manlier and altogether less overhuman existence than the average man of divine appointment in the empire of song.

Despite his angelic soprano, Ernest Van Dyck took to Blackstone, abstracts, and briefs long before he dreamed of surging into the masks of an "abstract and brief chronicler." He was studying law in a drudging, plodding, uninspired way, when there came a chance for him to sing in opera, and this he did, shyly ensconced under the name of M. Ich. His legal instructor happened to be present, and recognized in the wonderful Ich his law student, and after some dignified ahems and

haws, preparatory to a shock, he quietly advised his student to throw over the law and go upon the stage. But the mother of Van Dyck was a saint, who looked upon the stage as a place for the lost and irredeemable and that career rather out of the question for sentimental reasons, and instead Van Dyck drifted into political journalism, and became a sort of unfledged menace at the head of *La Patrie*, a paper then quite as violent, but not so ultra-jaune as it is to-day. It gave the young and brilliant genius of Van Dyck full sweep, and he was regarded both a fearless and delightful *feuilletonist*, whose pen was deliciously ironical and trenchant upon whichever *faiblesse* it might be turned, and most acute and relentless in criticism.

His reviews of the drama and music were among the delights of Paris journalism less than fifteen years ago, and when he was just twenty-one he suddenly abandoned his accepted métier for the dangerous attempt of writing comedies. He built with great literary art no less than five plays in French and as many in German, each of which met with flattering success, and he wrote ballads which live to-day, and then, because his beloved mother's conscience had been silenced by the unflinching reaper, and there was no living objection nor injunction to be respected, Ernest Van Dyck was captured as chief interpreter of romantic and light-comedy rôles in Vienna.

He was followed here by his usual good fortune, and his handsome appearance, grace, splendid dramatic ability, and charming humor made him a favorite among the loftier patrons of the drama. Now, his voice, mellowing and growing and taking upon its youthful sweetness a superlatively exquisite beauty of tone, blossomed into something marvelous and attracted the attention of critics and operatic huntsmen, who immediately made him complimentary offers to appear in

classic opera, and with the highest or nothing in view, he immediately accepted as soon as he could arrange to appear in one of the most exalted heroic rôles the century afforded a singer. It had no venturesome color to Ernest Van Dyck, who exactly understood his own scope and his unbounded gifts, and then began his long career of splendors.

In Paris, where rehearsals are conducted upon an exact and enduringly careful scale, at least six, and often seven, to the rehearsal of an old score, and longer for the modern classics, it meant something arduous for the young tenor, but he is one of those indefatigable natures which nothing in the shape of work daunted in the least. It was with considerable difficulty that Van Dyck severed his journalistic disposition from his new métier, and his inclination to land a scoop or dictate to the populace through his daring pen made lots of amusement for the more introspective and transcendent spirits of the opera.

"A solemn thing is a rehearsal in our country," said M. Van Dyck to me one day. "Here it is quite a different, not to say indifferent, matter. Drop in casually when breakfast is over and find some prettily dressed singers gossiping about the stage, the impresario telling a good story, and two or three delinquent choristers warbling snatches of their score, the orchestra tuning up or resting, and yourself perfectly free to rehearse or no. A wearied 'Good morning' from the prima donna and a mutual assurance that neither has a fragment of voice left, a polite diatribe upon the climate and *ennuyé* reminder to the conductor just where you will take up encores, a courteously frigid adieu to the soprano and a look at your watch, a hurried assurance that you are late for a social appointment, a lift of your hat, and rehearsal is quite over in America. Once going over the score *sotto voce* is an elaborate preparation at the very beginning of the American season,

so is it any wonder that the same operas to which we give altogether a month of solid religious practice at Bayreuth should be revealed in somewhat different manner when all required is a gentlemanly dismissal of entire responsibility after the showing of one's countenance and necktie to the conductor and kissing the hand of the prima donna—sometimes?"

Bayreuth claimed the marvelous voice and genius of Van Dyck longer than any other community, unless it might have been Vienna, where he sung for ten years.

"I sung there for ten years, and never knew any of the artists of the company belonging to the theater," said Van Dyck, smiling his broad American smile and shrugging his shoulders. "We never know each other, not even by accident, and never by affinity. Opera singers seldom intermarry. Once in a while a great soprano will wed the tenor or a contralto lash herself to the matrimonial sail of a profundo, but these are the exceptions which prove a rule. Musicians marry each other, but seldom vocalists of the stage. We never have any pleasant social intercourse. We squabble and wrangle and argue over a phrase, we are dubiously polite and full of admiration unexpressed each for the other's talent, and rather likely fine disputes, also unexpressed, over methods and temperaments and attractions which go to make up love affairs. The magnetic conditions existing between high-strung artistic natures constantly thrown together in exercise of a métier demanding a state exalté and emotional, are very trying to social affiliation—truth to tell, mad passion and lyric art are not particularly congenial."

Van Dyck, in common with most astute foreigners, approves very enthusiastically of the American girl, and rather boyishly acknowledged, "I could prostrate myself before anything called by such a delicious name as 'gurl'—that's the prettiest word in all language."

M. Van Dyck speaks French, German, Italian, and English when no Englishmen are with him. He is an inveterate and brilliant story-teller, and rattles his *petites histoires* off in a language of his own—partly German, some French, delightful English, and occasional whirls into Arabic and Latin.

Once the Emperor sent for him to come to Berlin to sing "Parsifal" at a recital in the royal palace. The Vienna director of opera simply said "No" to the ruler's telegram, and Van Dyck, in as much courtly phrase as he had at command, wired his sovereign "Nix."

Then did Kaiser Wilhelm show how much more an enthusiast and musician an emperor may be than his subjects are aware by making the request for Van Dyck an affair diplomatique. He sent his own courier to Vienna and commanded the presence of the great tenor before the court, so Van Dyck was in the little alcove reception room just off the concert hall in the palace at the royally appointed time.

"Well, I waited and grew sleepy and unhappy and felt my voice collapsing, and no royal presence. It is amazing what herculean social duties an emperor is capable of when his very busy day comes around. It seems, although the Emperor had planned to have the treat of a recital of 'Parsifal' by way of recreation, that some of the few engagements he felt quite able to keep were still occupying his august time. He had risen early in the morning and opened an exhibition of mechanical inventions, had attended a wedding, entertained a foreign legation at formal breakfast, had dined with three visiting crowned heads at his table, and when the time arrived for the 'Parsifal' invasion was listening to speeches and congratulatory addresses given in honor of the opening of a famous new theater. Just as I was about to droop into hopeless slumber a messenger brought an apology from the Emperor, who regretted his unexpected detention as much as

did the artists awaiting him. Finally, after this encouragement had brightened some attending titled personages into something bordering upon wakefulness and cheered the singers, the great man slipped in at the back door, where the artists were waiting, and said, simply, 'I came in this way to avoid ceremony and to express my most sincere regret that you have been kept waiting.'

"Then he shook hands in the most cordial way with all of us, and 'Parsifal' was released from our throats. I remember very well that when an equerry handed the Emperor a score of the opera he thrust it aside, saying, 'I do not need a "Parsifal" score, I hope.' He knew it note for note, and sat with his long arms folded in deepest enjoyment of the music. After we had finished he called me over to his side and said: 'Of course, there will be the customary check waiting for you in small remuneration for the very splendid treat you have given me, but I want you to take this from me as a personal token of regard and remembrance of your art,' and forthwith he democratically hunted around in his trousers pocket and drew out of it a pin resplendent with the signet and crest of the royal house and the Emperor's own initials in jewels. Then he said, familiarly: 'Why do you stay in Vienna? They don't know music there. They will have you singing Strauss valses first thing you know. Come to Berlin.' "

Once the King of Belgium was entertained by a very rich man of Antwerp, whose cellar was accounted one of the most complete in the kingdom. Van Dyck was among the invited singers requested, and was paid fabulously to divert his Majesty. The King, who was rather a neat wit upon occasion and keenly enjoyed the elaborate bourgeois entertainment, was attracted by a certain old Burgundy served with one of the courses at dinner. "Well, the millionaire complaisantly accepted the King's compliment," tells Van Dyck, "and in

Egbert Van Dyck

some pompous confusion said, 'Oh, I have a rarer vintage than that, your Majesty.'

" 'Really?' said the King. 'I presume you are preserving it for a more auspicious occasion?' and in spite of the royal laughing eyes the cellar-owner answered, modestly: 'Yes, my liege!' "

Van Dyck's magnificent voice is not a busily worked and bestirred organ, except as his immense endeavors in classic opera have trained it to its highest point of cultivation. He believes little in teachers, and studies alone according to his own intelligent inspiration. Now he adopts the declamatory style in economic science of precaution, though his cantabile and song tones are as deliciously sweet and floral as ever when he wishes to extend the homage of their loveliness to a ballad or a dolce movement in opera. His superb acting and heroic embrace of the epic and sonorous in poetic tragedy, while his temperament is as sunny and joyous as the happiest sort of an everyday worker, make Ernest Van Dyck one of the most interesting personalities before the public, and his splendid successes go on accumulating with the years, and he takes them easily and gracefully and as stoically as the rich and triumphant millionaire did his saving out a special brand of wine for a more stupendous moment than simply a dinner to a king.

M. Van Dyck arrived in America just as we started on the road to Bayreuth—there is no denying it—and coming out of the vast house of music after his Siegmund, half the voices were humming the Wälsung motif, or trying to strike the sharp little cry of the valkyries, or portentously follow the theme devoted to Wotan and Walhalla. It became an epidemic with as much ease as a Kerker polka or a Sousa march, and all the men whistling the air most clinging in the wonderful score were not deeply schooled musicians steeped

in Wagner, but the bright chaps who come out of the burlesques humming the dance melodies and topical songs.

Van Dyck created a sensation by his glorious acting and equally brilliant singing as Siegmund the Wälsung. In the first act all the delicate sweetness of his wonderful voice was called upon to correctly intone the love motif of the daring story. His voice grew brittle and tentative in the declamatory episodes, but in the sensuous movements of the twin's music he was all violet and rose in tone and full of delicious sympathy. In those rousing instants when Siegmund seizes the air and illuminates it with lightnings of inspiring song, Van Dyck lifted the audience out of its dusk and cleared the way to perfect understanding of the music intrusted to his incomparable art. Call after call beat against the curtain until he and the other twin had bowed their gratitude a dozen times.

CALVÉ

It seems to me sometimes Mademoiselle Emma Calvé is the most strangely beautiful woman I ever saw, and another hour—lo! she has lost half her loveliness. But she is always a young girl, a creature of exquisite moods, and her beauty gains so much by a temperamental influence that the hush of it robs Calvé of a note of charm.

Her svelte figure is full of delicately conspicuous lines of loveliness and her face white as a lily petal and given over to sudden bewitching floods of a rose-heart flush most rare and captivating. Calvé's countenance, so mobile and sensitive, is as full of the magic of expression when she is at home as when the pulse of another—a mimic woman—inspires her to a splendid effort in lyric art; it is a face of history and fate, a face as prophetic as the palm of Parsifal's hand. Great ventures and strange triumphs must come to a temperament so dynamic, so "overhuman" as Calvé's; a creature of intensity almost contagious, and divine gifts beyond compare. Upon her beauty hang all the shining stamps of genius and the true art instinct; the long, slender, nervous hands, the fateful eyes wide apart and luminous, the low, perfect brow and delicate nostrils, the "little violin chin" Mendelssohn had, and the brilliant emotionality which keeps her all of a deliciously sympathetic tremble.

One year Calvé brought with her to America Madame Wolska, one of those restless Polish women of valiant charities and patriotic extravagance who live helping others. Madame Calvé, the Countess de Wolska, and I had many gay hours to

spare, allowed conversation to drift into amusingly profound channels, and no matter how abstruse the argument, always the incisive wit, the intelligence and mental grace of Calvé were uppermost. Madame de Wolska is a Cracow lady of distinction, who, like Modjeska, has devoted her entire life to charity upon such gigantic lines of undertaking that the small helps less unselfish women offer to humanity seem paltry affectations.

Madame de Wolska was touring America as the guest of the radiant Calvé, and it chanced to come out in our gossip that Madame de Wolska was a "distant cousin" of Madame Modjeska, and new words and sweet from the banished Helena honored were quickly delivered. "In Poland everybody is related to everybody else," said Calvé in her soft Breton French. "Of course beloved Modjeska is a relative of my friend, if for no other reason than that they both were born in Cracow. As a matter of fact, however, Madame de Wolska is related to Bozenta Chlapowski, Madame Modjeska's husband. Madame Modjeska's maiden name was Opido, you know, and Madame de Wolska's was Chlapowska.

"And, oh, she is so good, so sympathetic and charitable. Just now Madame Wolska is devoting her entire time and money to founding in Bretagne a home similar to the one Modjeska created in Poland; a colony where young girls will be taught delicate industries in lace and embroidery, so that they will not be driven to ruin in Paris, Berlin, and the great cities. These peasant girls are so innocent, so beautiful, there is no chance of their escaping spiritual desolation, at least if they are thrust into the temptations of a showy, fast metropolis of Europe. Madame Modjeska's little Altruria in Poland does a world of good, and in Brittany Madame de Wolska is engineering another life-work which will save thousands of pretty young girls."

Mademoiselle Calvé is in a continual broil of study and brain activity. She reads sporadically without much earnestness, and she dives into everything, from occult science to physical culture, with an avidity absolutely refreshing. She even has a taste for mechanical invention, and her ideas are sometimes amazingly practical for such a spirituelle, ethereal beauty of genius.

One evening a palpitating telegram came to me from Mademoiselle Calvé, requesting my presence immediately within her portals. Being that those complimented doors were in a hotel just next to mine, the telegram did seem amusing. I went, and my knock brought Calvé herself to open the door. She was dressed in a long, black crepe robe with deep falls of Spanish lace over white silk; her wonderful hair, straight as truth and a black which almost held an underglow of violet in its darkness, was rolled in a circle pompadour quite about her lovely head, and not a scrap of jewelry nor a ribbon nor color disturbed the symphony of her moonlight look.

"I want to sing to you some little berceuse and accompany the song with the quaintest instrument you ever saw," said she, drawing me across the room to where stood an odd fragment of harp-shaped wood surmounted by a keyboard rather like a limited type-writing machine. Calvé stood up and began to bring the weirdest chords, waves like summer winds and lazy seas, from the imperfect little instrument. She fitted two metal shields to her fingers and struck marvelously delicate but full chords upon the fine wire strings.

"It is my own idea, carried out by a New York manufacturer," said she, as she strummed prettily at it, inventing chords to fit her delightful mood.

"You know how I hunt through all musical instruments for one exactly made to accompany the voice. I am as restless

as a lover about it, and I never find perfection. I studied the piano three years, but it did not satisfy me; I tried the harp, and nearly wore my finger nails and tips away, with no nearer approach to sympathy in tone; I drum upon the guitar, the mandolin, the autoharp, the zither and banjo, and to what end? Only aggravation and most always irritation. So I went to a talented maker of musical instruments in New York and suggested this arrangement, by which I secure exquisite and vari-colored notes almost atmospheric, if you will listen sympathetically."

Imagine anybody frigid enough to sit about and listen to Calvé sing like a dream-woman and not "listen sympathetically!"

She leaned over the strange-keyed harp and began singing the little old slumber song:

"Chantez, chantez, ma belle,
Chantez, chantez, toujours ———"

and I was in an elysian state of trance by the time she reached the "Dormez ma belle" verse. She was such a picture to look upon; the weird music from the harp and the exquisite touch of tenderness in her lovely voice were absolutely indescribable and enchanting, though she herself did not seem to think it was anything more than a friendly explanation of her own invention.

"It has no name yet. What would you call it? I am supposed to give it a name," said she.

"Why not Calvéharp?"

"Oh, do you think Calvé is nice? I don't. It is too modern, too mute. No, something else—I don't like Calvé."

"What is the matter with this country?" murmured she a minute after, as if asking an astrologer's interpretation of a sign. "They do not come to opera. When I have sung they crowded the house; now is it because they like Bizet and

Gounod and do not like Meyerbeer and Flotow, or why is it?"

It is impossible to explain to Calvé that she is, above all others, a terrific magnet for the public, for she knows her own value, and flattery slides out of her hearing immediately. "In Paris all year the people come to hear opera, not because august singers interpret it, but because it is opera. However, I think Paris is always loyal to me. It gives me an ovation inevitably, and pets and spoils me much," said the great Carmen, with her fascinating little smile beginning in her eyes and losing itself in the dimples about her mouth.

"They are going to do a funny thing for me in Paris. I have just received a letter concerning it. Wait a minute until I find it, and we will read it over again."

The letter told of an honor rather too exalted for me to be amused, as Mademoiselle Calvé was by the promise. Calvé's picture as Carmen was to be painted within the dome of l'Opera, the painting to be made by Benjamin Constant. I do not know of another artist to whom such a tribute has been paid, and asked why it seemed funny to Calvé.

"Why, won't it be rather a lark to be playing Carmen on the stage and catching occasional glances of a counterpart Carmen smiling from the dome?"

Those who know the work of Jean Joseph Benjamin Constant can well surmise the pleasure he will take in putting Calvé's rakish, passionate, wicked Carmen into fresco. His "Favorite d'Emir," "Samson et Delilah," and his faithful Cabanal school prophesied a beautiful production for Carmen, but I never learned whether the work was completed.

Mademoiselle Calvé has been pretending to learn English for years, though she is very shy and piquant about speaking it. She has a half-dozen words ready for any emergency; she uses these for all sorts of answers and orders which must be

given in the ruder tongue. But she refuses to even try a continued conversation in anything but French or Italian. She will not speak a word of English to me under protest, except when she is cornered and fooled into belief that she must.

"When can I see you again?" she asked, sweetly courteous.

"Thursday," said I, in English.

"What is Thursday,—Jeudi?"

"No, indeed; it is Thursday."

"Eh bien donc, Furstay."

"No, Thursday; try it again."

"Ah, naturellement oui, Sursti c'est mieux."

And the beautiful creature was completely satisfied with "Sursti" when assured it was Jeudi.

"What I like best of all the difficult English words is 'blithe'; it is so soothing, so cooing and prettily divided between the lips, teeth, and tongue in utterance. Isn't it a lovely word?" insisted Calvé, coaxingly allowing the purry little word to melt upon her scarlet lips. "I don't know what on earth it means, but it must signify something warm and sweet and beautiful. Maybe it's a kitten."

It is Calvé—if any word or any vocabulary of words could express this thoughtful, brilliant, sympathetic, and joyous creature of genius, it is "blithe." She is blithe in temperament, in manner, intellect, and soul. She is fantastic only in mood and fashion, she has a gravely precise element of common sense in her electric organization, and the thousands of francs she makes every year are carefully invested, and her properties, valuables, and savings amount to a considerable fortune, and she is still very young, very ambitious, and never extravagant.

To hear Calvé sing, to come under the enchanting influence of Calvé's magnetic presence, to laugh, sigh, and thrill

with the appealing perfections of Calvé's art are all elusive fancies of the sympathies which pall in the exquisite revelation of her sweetest personal gifts reserved for home attraction.

She is as lovely herself as never a Carmen nor plaintive Santuzza could be; brilliantly intellectual, beautiful, and graceful beyond compare.

She demolished ceremony the first time I met her. Calvé was resting, entertaining, writing, singing, and incidentally reclining upon a bed literally stacked with great soft pillows and eiderdowns. At her side was a formidable pile of Parisian literature. Three of Gustav Droz's feuilletons, a pamphlet from "Gyp," something rebellious from Arsène Houssaye, a trifle of Jean Larocque's, and two or three soberly bound novels from pens which had not yet penetrated the trustful shelves of American agents. A blotted sheet of monogram paper and an open ink bottle told of another task half finished, and yet this radiant creature who takes this extraordinary method of rest had nothing in the world she cared to accomplish more than eat her rather frugal breakfast and talk delightfully.

"I am practically at leisure," said she, in the winning, trainante voice caught in Carmen's gentler moods. Her French is so absolutely elegant and comes in such a melodious torrent that I was not at all particular just what she said so that she kept up this symphonic pleasantry.

She was couched in a wide, luxurious bed. She talked daintily, and ate with an invalid's indifference, tasting each dish sparingly, and remarking upon some especially prepared American kitchen frolic with an impossible French designation.

"I do not know a word of English except 'eef yo plece.' That is all that is necessary in this adorably polite country,"

she said. "Everybody does exactly what I wish, and I am moderately contented with it all."

She looked a sort of Rembrandt sketch in black and white, with the starlit darkness of her wonderful eyes and the cloudy white surroundings. She wore a delicate robe of cream silk momie crape and chiffon, with waving lisse at the neck and over the great soft sleeves. Her hair was not dressed, but tossed about under the benign restraint of one reluctant hairpin, which was thoughtlessly kind enough to let the curls creep in little billows of midnight all around her beautiful face. Seeing this gifted woman in "Carmen" or "Santuzza" gives no idea of her delicate and poetic beauty. Her eyes are "stars of morning," her "lips are crimson flowers." Her face is ivory-pale, oval, and almost infantile with a childish interest that she seems to take in everything said or done. "I should like to learn English and hope I may, but everybody does not suspect how very lazy I am. I know Latin, of course, and Italian and Spanish, because the music in all of the Southern tongues sung the accents into my memory, but"—and then she stretched herself nearly the length of the bed, for she is very tall, slowly clasped her shapely arms over her head, and said, "Je suis une fille du soleil; Northern languages chill me and puzzle my thriftless brain."

Calvé is less like any of the characters her prismatic genius best affects than any artist I ever knew. In Bernhardt there is something in her personality reflecting the tigerish intensity lent to the parts made most famous by the great tragedienne; in Modjeska there is the air of queens and saints and majestic martyrs; but Mademoiselle Calvé has been most successful in audacious flirts, heartless vagrants, low-born mountain delinquents, and the homelier types of womanliness; and Calvé has not one shadow of this favor in her composition. Her manners are exquisitely simple and refined, and her

physical attractions of that tender and madonna-like purity which hints of chancels and a rosary instead of bull-fights and a destiny foretold in cards.

"It does not seem possible in this siècle, when the stage and its votaries are so intimately in touch with the public, that an artist's work should be mistaken for some especial personal adaptability for the rôle." Said Calvé, "But imagine! A young lady acquaintance of Madame Modjeska said to her: 'Madame, I have an opportunity to meet Mademoiselle Calvé; do you think she might be a desirable person to know? I have seen her only in "Carmen" and "Santuzza," and in one she is a rather shocking flirt, and in the other a peasant. Now, what would you advise?'" The humor of this ingenuous ignorance struck Calvé, and after an irresistible imitation of the proper young lady's inquiry, she said: "Well, I hope I am neither coquette nor bourgeoise, but it is a certain thing that singers who impersonate the Elsas, Lucias, Charlottes, and other vestals are thought vastly more virtuous than those of us who condescend to the unhappy excess of womankind which is not faultless nor even honest."

All this time with a bright and incessant spinning of pleasantries Mademoiselle Calvé was interjecting charming apologies for not being able to talk much, as she was obliged to rest all day when she sung at night. The "rest" was very enchanting, and it did not occur to her that she was perpetrating a fascinating and delicious fraud upon herself, as she really rested not an instant, and even when I went away an hour later she leaned out the door to say something delightful and blow a friendly little kiss to me over a bunch of malaga grapes which looked very much at home near her Castilian chin.

She continued her pretense of a breakfast and enjoyable conversation in an idle, dainty way, as if she appreciated both one and the other. Suddenly she arrested her attentive

destruction of a deviled crab as if she had found a pearl in the melted butter. Her eyes widened pleasurably, and she announced in a pretty breathlessness that she had discovered an imaginary likeness to Sarah Bernhardt in my harmless and unpretentious face. "Oh, the same hair, the eyes, the peculiar line across the cheek, the nose, chin, and forehead—it is wonderful! You know it is the Egyptian mask that makes the Bernhardt face remarkable, and you have it exact!"

Infinitely grateful for the heritage of even the rather eccentric nose and mouth of the luminous Bernhardt if it should amuse Mademoiselle Calvé, I was reminded of a "Theodora" behind the scenes, when D'Armont, one of the divine Sarah's preferences, asked me to stand opposite Bernhardt in front of a mirror so that her profile should shine bold against my own, and as he was an amateur penciler of some merit he sketched the two outlines with much effect, and there existed a very vague likeness, which, though amiably borne, must have been a distressing revelation to the lissome Theodora. Madame Calvé asked me to step nearer, and she turned me about, posing me against the strong light of the lake, and seemingly taking a most animated interest in this reminder of Bernhardt, so I inferred she was an intimate acquaintance of the great actress, and suggested as much, at which complimentary suspicion the gentle Calvé demurely closed her flower lips, dropped her eyes, and said, coolly: "I admire Madame Bernhardt, as all the rest of the world admires her. She is the most gifted woman of all France, but I have only the slightest acquaintance with Madame Bernhardt, the *very slightest.*" It was as courteous and frosty a stab of flattery as I ever heard, and I felt when she finished the eulogy that I had rather resembled Jack the Ripper, Mother Mandelbaum, or some other less august celebrity. The accent upon "slightest" was as refrigerating as an Easter snowstorm.

However, something invigorating which Mademoiselle Calvé quaffed from an appetizing silver goblet fetched us over this glacier peaceably, and with a softened light in her eyes she reverted to Modjeska. "I did have such a jolly Easter. Madame Modjeska is a great friend of mine, and Easter she gave a real Polish Easter feast—colored eggs, which we hunted, stuffed rabbits and pheasants, which we ate, and eggnogs, flips, and madrigals galore. I sung, and Bozenta told fabulous stories, and altogether it was the nicest time I have had in America or any other place. I will send you one leaf of my diary, and you can judge whether I ever had so good a time in my life as I did at Madame Modjeska's Easter celebration. Just a plain family affair—no ceremony, no dress, nothing but unallowed jovialty. Jean and Edouard De Reszke were there, and Paderewski. We are all Poles, you know, at heart!"

"Now," said Madame Calvé, with a breezy little fling of her handsome hands, "of course I cannot sing at high noon, but I can let you hear how inexcusably ill-natured my voice was about an hour ago. Full of this sort of dullness, you know," and half-shutting her beautiful teeth she uttered a rasping "ah-ah" that belonged to her throat not in the least; "and considerable of this, too," added she, in fine humor, sliding a nasal cadenza out of the corner of her pretty mouth. "There is not a fault in my voice that I do not keep near as an awful warning against carelessness. See here," said the charming lady, pointing to a mysterious contrivance, all mahogany, wriggling rubber tubes, silver funnels and mechanical devices.

"It is my confessor, my phonograph, into which I pour all my vocal faults and hopes each day," said Mademoiselle Calvé. A whirl of birdlike trills, ecstatic little bursts of melody, and long-drawn crescendo notes greet the listening

ear. A scrap of Bizet, something swelling and truculent from Wagner, a scale repeated until every imperfection is eliminated, some amiable remarks, two or three abrupt and scathing self-disparagements and a fine swing into a Massenet solo fill the first indisputable evidence of Calvé's devotion to her grateful art.

"I study with the phonograph ready to receive advancing lessons. Not a note must be wrong, nor a word, nor an intonation when the last phonograph impression repeats what I have accomplished. If my voice should feel lifeless and untrue I test its quality and immediately reform it by whatever exercise is particularly requisite. If it were as easy for me to memorize as it is for the phonograph, what a stupendous repertoire I should have!"

I thought of poor Emma Abbott, who was haunted by the dreaded conviction that her voice would leave her without warning some calamitous hour. She would sit bundled up in furs in a car, and suddenly split the shaky air with a rush of scared notes from lower A to top B, and if it was all right she never moved, but if a flaw appeared everybody, from the stage manager to the train brakeman, was called to account, and imaginary drafts, streaks of trying light, and coal insults were hurled at their submissive heads. Sometimes in the middle of the night she would rise and rend the atmosphere of an humble granger hostelry with wild staccatos, then ring all the available bells to order hot baths, cold compresses, gargles, and dispatch a world-weary maid to find Wetherell—who was never in bed—and announce to him that his gifted wife's high C was shattered and the season would close unless something soothing happened quick. Poor honest little Emma! How she would have reveled in a phonograph.

Madame (she is Madame, as every singer seems to be after a season of grand opera, though Emma Calvé has never been

married, and her friends address her Mademoiselle, her public, Madame). Calvé's father was Spanish and her mother as near Andalusian as the south of France might place her. From one she inherits the black hair and eyes, and from the other her splendid height and extraordinary mental gifts. Her hand is olive-tinted and dimpled as a baby's and as restless as a humming-bird's wings. Her face, which is so sympathetic a factor of her art, blooms white and spirituelle out of its cloud of crisp, wavy hair, and her splendid appearance of health is among the many delusions afforded by this strangely constituted and gifted lady. She is all animation and strength, but it seems a phantom force which is nervous rather than muscular, and exhausts rather than sustains. She is witty, thoughtful, and dreamy by pretty turns, and altogether a wonderfully interesting woman.

When comes the sorry day upon which America shall wail "vale Calvé" there will be as many sighs as a war creates, for she is so beautiful, so witty and variously gifted.

That charming, ingenuous way of looking at things which makes her comedy so adorable, her tragedy so unique and terrific, belongs to her own personality rather than to her art. She is as simple and exuberant as a little child, and enjoys every gleam of sunshine, every flower, and all the lovely laughing things on earth. She is in a perpetual stir searching for amusement, and has so quick a sense of humor and such marvelous mimicry, is so audacious and shy at once, and sees the absurd mockery of things at a glance that to be with her an hour is to hear the echo of her musical laugh forever, and to spend a whole day with her is to build a book of souvenirs.

She mimics everybody, everything, twists up her delicate cameo face, gesticulates with the truest farce sense, and nearly collapses with laughter at a joke. She begins laughing

with a delicious little gurgle mostly addressed to her own thoughts, and then the melodious expression of amusement grows, and she invariably stands up, throws back her splendid head, and goes into a perfect rhapsody of fun, holding her taper waist and beating her long olive hands together like a child in an ecstasy. It is not a trifle which can make her laugh — it must be good, unusual, and as a rule bizarre to a degree to bring Calvé to her fascinating abandon to fun; but it is worth a lot to know the rich, enjoyable side of this remarkable woman's disposition. With this sort of pleasure in lighter, ruder things it is not at all surprising that Calvé is given to wild caprices and a gypsy fondness for wandering about in a sort of restless hunt for strange and diverting sights, lively experiences, and a good time under all circumstances. One wintry Sunday this royal Bengal goddess sent for me early, and we began the day by quietly planning to wear me to a physical frazzle before the shades of eve were falling fast. It looked an undeniable pleasure to be privileged to share the enthusiastic if somewhat riotous plans mapped out by Mademoiselle Calvé, and it was only by the most dextrous maneuvers that I escaped being carried off in triumph to the crib, the stock yards, the Evanston light, and the water tower. As it was, I saw things I never knew Chicago was burdened with, and found more mingled charm and trouble than any humble Sunday of my life ever before exhibited.

Madame De Wolska sat and listened, occasionally interrupting in her refined and scholarly fashion, wedging into the romp of our talk upon all topics a word of sagesse and spirit.

Mademoiselle Calvé was attired in her customary black, happening to be soft silk velvet, low at the neck and edged about the throat with Mechlin lace. Her pretty hair was drawn up almost Chinoise over a pompadour, and a bunch of

violets drooped somewhere about her waist. She was full of animation and a certain feline seduisance much like that she allows to illuminate Carmen, and I said to Madame De Wolska, "She is a gypsy this morning."

"I tell her that in some past state she was the veriest little bohemian, a Carmencita, untamed and untrammeled," said madame, who is deep in the mysticism of occult science, theosophy, Lamaism, and the astounding doctrines of Isis.

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Calvé, meditating, "though it is dear of you not to suggest that I was a brindle cat or a boa constrictor."

Madame De Wolska, who is a Pole, has the fluent tongue and facility of all of that nation, and though she speaks English beautifully, she indulges Calvé in her whim to speak nothing but her own melodious language, and Madame De Wolska's French is most finished and elegant.

Mademoiselle Calvé—why she is called "Madam" Calvé I do not know, nor does she, because she is mademoiselle—reached out for a salver full of letters and swept them all but one aside with the smiling but familiar remark:

"Autographs. I can sense them through a pasteboard envelope. They come in bushels, and I answer them all if I can. It does not take much time, and I suppose it gratifies the writers. What do they want of autographs of people they do not know? Isn't it a funny ambition?"

I remembered Madame Melba wondering the same thing, and suppose it must occur to all people who are bothered by the uncrushable collector.

"What a vivid, rushing life it is over here, isn't it?" suddenly interjected Calvé with her marvelous eyes snapping. "It amazes me and entertains me, but I grow old quick under the pressure, and do you know that I have met but two young men in all the time I have been in America?"

That was true, and Mademoiselle Calvé was very amusing and piquant herself upon the occasion of her *rencontre* with two charming young gentlemen.

When they were presented Calvé forgot everybody else, eyed the delighted boys ecstatically as a brand-new kind of American product, very desirable and rare, and protested that until that moment she had regarded the masculine contingent of this continent as something born already old and portly, grave and solid, and to behold two real, live American young men was the greatest treat yet offered her.

"You see, I had been presented to the husbands and bald-headed brothers and male relatives of many ladies, but never a young man, and I quite wanted to carry off one of these lovely boys who both spoke such perfect French and said such pretty things," explained she to me, in vivacious extravagance.

"Still it is no wonder people grow old quickly over here: the tumult of your life, the noise and battle all the time. What astounds me is that American women are so beautiful. They are the loveliest women in the world, dress more tastefully, have the sweetest tempers and the most fascinating manners; no nation of women can compare with them."

"That is all because the American men grow old taking good care of their wives, daughters, and mothers," pleasantly interpolated sedate Madame De Wolska, with her depthous mode of argument; "American women are the best treated women in the universe; they are carried around upon the palms of the overworked men, and the least they can do is to be beautiful and sweet-tempered."

"I would be cross as a cinnamon bear all the time; there is forever such a rush and volcano of excitement here. I love the life, but I am so glad to creep back to my home in the mountains and vegetate awhile after American dissipation."

A Miss Amy Leslie. Souvenir de bien vive sympathie.
Emma Abbott. 1895.

Mademoiselle Calvé's home is a costly little château veiled in the shadows of three lofty mountains in an isolated province of France. It is called "Carpirière," and can be reached only by the most difficult ascension over a goat path. It is a picturesque castle, with three imposing towers and superb stretch of game preserves and wooded forest. Here the worshiped Calvé rests completely, and keeps her girlhood intact, for she is not a day over sixteen there, and brings all of her splendid health and youth across the Atlantic when she comes here to charm us. The château is located in an obscure little valley, or rather, plateau, called Arronne, lying between Provence and Auvergne, and the simplicity of the berger farm life about there is something delightful. Quaint little cottages and huts lie close up against the dark mountain sides, and they look a part of the giant hills and the dull, contented inhabitants are deliciously ignorant and happy. They live there generation after generation, never straying from their exclusive pasture or neighborhood, and religion is the only excitement they ever experience.

It is Mademoiselle Calvé's custom to take long strolls though the little colonies scattered about—and good gracious, how she can walk, and make her friends walk, too!—where most of the people know in an awed, reverential way that "the great lady of the château" is among them. However, they do not know much who she is except that she is the most beautiful thing that ever appeared upon the mountains and that she comes only when the starry white flowers carpet the valleys and the snow looks dazzling against the green of the mid-mountain. In summer there is a smiling little flower, rather like our anemone, only bigger and very white, which completely covers the mountain sides and valleys, leaving not a speck of green. Then upon the top of the mountain is the eternal snow glistening against a strip of black-green where

the flowers do not grow. It is a haven of all that is beautiful and restful, and Emma Calvé belongs there, as do the starry flowers.

Once she had strolled over to a side of one of the mountains, where the river could not be seen, and she met a cowherd driving his cattle home. After talking to him a while she said, "When you come over to the other side of the mountain, come to the château, and I may be able to do something for you."

"I want nothing," said the peasant, surprised, "and I never saw the other side of the mountain."

"What?" said Mademoiselle Calvé. "Why, the other side has the river, the town, the fine fields."

"Yes, but we live here," stanchly persisted the cowherd.

He seemed rather a bright young man, and Mademoiselle Calvé was interested.

"But you will go away after a while, won't you, when you are older?"

"Oh, no, I hope not, madame."

"And what will you do for a living?"

"Guard the cows, I suppose."

Finally, this roving Carmen, with her worldly notions, secured the services of the cowherd to guide her to a wonderful little grotto concealed in the mountain. When they were in the cave, all hanging with sharp and crystal stalactites, weird little springs, and gently arched domes, it occurred to Calvé that she must sing, and her beautiful voice purled about the magic grotto like an angel's. She knew herself how lovely the voice sounded in there and what a marvelous tone the atmosphere gave to the songs she sung. When she had finished the peasant stood unmoved but stricken with a dumb admiration, and he said, mopping the walls with his cap: "I never heard anything so good as that, and if madame

doesn't mind my saying so, I think monsieur who owns the grotto would pay madame much money to sing here sometimes."

"Why do you think I would sing for money?" asked Calvé, mischievously.

"Madame will pardon, but I've always heard that the lady of Carpirière acted as puppets in the Punch-and-Judy show do, and that she sung in big cities!"

"Well," responded Calvé, delighted with his ingenuousness, "how much do you think the master would pay me to sing in the grotto?"

"I shouldn't say, perhaps—but I shouldn't be surprised if he gave madame a five-franc piece!" ventured the rustic, solemnly, while Calvé burst into one of her musical shrieks of laughter and nearly scared to death the sober peasant, who had never heard much laughter of any sort in his uneventful life.

This episode resolved Calvé to sing for her peasantry, who, held together by a remnant of feudalism, still clung to the château as a protectorate and bestowed upon it a certain vassalage. Consulting with the priest of the community, she decided to sing at the church, but that small treasury of heaven was so small she capriciously concluded to sing from an outside niche where stood a statue of the blessed virgin very woodeny and much the worse for wear. The statue was removed to the altar inside, and Calvé appeared before a gaping and huddled crowd of bronzed creatures, who expected nothing in this life and came pretty near getting a full share of what they expected.

They crept closer together as she sung, stared phlegmatically at her, and some of the girls tittered bashfully. After she was through they silently betook themselves to their tasks without so much as a doffed cap. But the dear old priest,

who spoke the patois just as the rest of his flock and knew even less of the distant world, came up to her smiling in a shamefaced, meaty way, and said:

"My! I never heard such a noise as you can make; why, it was louder than a goatherd's horn, wasn't it?"

After these two experiences Mademoiselle Calvé gave up teaching the musical idea how to shoot at long range in the mountains of Arronne.

"Shall we ask Lassalle and pretty little Belliné to go driving with us?" suddenly exclaimed Calvé, in an enthusiasm over the gray day and the dry roads as they appeared from her view of the boulevard.

Everybody agreed two more delightful companions could not be added to a coaching party, and so we started.

"I want to see the monkeys at Lincoln Park, don't you?" childishly called out Calvé, as we were departing.

"I certainly do not," promptly answered I. "What on earth for? They must be dreadful, and there cannot be more than two."

For which gracious information I was granted a withering glance and the superior local education of mademoiselle, who enlightened my Chicago monkey directory with the pleasant assurance that there were "millions of them." So I was dragged shrieking to the monkey cage, and instantly Miss Calvé created havoc not only among the monkeys but the other wild beasts, including the policemen.

"Oh, doesn't this lion look exactly like Lassalle? Stand there, Lassalle, let us see," Calvé cried, and M. Lassalle, who is a leonine, splendid specimen of manhood, did not mind the comparison. The lion sulkily reared his fine head, and Calvé shook her big muff at him, whereupon he roared, clawed furiously at the bars, and the keeper came up and ordered the only Carmen to move on. She had not the vaguest idea what

he said, so she smiled her wonderful smile full upon him, and then divined by the expression of his stony visage that he was explaining to her the habits of an African animal forced upon Chicago. So she covered her face shyly with the offending muff, seized my hand, and fled.

"I want that mignon black monkey," suddenly announced Calvé, and good-natured Lassalle instantly offered to buy it for her, and I was sent to negotiate for the dreadful little monster, and was most happy to bring back the disappointing tidings that Chicago refused to exchange her one black monkey for any of the glittering dollars of the great barytone, though it would make Calvé a present of an old and ugly-tempered ape that had eaten up most of a happy family, if the diva would be willing to pay a twenty-five-dollar expense account against the monkey's indebtedness to the city for malicious destruction of public property.

Once away from the baleful influence of the black monk, Mademoiselle Calvé radiated into her most charming self. She is so girlish, impulsive, and bubbling over with mischief that nothing is unexpected in her because she always does the unexpected.

"I will race you a mile up the lake shore," proposed she, invitingly, to me.

"On Sunday?" said I; "won't we be arrested?"

"How very funny! But not on Monday, eh? Besides there is nobody to arrest us, and what law would we break? Come!" And away she flew like a sky rocket, her dainty ruffled skirts whipping in the fierce little wind from the lake, her big hat of feathers waving threateningly but sticking on, and chic little Belliné's feet pattering after her. It was a great race, and there is no telling who would have won, but Calvé began to lose breath, from laughing rather than running, for I believe she could have run the entire mile easily.

She stopped, threw her arms about both Belliné and me, and thought she had never quite been so happy.

She kept the coach following about after us, and big, hearty, brilliant Lassalle escorted whoever Calvé allowed to breathe apace and bask in the great barytone's society. He is witty and amiable, is Lassalle, and exactly the sort of man women can tyrannize over enjoyably. He does a dozen gentle things for one's comfort in a minute, and is so courteous, so delightful a companion and so chivalrous an escort that he was just the man to attend to the details and company in this Calvé caprice.

To the conservatory and other places I never saw in Chicago did Calvé beamingly direct my steps, taking a prettily malicious delight in my novitiate. Seems to me we walked three hundred miles and talked about everything from monkeys to papal sees, and from orchids to muscles. Calvé waded in the half-melted snow, and piquant Belliné ran out upon the little hills of ice piled up on the lake front and stood there delighted, for she is a Russian, and these pretense steppes pleased her amazingly.

They all say nice things of each other, do these great singers, and they are usually very happy, so that a collision between two artists is a deplorable thing for everybody.

While we were taking coffee a message came from Jean de Reszke to join him in his rooms at five o'clock to hear a wonderful boy soprano, who was going to sing for the famous tenor. Immediately they were all interested, and they hazarded an extended invitation to some others of the company, who were interested, and Madame De Wolska ventured to hope that Signor Ancona might be able to hear the boy, as Ancona was so sympathetic and kind to youngsters with talent.

Ancona had his wife with him *en tour* that year, and she is a distinguished little woman, devotedly attached to her clever

husband. One night, when Ancona sung, somebody complimentary said, "Madame Ancona, I suppose you are going to the theater to applaud your good husband this evening?" Whereupon little Madame Ancona valiantly responded, "Madame, I always applaud my husband, morning, noon, and night; every day, every hour of the day, it is my sole occupation." Happy Ancona!

America, as faithful Madame Ancona does her lord, will go on applauding Calvé morning, noon, and night; every day, until her exquisite smile is cast upon us again.

When the Spanish-American war broke out was the witching time when vivacious divas, who had been squelched under Castilian scorn, could soar above the city of spasmodic hisses which entices all art, and scorchingly purr "scat" over the beleaguered censors of Madrid. All prime donne yearn to open their golden throats for the benefit of the critics in the Spanish capital, and usually most of the singers are greeted with lively expressions of contempt neither sagacious nor courteous. A Spaniard is in many ways saurian to a fantastic degree, and the thing called pride among the fiery tenants of Quixote's land sometimes breaks into something closely allied to conceit.

When Mademoiselle Calvé crept over the south mountains to enchant her near relations in Madrid with "Carmen," they raised such a commotion that the beautiful diva barely escaped mobbing. Chiefly the irate denizens of the castanet land did not approve of Calvé's cigarette girl as to demeanor and fashion of murder. Incidentally they would not listen to her mellow notes, nor in any manner approve of her genius. The sound, never before nor since addressed to the pretty ears of one of the greatest lyric artists of the century, began to sizzle over the flickering primitive footlights, and Calvé could not believe the "goose whistle" could be meant for her Car-

men. But it was, and it drowned the Avenera even before anything more than the faintest hint of her creation had been given in full flood of color. She fought it fiercely, determined to conquer the ingrates, but they were stupid with contempt, and would not allow her to finish her exquisite performance. Calvé never forgot it, for she had a vein of Spanish blood in her, inherited of a mother from the Pyrenees. Deep in her heart she has nursed the only insult ever thrust upon her incomparable art, and when the American-Hispana conflict arose she sat fretting up in her Brittany mountains, wondering whether she might illumine her American path by espousing the cause of Cuba to the chagrin of the country which affronted her. The difficulties accrued as political insinuations appeared upon the horizon of the war, for France and Spain and America were in a way dubious instruments to handle and the beauteous Emma knew not which way to turn for complete and overpowering conquest without scuttling her own ship of endeavor.

Calvé entombs herself in a forest of vines and roses every summer, out of the world's call and among the birds and peasants. In her isolated but enchantingly beautiful bower of silence where only the most sympathetic companions are asked to stay a fortnight, or a month, or a day as the caprice of the fair hostess argues most conducive to rest and exchange of spirit. She is a rare child of the sun, is Calvé; variable and bewitching and impulsive, but full of instants of deep thought, grave preparations, and profound religion.

Melba carries her jeweled throat into London, and lives at the top bent of her steady speed, while Calvé hides in the mountains. High up in the Alps, Melba has a picturesque chalet where she, too, flies and veils herself in eternal heights for a while quite alone, but she does not court the desert of silence, as do Calvé and Madame Bernhardt. Sarah Bern-

hardt's summer means flight to a pitiless peak of rocks, to which nothing else but Bernhardt goes, and so inaccessible is the cloister, that it would seem that the tragic witch must ride there on a broomstick. It is a deserted fort, built adobe and straggling, without a spear of grass, a linden or cedar near. A dismal moat drips bluntly at one side, and a bearish pile of sharp rocks, jagged and perilous, rises against the other; beyond, a roaring, smiting sea pounds at her portals all the lonely day and threatening night. But the divine Bernhardt loves the melancholy solitude of her stone abode, and sweetly sulks there as much alone as she can be with her retinue of servants and guards.

"Carmen" is the wiliest temptation in all the list of operatic feasts. It captivates, blinds, and awes in the most sensuous, picturesque fashion possible.

There is the lazy abandon to fatal episode and Castilian bravado that always lifts dramatic climax into the tragic. It is fascinating, as such attractively clothed immoral stories always are, and the music placed Bizet among the immortal romancers. It never loses that alluring Andalusian elixir; it sways, vivifies in sudden blazes, and turns all the vagaries of Spanish disposition into seductive measures and gay-colored extravagances. Carmen herself is the arch-enchantress of all shocking heroines. She is bewitching in her most abhorrent moods, and inexpressibly dashing in her brusque coquetries. When "Carmen" is the bait, all sorts of musically inclined fish hover about the shining charm of Bizet's Southern treasure, and all that is wicked is drowned in plaintive prophecy and all that is faulty covered with gypsy vagrancy and a sort of gilded arabesque of song. It is a study in temperaments.

It is strange the indelible impression a beautiful voice leaves in the heart of a devotee to music. I can remember Kellogg's purling cadenzas in the "Mignon" polonaise, and

Nilson's exquisite trills and staccatos in the Marguerite jewel song, Melba's Lucia trills, little Van Zandt's "Dinorah" shadow song, and Minnie Hauk's Avenera in "Carmen," though a dozen others sing the same things. A note, a stanza, a delicate bit of melodious soliloquy, or the completeness of a lovely scene sometimes stays in memory through all time as a silent standard of unapproachable excellence. And it takes absolute supremacy to appease these glorified ideals housed in the hallowed sacristy of remembrance.

A troubled infant defined memory as "the thing you forget with," which accommodating conversion of the most active element in subjective mentality I hasten to embrace and with it obliterate all Carmens until Calvé.

Oh, the beguiling sinfulness, the serpentine grace and dramatic intensity of this other Carmen pictured by beautiful, gifted Calvé!

A deliberate, calculating criticism of Calvé's Carmen from a vocal point of vantage is quite the utmost profanation. Her miraculous séduisance, dramatic sovereignty, and personal magnetism render cool musical judgment halt and lame. She is Bizet's Carmen incarnate—sheolized. The very coarseness and animal exuberance of her Carmen are built upon the incontrovertible arch of art, which is beauty. She is the essence of irresistible sensuality, gross heartlessness and fascinating feminine brutality. There is not an instant Calvé allows her Carmen to feel other than physical discomforts and selfish annoyances; a vain, cruel, and disreputably coquettish siren born to the crimes of Circe and the revels of Lilith. The dramatic impression made by the Calvé Carmen appeals vividly to the judgment, and nothing more brilliantly descriptive has ever been contributed to operatic drama.

Mademoiselle Calvé has an inheritance of that taunting, exciting femininity which works disasters with men. She

makes Carmen graceful and barbarous, flighty and daring, beautiful and vicious, beset with all the other decorative charms and vices which woo men to irresponsibility; a soulless and heartless vagabond in aspiration and a wanton in deep sentiment. The reckless, turbulent spirit within the gypsy is expressed in every curve of Calvé's sinuous shoulders, the basilisk writhes of her hips, neck, and lovely arms. The very presence of affinity in any sort of man inspires her Carmen to tricks of enticement. Not even arrest and assurance of imprisonment make her forget that her pretty hair has been torn down from its high-comb knot of becoming frowse, and whatever the cards may reveal to her superstitious ignorance, above all the necessity of the hour is that Carmen must be admired, adored. So complete and intellectual a diagnosis of the heroine of Bizet's realistic, fleshly creation has never been accomplished. In suggestive postures, muscular alertness, and that poise which belongs to chic and impudent Spanish grace Calvé challenges Carmencita, whom poets have embalmed in rhapsody, and painters battle to depict. She dances not with her tiny feet any more than does Carmencita, but with her thighs, her rounded hips, waist, her inviting smiles and eyes. Her Carmen is less like a snake than a wary tiger, and more like a lucky cat than an unruly woman.

Calvé is a tall, splendidly built woman, with generous proportions and statuesque figure. Her wonderful eyes are sometimes black, sometimes steelblue; her teeth are shining and small as seed pearls; her lips are delicate and sensitive, and her brows indicative and arched; her hair black, dry, and in a becoming tangle, while her hands and beautiful arms half play the part of restless Carmen. She twists her shapely wrists and draws little electric crescents about her head, touches a lover daintily, and winds her arms about him like a

deadly, welcome cobra. Her very coming in upon the stage flashes a negative of the entire performance, which is unchangeable and wickedly truthful. She glides in with a conscious grace, and sings the Avenera with the acme of realistic depravity. Audiences shout at the wild and sweetened impudence of the delivery and the sensuous promise of the ensuing scraps of melody. There is never an instant of subdued interest in Carmen from the time Calvé enters until she fulfills the prediction of the gypsy's frightening cards. Her costumes are gorgeous, brazen, and bewitching as the luscious opera and Calvé. Some of the fleeting instances of emotion are uttered with inimitable expression; her insincere coaxing, bold flirtations, and disposition for intrigue are told in a dozen shrugs, waves of her skirt, curves of her throat, and flips of her fan.

Aside from the munificent adornments of individuality and disposition, Mademoiselle Calvé's exquisite voice, her glorious dramatic genius and captivating personal charms make her an empress in her own right and a songstress whose immense popularity cannot be counted by numbers nor hosts. "Carmen" with this incomparable actress leaps into the glory of a creation, and Prosper Merimée's sultry little classic of passion and tragic fierceness burns and glows and irradiates under Calvé's thrilling intellectual touch.

From the moment she slips impudently into the Seville picture until José brutally stabs her pretty, wicked back, the audience holds its breath between shouts at the subtle realism of Calvé's great performance. She is always new, this palpitating tigress of music; all velvet claws and tumultuous caprice, all blazing color, impertinence, fine race, and vivacious animalism.

Until Calvé arrived there was no poetic Carmen, and for all time she shall be the model for those of intelligence enough

to even faintly copy her brilliant gypsy tarantelle in chromes and scarlet.

There is one will-o'-the-wisp gamut in which lies the secret of dramatic intensity. It is the minor octave of suffering known, of tragic hours felt, and brutal outrages to heightened passion, or the simpler tortures of unmasked infidelities and hypocrisies. It is that which lights genius into blazing immortality, gives talent desperate ambition, and lends to solacing gifts the irresistible tinge of pathos, even in robust joy. No genius is attuned to all the suns and shadows of emotion unless experience of tragic moment has swept the harpsichord of temper and left faith devastated and the tenderest disappointments of life alive always and sensitive to the vaguest reminder. All great genius must know great suffering before fulfillment of replete promise.

In a pretty poem upon Chatterton some lines of the unhappy young poet sadly reflect upon this same subject. He has just read a verse upon melancholy which he had written "on the midnight of the day I fell into a new-made grave":

"The very qualities of mind and heart
That make a poet make a sufferer.
The keenness of perception which unfolds
A realm of beauty hid to other eyes
Unmasks the world;
The vividness of his imagination
Enlarges troubles and creates such fears
He trembles at the possible in life.
The sensibility which treasures up
Each word and look of kindness as a gem
Makes bitterer the mockery of fools.
He is a medium thro' which all things speak;
The human passions rack his nervous frame.
Who would aspire to wear the laurel crown?
It is a crown of thorns!"

In Calvé there is that note of restless and pathetic fire which burns as if tears nourished rather than abated the conflicts of her heart. Great suffering must have stirred into a tempest all the glories of her disposition, so that a ripple of pictured hate, a flash of love, or a surge of sin sets all the music of her spirit into wildest melody. It was as pitiful in Santuzza as it was savage in Carmen, and with another magic turn of sensitiveness it did leash the ethereal Mignon to the stars.

Calvé is an impressionist of the rarest distinction, and her Sicilian peasant girl in "Cavalleria Rusticana" is after the Mascagni model of thought. It is eerie, suppressed and ardently smoldering. Her singing is so much an integral of the unique, intense entity of fervor which Calvé presents that it is impossible to say of it anything except that it is right; it is Santuzza, it is Mascagni, and it is Calvé.

She is more violent than Duse, and more melodramatic, but is equally as great as Duse in the part. Her playing is startling with surprises of the highest emotional expression. The furious rush into the church followed by the horror-stricken exit at the awful recollection of her excommunication is one of the most tremendous instances of tragic dumb show ever created.

Alphonse Daudet, Massenet, all the poets and composers and painters have drawn inspiration from Mademoiselle Emma Calvé, and when she is mute the soul of lyric art hangs rue upon its windows.

VICTOR MAUREL

M. Maurel is an artist upon whom sits no calendar of the years and years he has delighted the world. Called upon, he is debonair, vivacious, and youthful as if he had not entertained generations.

The magnitude of Maurel's gifts accumulates. His Don Juan is a dream of Castilian roguery, beauty, and intemperate gallantry. A picture for Velasquez, an inspired poem of song, and a delight to remember for all time to come. Maurel paints the infatuating scamp blonde as a summer sun, with a romping mop of curls and a saucy golden beard; his voice is seductive as a robin's spring call, and graceful daring, careless wooing, and butterfly heroics are as deftly thrust upon Don Juan as if Byron and Mozart and Maurel had leagued together in the making of the splendid rascal.

Costumes rivaling any extravagant Brummell of less romantic climes M. Maurel gives his Giovanni. Waving plumes, silken hose in daintiest shades, and jeweled hilts, symbols, and amulets. An array of arch instep slippers, interesting as a lady's delicate collection of footgear and as shapely, hats, costly cloaks, wonderful embroideries, and bullion passementeries. A young god of amorous mien, a dazzling fop, and a fascinating knave is Maurel's Don Juan, a stripling volt of impetuosity and manly beauty.

M. Maurel is an artist of studied elegance of tone-production, of superb dramatic instinct and grace and the delicately pointed superiority of the French school, both in the art of his acting and the polish of his vocal method. Maurel is an

exceedingly handsome man, with mobile richness of expression and dark intellectuality of countenance.

He shows no age either except when a quizzical lorgnette is leveled at him in discourteous speculation. His voice is worn, but sweet and exquisitely trained. He is the most finished, insinuating, and delicately artistic actor who has appeared in America for years. Maurel's Iago steps up beside the one America reveres on the pedestal of Booth. The same subtle grace, soft manners, and alluring pretense that made Edwin Booth's Iago so beautiful a gleam of high mentality illuminate Maurel's stealthy adviser of the Moor. He does not exert himself to sing large or deep at any time, but each of his special scores is beautifully rendered.

VICTOR MAUREL

EAMES

Perhaps because Emma Eames was born in the Orient she has the knack of wearing things with grace, a meaningful trick of array which is never theatrical, and yet as picturesque as the attire of a harem beauty or a siren of the atelier.

One night, when hurrying through the long marble underground passage leading from the Chicago Auditorium to the Annex, the warning of rustling skirts and click of little heels heralded somebody's approach, and a canine greeting from a velvety brown dachshund with flopping ears and a funny grin of welcome assured me Emma Eames was the balance of this subterranean sketch.

She came sweeping down the stairs enveloped in a cloud of Spanish lace "table-clothed" over her as no other woman could have worn it, and about her a gloom of velvet and sable eliminating her identity, but giving a distinction of presence a veiled prophetess might have envied.

"Won't you mind my paint and powder if I lift this veil?" said Miss Eames, waving a corner of her thunderstorm envelope to let me stare at her beautiful eyes and teeth, oblivious of the Elizabeth glow of carmine and delicate penciling gone to make her face bewitching for the "Tannhäuser" just finished. Beside her the omnipresent and delightful husband, Julian Story, smiled, and jested, and brought the air of cordiality which surrounds him as did the black mantilla conceal and accentuate her sumptuous beauty. She was hastening out of the close dressing-room of the theater to the airy seclu-

sion of her own apartment, and dragged me a willing captive to her diminutive home in the hotel.

"These are such sad little suppers, you know, when we are through the labor of performance. With a thirst that a sea of ice could not slake, please take exceptions to the sip of tepid claret and water I'm allowed, likewise the things I eat, not because I am hungry at all, but for fear I may be hungry, and the things I do not eat, not that they disagree with me at all, but for fear they may. Artist life is all very well in a Strauss valse, full of sweetness and vivacity and swing and delicious suggestions of gratification, but in reality it is one of persistent denials, alarms, and threats. To-day I sing, so I may not go out; I lie in bed all day, and may not speak except in subdued whispers; I live upon expectation and crackers, and give myself over to rest, which I do not need in the least, but which it is supposed I may feel the lack of if I do not take in advance. To-morrow I do not sing, and the hilarious liberties I am permitted would send most healthy young women into hysterics of despair. A walk of measured distances and an extra meal, sparingly served and eaten in dignified enjoyment, are some of the rare sprees permitted a singer of classic opera—that is if one takes a career seriously, and does not regard making money and bowing to applause the eternal end of things exalted.

"To me the greatest difficulty has always been to satisfy myself with my own achievements. I struggled through endless machinations of fortune at the beginning of my art life. I groped about looking in vain for a way to express that which burned beautifully within. My best instructions I had not abroad, among the lofty and expensive teachers, but here in America, in Boston. When I was sent to Europe I took with me an extraordinary voice, with a wonderful trill and an easy E in alt. One year with the most celebrated instructor of

Paris condensed my compass two notes, and tucked my lovely American voice away back in my throat somewhere so that it issued without blow or trill. Then other teachers were given further opportunities to disturb a natural timbre and pose, until finally, when I was ready to present my voice and art for public criticism, I was so little satisfied with the result that praise had little else than temporary stimulus for me. I felt so much of the soulfulness and warmth in song, and expressed so small a hint of the sentiment dominant within me that I gave over instruction and began to hunt for myself the loophole of escape which would release my voice from an ice prison of method.

"Only just now, believe me, am I reaching anything like gratifying control of what force and power of expression heaven gave me. I have been so long about it because I was given orders to follow in the identical footsteps of every other woman with a voice—study with expensive and famous placers of the voice. Voilà! nearly thirty years old and just entering upon the vision of promise distantly shown to me when I was a small girl in Massachusetts, I know now that what I feel I give to my utterance of music. There is the vitality of thought and feeling, the assurance of being able to signify my own inspirations caught from great compositions and creations. Oh, it is beautiful to suddenly become aware of significant growth in art and spontaneity!"

Madame Eames is a cultured and graceful conversationalist, not in the least modern or advanced in her diction or manner; just about as quaint and unspoiled an edition of the genus diva as could be found. She is dangerously proud and a trifle sensitive, but in such a purely American fashion that she is easily understood and absolutely without the typical prima donna tantrums and fastidious eccentricities. She has the most amusing likes and antipathies, and without a card of

diplomacy she flings them outright in the most harmless candor.

She is so perfectly beautiful in every mood, and so cool, so democratic and pretty in her domestic life, that it is a source of immense diversion to watch her absent-minded forgetfulness of anything but her indulgent husband, when he saunters in to join her rare recreations among a choice gathering of friends, and her girlish affection for him. It was Eames who nearly paralyzed a royal gathering in Belgravia one London day when the Prince of Wales gallantly offered the lovely singer his arm to take her to dinner. Aristocracy stood aghast at the unprecedented homage, and jealous curls wrung the tightened lips of dames mightily slighted. With the swiftness of Yankee sense Madame Eames took in the situation, and with an incomparable salute to the heir of the greatest throne, she said beautifully and bewilderingly, "Will your highness forgive my refusal of your escort?" Then turning to Julian Story she said with her most American simplicity: "Dear, will you take me in to dinner? I'd rather go with you."

Two prettily done phrases which threw society into fevers of amazement and quite enchanted the prince, who, after all, seems to be the best fellow in England.

"Well, it is a grewsome existence to live by the thermometer instead of the clock, and never to know just what trick your nerves may serve you," sighed Mrs. Story. "They told me last night the house was very light, pitifully so, and begged me to come in as encouragement to the artists, and do you think I could bring myself to the task? Not a bit of it. If I had seated myself with such a melancholy insufficiency of guests I should have been too unstrung to sing the next night. Our sympathies are keyed up to such a false pitch of keenness even if we are not acquainted with our comrades in the same

company. Nobody knows anybody else in an opera company. How can we meet each other? To-day I am singing and cannot see Madame Sembrich; to-morrow she is singing and cannot receive me, and the happy day when we are both in the same cast we greet each other in muffled tones, and hum things at each other in desultory estrangement, and yet I am fond of the great Sembrich, and I think perhaps she cares for me. It all depends upon how seriously a singer takes the life of artist; as for me, all my years I've been cursed with high ideals and a New England conscience, two battering rams directed against content."

One day I was ushered into the refreshingly cool suite of rooms which Madame Eames makes her home, and found her draped in a blue broadcloth frock which seemed to be all fetching lines and folds, in spite of the fact that it was tailor-made and Parisian. Her wonderful hair was piled up in loose waves all over her head and rolled far away from her lovely brows. She never wears jewels, rarely even upon the stage, though she has a small caravan of little safes full of resplendent precious stones and many marvelous coronets, necklaces, buckles, bracelets, and rings of curiously special design and execution. The odd way she has of securing her plenteous braids to her bodice by two heavily jeweled clasps which fasten the braids, adds a note of picturesqueness to her toilette—as every fanciful or ordinary decoration does to a costume of Emma Eames—and the clasps lift the weight of her splendid hair from her head.

Madame Eames has made a more stalwart gain in art during the year or so which she has devoted to "groping about finding a way" than any of the younger singers of the time. She has blossomed out in sunny beatitude, and delivers her heroines with a dramatic force and brilliance never before hinted as a possibility within her. Her voice is warm and

heartily tender, with a depth and sweetness caught from attainment and the blessings of trial and self-effacement in the cause of her "high ideals and New England conscience."

Mr. Story is quite as interesting a personage as his lovely wife, and his genius, his wit, and companionableness, are constant inspirations and consolations to madame. They are both most devoted to Plançon, and revel in his company whenever duties do not conflict. Plançon is a "bon garçon," and full of the most contagious animation and flights of mischief little in keeping with his grave and sonorous voice, his august bearing, and the consequence of his incessant endeavors among noble representations. He is the best company in the world, and delights in imitations, burlesques, and mimicry of his own.

"We agree upon everything musical, Plançon and I," naïvely quoth Madame Eames, "and our joy listening to the exquisite work of the Thomas concert has been such a treat this year. I said to him as we waited for the 'Lohengrin' curtain to rise, and were struck dumb with the beauty of the overture, 'Do you know what we are listening to, Plançon?' and he swiftly responded, with his eyes lifted solemnly, 'Indeed I do—one of the three greatest orchestras in the world. This is the American one usually directed by the great Theodore Thomas. Was ever anything so beautiful? It pays for the wretched weather and the extinction de voix inseparable from a visit to America, doesn't it?' "

Madame Eames chatters speedily and faultlessly in French, Italian, and, of course, English. Her German is a piquant admixture of Massachusetts vowels and abnormally melodious gutturals, almost Alsatian in the peculiar accent, but it is so charming and so distinctly spoken that her trial interpretation of Elsa in the original language of the opera was most interesting and inspiring. Odd accentuations and plays upon the sibilants and vowels mean so much in the singing of German

that Eames's cosmopolitan tongue finds easy access to the mysteries of color insisted upon among the German scholars, for she speaks any language well, and all with a piquant independence as haughty as the French expressionists assume.

"Isn't it amusing," said Madame Eames, "how perfectly fearless and consequential the French are in their adoption of any stray word from other languages, and their placid molding it to their own form of alphabet. The English five-o'clock tea fascinated them, so they began to give it and call it 'fif-o-cloke' without a qualm. When Duse came to Paris nobody asked how the Italians pronounced their great actress's name, but gave it all the advantages of a boulevard baptism, and called her 'Dewzuh,' with a seductive coo at the end of it which was very funny."

"Of course it is a matter of national vanity for one thing. It is popular to suppose in Paris that Français contains all the elements of expression, and anything new in that line which floats by clad in strange consonants and vowels must submit to French extension or elimination, and be thereby decorated to a degree," spiritedly explained Mr. Story in the midst of our laugh over the charming audacities of the Parisians.

Madame Eames's serious regard for her art and her sacrifices for it are the most inspiring components of her personality, and cast a peculiar shadow over her, a shadow with golden linings, and under it shines the unavoidable distinction belonging to the Eurasians. Simply a birth under strange suns, where the wrong gods and Oriental customs stir the airs with alien elements, will give the least adulterated Puritan blood an investment of race tint, and to all Caucasians a something exotic and unreal. But balancing this seductive apportionment Madame Eames has a girlish Americanism most confiding and full of enticements, and her ardor for her work is kept in equipose by fine health, a candid sense of humor, and

a republicanism about the way she lives out her happy home existence without a blemish or a disappointment, without a flaw or any interruption of pleasantness and devoted wifely virtues.

She aspires to the Gothic heroines of the trilogy, and already braves Elsa and Sieglinde and Elizabeth with a breadth of comprehension of her perils and promises. That "Lohengrin" appeals to Madame Eames's musical intelligence is a tender certainty; it does to all students.

A creation molded while the great composer was in exile and national disfavor, "Lohengrin" reflects none of the exasperation, the humiliation or obstinate rebellion that lay in the rankled Wagner heart. He soars to the highest realms of sacred fable for a subject, nor once breathes ignoble atmosphere in clothing the transcendent myth with deep, mysterious harmony and wondrous choral dignity. Buried there in the mountains of Switzerland, banished and alone, his marvelous nature communed with spheres, fed upon the glories of a mountain-hidden morn, and drank in the triumphant beauty of moon-dipped midnight. Every cloud-battling storm that crashed through the Alps, piled up about Wagner's asylum, finds echo in "Lohengrin's" deep, untranslatable music. It is inspired, royal, and beatific, with a thousand hues no simpler melody could dye, no tunes could blend. While it is not by many leagues the greatest of Wagner's works, "Lohengrin" singularly speaks to a student's intellect, to a poet's soul. Ritornello adorers, who long for melodious resolutions and prismatic songs, yawn and wonder at the heroic measure, and when the man who whistles "Mamma, Buy Me That" plausibly, is enticed into a Wagnerian snap, every third chord executes a Sunol sprint down his tuneful spine, and "Lohengrin" recitatives make him thirsty.

Eames's beauty, her cool look of saintliness, and her mag-

nificent carriage make her an Elsa to look at and believe; her lovely voice is just coming into the mysteries of Elsa's supernal declamations, and is entering covered with grave splendors.

It must be rather a particular inspiration to discover one's self twin brother to Emma Eames, for so wondrous a creature of sinuous grace and typical Norse beauty never before enchanted Siegmund. She frames her faultless face in clouds of wildly flying golden hair and clothes her lithe figure in something which clings like a cobweb and flutters in gray limpness with every breath. Her voice is splendid in warmth and force and her dramatic interpretation of the character most intelligent and brilliant.

With the witcheries of Calvé burning in the very air and burdening conversation like a heavy lotus perfume, it is refreshing to recover from the Carmen intoxication under the sweet icicle eyes of Emma Eames as Juliet, or better still, as the contessa in "Figaro," in which the Eames is a dream of loveliness, her personal beauty not surpassing the charm of her voice in the exquisite tinkling Mozart music. She is the stalliest, loveliest woman in the *recherché* splendors of the countess, and endures repose with a growing beauty not to be approached by any other beauty of the stage. Her profile is soft and appealing and her eyes tender, her throat is the sort Irish and Scotch poets rave about, and yet she is American, a type of our femininity rare but indicative of the country.

In the sight of precipitous rises on velvet hills and crags in southern Italy is a château of picturesque delicacy in architecture and inviting isolation. There dwell Julian Story and his beautiful American wife, Emma Eames.

As soon as the lovely Eames concludes the obligations of her operatic contracts, away these two love-birds fly to their nest in the balmy mountains. They are inseparable, and live

in a sort of honeyed continuation of the bridal moon, which has never gone beyond her sweetened quarter with these two. Story does not particularly care to climb up the mountains so high, but Madame Eames hungers for the higher ethers, and stretches her lovely limbs in long, tiresome, health-preserving rambles, for which she prepares in a systematic fashion quite after the mode of a professional athlete. No stays and an open-throat frock, bare head with her splendid hair loose and flying, the trim Emma Eames converted into a sprightly valkyr, races through the woods close to the clouds, and hunts, fishes, walks hours at a time, and deserts her artist spouse when a scene or fatigue chains him to a restful spot in their rambles.

She comes back to her work compact as a young race horse, with muscles hard and nerves steady, her silver throat clear as an Alpine echo, and her beauty roseate with vigor and restoration. Every summer she romps in girlish abandon, free from social trammels and disturbances for a while. Sometimes Bayreuth attracts her, sometimes Lucerne or Interlachen; but those are dissipations; her solace and elixirs come from the Riviera, from her mountain climbs and communion with the woods. She has not much Americanism, except in a sentimental, foreign vein, which is rather a charming, self-imposed devotion, for she was born in Shanghai, and came home to her race, but not to the climate of her race, which has no enticements for a lady with the chrysanthemum birthright. She has attachments in America, but no abiding place. She sojourns here, and sets her silken sails in the wind's eye, driving to strange lands as soon as her voice has reached all the hearts waiting open to hear it. She is an interesting creature, all serenity, and with a tender, vivacious sympathy awakened only in the sincerest appeal of friendship or charity. There are never any emotional thrills or hysteria in Eames; she is the sanest woman singer I ever knew.

NORDICA

Lillian Nordica-Domè is as typical an American as is Nat Goodwin. She has never lost a note of her Yankee independence or New England cleverness of insight. She comes from the State of Maine, too, where women grow tall as mountain pines and straight and sweet as coast air; where Maxine Elliott was born, and where Emma Eames belongs had not China leaped in and claimed her and the enticements of Italy coaxed her to live under warmer skies. Nordica was a fine, strapping girl with a striking, metallic voice of great compass and an exceedingly bewitching personality when she first fled from the hills about Kennebec to the trials before the footlights. She had a profile cold and sharply cut as an Ingres Madonna, flowered about with dimples as contradictory as her warm, smiling lips were to her chaste, shiny, turquoise eyes. She arose in maidenly dignity and permitted the public to judge of her, and after their applause she would go home and say, "Nothing is right; the voice is not where I can use it, the heartstrings are dumb; they are very ingenuous to applaud. I've a good notion to laugh."

But she did not; instead she married—married Mr. Gower, a young gentleman of fortune, with a predisposition to journalism and adventure, all of which brought the enviable husband of Lily Norton—for that is Nordica's home name—to a most tragic and startling climax of his brief career. He sailed into the clouds one day in a famous balloon which never came back. He was never traced, nor any sign of him waved to the scared young wife, who could not discover whether or no

she was a widow. She refused his fortune, and settled herself to work out her destiny as soon as it had been at least legally asserted that she was widowed.

Such a silent, undaunted, obstinate devotion to supreme culture and the solution of the mystery of teaching her own voice to sound the timbrel of her grander emotions has seldom been exceeded. Fateful to say, she had no enormous griefs or trials or disappointments, for instantly she was taken in arms and lifted into an affectionate regard by the public, long before—and nobody knew that as well as Nordica—she had attained her highest right to favor. To overcome her premature celebrity was one of the notable endeavors for the young and charming singer from Maine, so the initial step she took in advance of her popularity was to go away from Maine. Since that time she has grown and decorated herself mentally, physically, and artistically in rather a fabulous way. She is a majestic creature of pink and white splendors of complexion and physique. Her voice is true and sultry with the dramatic ardor of poetry and music, and there is about her nothing of the spruce-and-pine young lady from the granite country. She is luscious and statuesque, with just the dimples, the beautiful teeth and ready laugh of Lillian Norton to identify her with Nordica, one of the greatest of interpreters of music drama.

"I wouldn't live my life over again," Nordica said to me one day, suddenly turned to retrospection by an impossible breakfast we were trying to eat together at the wrong hour of morning, "not for kingdoms. The oneness, the changeless plow through years of indecision, through introspective dissatisfaction and the difficulties piling up continually about a singer's surest beliefs and attempts, fill a life with torments. Why, I have about as good a time as Dreyfus has over there in his cage. Anyhow, they don't bring him quail *en casserole* in a soup dish, do they?"

It was a funny sort of meal we had planned to enjoy together, one of the few days that both of us, overworked and tarrying but a sun's tour in the same town, felt we might waste in idle remembrances and the profitless sort of colloquy good friends like to make believe are comforting. So we ordered things as high noon crept on, and the result nearly eclipsed the waiter.

Nordica talks with an excited, irresponsible air decidedly becoming and individual to her. She says the most profound things, and mixes them up with splashes of boyish humor as captivating as they are spontaneous, and while she says nothing particularly scintillating, it all belongs to her and is of her.

"Now I don't know about admirers," she said thoughtfully, as we sent away an entrée served in the wrong course and laughed, until Albert, an august and ceremonious servant, was completely embarrassed and felt a Vatel worthlessness of living come over him and his opportunities to do anything properly under the exasperating circumstances.

"Admirers are considerably like this motley and elaborate breakfast," she said. "They come in at the wrong time, and are full of mistakes. When I wanted them to forgive my occasionally singing sharp—because dramatic fervor pent up and tones produced falsely will make a sharp note, you know—they saw nothing in my singing to forgive, and they pleaded with me to pounce upon Wagner and Bayreuth, being well equipped in their eyes. When I did, they complained I was too slender and too lyric, and wept apace. Now that I have conquered the slenderness, they wail over my accumulation of flesh, and wonder why I never sing Marguerite or Lucia any more! Mostly admirers wax interesting after more serious study approximates completion. To realize the picture of Wagner's women one must have weight and height and Ama-

zonian proportions, and there must be the oratorical production of tone which makes splendid declamation possible, and not the canary elegance of head-and-throat play of the voice which limits expression to lighter and more showy work. Melba has such a lot of splendid dramatic talent she cannot use with her exquisite voice. It is the voice of all voices I love to hear; I go whenever I can, drink in every note; but she never receives credit for the intelligence, the variety of feeling and depth within her, because she is a nightingale to her public, not a profound woman of magnificent dramatic resources."

No other singer would praise a sister artist as frankly as Nordica does her companions. Sometimes she is grave as a pedagogue and descants learnedly upon matters pertaining to art and the stage. Her sojourn in Bayreuth put a solemn mask upon her which has become much of her own mental countenance. She is pleasantly married for the second time, her husband being M. Domè, a Hungarian, who sings finely, and means to appear in the trilogy with his celebrated spouse some time. M. Domè is a stalwart Hun, with the imprint of the gypsy very strong and picturesque in his appearance, and that singular buoyancy of spirit which belongs to Attila's people. He has been of the greatest service in Nordica's voice culture. His school is perfect, and his untiring efforts and amenable criticisms have brought about the maturity and perihelion of Nordica's triumph as one of the most successful dramatic sopranos of the century.

Domè speaks English as Madame Nordica taught him mostly, and it is very attractive with its peculiar New England adulteration plastered over the musical Hungarian accent. Nordica has never forgotten the Yankee privilege of lingo accorded the State of Maine, and she has transmitted a lot of the "I want to know," "Do tell," "Me suz," and "b'gosh"

provincialism every Katahdineer depends upon. "B'gosh" struck Mr. Domè as especially expressive, and he broke into eloquence tinged with ire one afternoon when Nordica dropped fifteen thousand dollars' worth of pearls out of her carriage window during a drive through the Bois, and all monsieur could say to relieve his masculine ebullition of annoyance over the careless affair was, "Well, gabosh, gabosh, I never see another such a child, gabosh; you treat your jewels like potatoes, gabosh!"

Nordica stopped thinking long enough to inquire the meaning of his "gabosh," and she found, amid much rowdy laughter, that her lord was trying to say "b'gosh."

Domè is a splendidly handsome man, young and immensely successful in finance. He speculates, and doubles their fortune every year, and that means much, for he is himself a producer, and Nordica's emoluments probably come at one thousand dollars a night for as many nights as she can fill her engagements.

She has property and jewels and investments, which amassed mean great wealth, but her obligations are so limitless, her dependents so countless, that it is doubtful whether she be a very rich woman. She is extravagant only in charities. She loves gayety and the theater, the beautiful, the excitements of expensive travel and costly recreations, but before all these arrive her troops of relatives and adopted cares. She educates promising young men, and sends girls with voices where the least harm can accrue to their aspirations and their vocal chords, and she hunts out the shorn lamb wherever the blast strikes bitterly and does the tempering of the winds in her own generous way. Her nephew went away to war, and came home from Santiago yellow, wan, and war-worn. Nordica was in a patriotic thrill when he marched to the front, and collapsed into amusing treason when he

came back. She would have fitted out a regiment for him at the start, and after the war she was ready to gird on her Brunhilde armor, seize the magic pieces of the sword, and do a couple of battles of her own, because the soldier boys did not fatten on hardtack and land crabs, grow ruddy under the deafening fogs of Cuba, and bring home other music in their hearts than the ghostly soughs of poison winds through the bamboo forests and the smothered whimper of reconcentrado guitars.

Nordica sings and eats at the same time, and all through our amusing banquet that day she ate bountifully and sung after the manner little girls and boys do and are sent away from the table therefor. Long, stirring recitatives from "Lohengrin" and the eerie cry of the Valkyr coming at open and receptive ears across a table prepared *à deux* are delightful *entremets*, and as long as I live I shall remember that perfectly informal, delightful repast as one of the treasure afternoons, for we made it last just as long as the bill of fare tolerated our demands. We ate sparingly, drank tea, talked incessantly, and Nordica sung in bubbles of spirited melody and great sweeps of her splendid voice. Immediately after the remarkable tomboy festival we had made of the meal, Nordica took out her newest songs and went over them all, just to be amiable, not to display any science or art, for she read the songs at sight, most of them.

There was a delicate fragment of sentiment by Albert Weber called "Rose," and Nordica sung it with most felicitous expression and tenderness, and another, dedicated to Melba by Bachelat, called "Chère Nuit," a perfect tornado of passionate utterances, a difficult and brilliant composition eminently suited to Nordica's large and glorious style of singing.

"That I will sing at the maternity hospital soirée to-mor-

NORDICA

row, and the ballad for the orphans. They have asked me to—what can I do but sing?"

It was snowing, and a hard, uncompromising wind had gathered our lungs up and squeezed our throats in a smart walk we had taken along the lake shore, but Nordica bundled up in silver fox and sable, tucked a bunch of violets under her dimples, and went to sing for the unhappy and ailing, with as light a heart and as much security in safety from unkind gales as if she had been toasting her slippers before a log fire. She is obliged, too, to watch her health with the most anxious care, for stately and robust and muscular as she seems, she wavers and succumbs to exposure or the tax of endeavor quicker than any singer before the public—even fragile Calvé having a surer grasp of health than Lillian Nordica.

She is at the height of her achievement now, and no other woman except Lehmann possesses the superb presence and that majesty of thought and voice which give the peal of the archaic and supernatural to Brunhilde, the woman anointed of the gods, wild and strange and primeval. Her Brunhilde is the reckless goddess, the cloud-horse woman; there are savage notes in her splendid shrieks out on the barren Walhalla rocks, there is a barbaric glory in her wildness, her touch with gods, and her tenderness to mortals. In everything grandeur and simplicity are Nordica's most impressive qualities, and her "Siegfried" Brunhilde is one of great force and beauty.

Nordica likes to slip away from town and quietly exercise her dainty notes and tender smiles upon her welcoming admirers, who are warned of her visit *en masque*. She likes to sing darky songs, and she ripples out "All Coons Look Alike" on the hotel air, and "High Bohn Lady," or "You Ain't So Wahm," in exquisite phrase and tone, arresting the surprised ears of passing strangers.

Madame Nordica's gracious personality, her voice and exceptional dramatic power have long ago made her one of the greatest exponents of classic opera, and she comes with sufficient illumination of her own to lift any flagging season into temporary success.

"Aida" taxes the searching eye with its crush of color and beautiful music. Nordica arrays the Ethiop in that strange African green which odd prayer rugs and costly stuffs brought from the Nile sometimes have woven in their borders and centers. A thoroughly characteristic and graceful drapery gives full swing to Nordica's Junoesque style of figure and lends a note of hope to the dismal estate of the Egyptian hostage. In "Aida" any limitations put upon the fantastic license of scene-painters, costumers, and decorators are things to be noted with joy. Usually chaotic Orientalism rollickingly challenges any production of Cleopatra *en spectacle*, and the eventful "nag of Egypt" has been suffocated in acute angles and palms and unheard-of shades and flames.

"Aida" may be startled by more extensive splendor of Egyptological horrors than any other opera ever composed. Usually there are colossal idols and things in a perspective of crimson and ochre stripes which carry the height of at least three thousand feet above the level of the Nile at high tide. There is one pair of knees to be viewed in a stock I wot of which in the value of scenic comparisons must be planted at an altitude abashing the humble pretexts of Blanc and Tacoma. However the artist who scanned enough canvas and pine to produce such phenomenal results could look upon his work as any other than symmetry in the smartest grotesque baffles the untutored eye. It is Egyptian all right, though, and if such things happened in architecture when Moses whimpered "a-goo" in the bulrushes, no wonder he made some mistakes later on.

Madame Nordica's sumptuous reading of "Die Walküre" Brunhilde is triumphantly august. To the primitive splendors the diva adds a tender womanliness and martyr spirit most exalted and inspiring. In the opening scene with Wotan she touches the legendary note of mystery by a dramatic and powerful intoning of the fiery shriek of the riders through the firmament. In the last scene with Wotan she is all feminine gentleness and submission, tragic misery, and a daughter of the gods. Nordica's voice, too, is wonderfully brilliant and sweet, and the scene with the Walsüng is dignified and imperious, with something of the witch in its heart.

Nothing delights Nordica so much as palmistry or spiritualistic inquiry, and she consults clever mediums everywhere without any particular convictions for or against the mediums. She would just as soon be fooled, if the fooling is diverting and logical enough to puzzle her, and she is ingenuous as a child over the tricks or maneuvers, the mysteries and enigmas of a séance.

HARRIGAN

Ned Harrigan is a product of the best influence and the boldest heredity this country knows. He is Irish embalmed in the spices of American independence. He has a beautiful turn to his "r's" and vowels, proclaiming both his heritance and allegiance, for it is neither a brogue nor a twang, but a melodious union of the two. He has the clear, fine eyes of Killarney and healthful skin of the Eastern coast. His wit is infectious, and his earnest talks are replete with pungent epigram and great wealth of diction. He was born in Scammel Street of the Seventh Ward, New York, and there is where the happy inspiration to study types awoke in his active brain. He is so infallible an apostle of simplicity that all the deft mechanism of his dramatic construction is brevity and vigor allied to crystal clearness. "The main aim in all my carpenter work—that is all it is, mind you—is to avoid the complex and contradictory," explains Mr. Harrigan. Don't let anybody deceive you into thinking it requires genius to write plays; it takes unrelenting drudgery, athletic-bounding spirit, and the hide of a pachyderm. That's all. Why, I have slaved upon manuscript for a whole year, and then, after extracting one character or scene, torn the entire year's labor up and felt that it was not time lost. There is one part picked from a whole cast of them in another piece I played one night in Newark. The part is a radiant and pitiful girl from the dells, with the posy bloom upon her not whipped away by the rudest brush a girl can have with slum life. I call the girl 'Melancholy Mary,' and she is lost in drink and unsuspecting drift

with vice and license. Oh, it is a beautiful character, but she is the result of twelve months' hard writing upon webbing and platforms not in anywise fit to support so ideal and novel a rôle.

"I rely upon terseness and aphorisms. Of course, there is nothing new to be put in that form after Æsop and the Shakespeare sages or wits, but it is everybody's privilege to put old wine into new bottles without the stain of appropriation."

Outcasts with the virile strength of Dickens or Flaubert, Harrigan's master-hand sketches with all the degradation, the happiness in poverty, the uproarious fun and simple pathos. Dear little Maggie Murphy, with her self-reliant innocence, her big policeman sweetheart, her eight dollars a week wages from the box factory, is one phase of Bowery girlhood that looks bright in the midst of crowded filthiness. And the "tough girl," Kittie Lynch, is the other extreme—a class we all know about. She is never seen at our theaters; she never walks on Broadway; there is no place for her in our churches; but we know her; we have seen her. She skulks down an alley to avoid a "slumming" party. She brushes by us at a fortune-teller's, or we see the wisp of her scanty, mud-draggled skirts in the shadow of a dark ferry-slip. She asks no favors, accepts no patronage. She is strange, wild, and almost naïvely sinful. She knows no other life, is hardened, unobtrusively happy in an ambitionless way, and is clear-headed and "fly" as a young hawk. The girl whose "brudder" pawns her shoes, whose money is "goot as Chay Goult's." The girl who never works like her good little friend Maggie, but, alas! alas! is never obliged to "spout anything." All the rugged simplicity, and pathetic humor in this Gotham child of the pavement are strongly wrought out by Harrigan with a daring which takes away the jar of vul-

garity. It is too faithful a character coloring to be anything but uproariously original fun. It is too bitterly true to be anything but pitiful. "That's What" is the only brother possible for such a sister. He gains his sobriquet by knocking down anybody so friendly as to ask his name. He has fought "tree knock-outs and a traw." She is proud of his talents, his skin-tight pants, and big ears. He bullyrags her, fights for her, pawns her ragged frocks, filches her ill-gotten pennies, and bets on her chances in a dance or fight.

Harrigan's plays are built upon prejudiced and insular lines as deep as the ocean and narrow as a drying strait. The dramatic construction of all his works is loose-knit and compliant to the atmosphere adopted.

HADING

Jane Hading is beautiful. So very beautiful that the simple, unalloyed statement seems not half expressive of her loveliness.

Her beauty lies in the depths, the glorious color and eloquent variation of her great, deep eyes; it rests in her creamy, rose-leaf skin, and the exquisite contour of her head, her neck and oval face. Her mouth and teeth unite in producing the most fascinating smile I ever beheld upon a woman's face. There is everything in this smile of the lovely French actress. It is mischievous, wary, seductive, audacious, or sad as a November twilight. She does not smile often, but the vision ensnares memory forever. Hading's physical perfections are heightened by a keen, swift, and conservative intelligence. She has neither dominating force nor exalted intellectuality. But for that she is more endearingly human and earthly. Delicate and exact in judgment and captivating in fine shading, minute detail, and semi-tone character inflections, she is an exquisite comédienne. Her face and rapid changes of pretty tempers are delightful. Her svelte and undulating figure is enticing. She winds her long, shapely limbs about with no intended grace, crosses her feet childishly, and drops her hands or moves them at forbidden angles; still she is enchanting always. Her marvelous eyes glow or veil themselves with creamy lids, blaze, appeal, and weep enticingly. Her hair, which is a cloud of Guido auburn, waves, curls, droops, and seems to be most accommodatingly unfastened just where it can fall the prettiest. It is selfish to chatter about the gauds

this handsome creature wears, her loveliness and winsome beauty, when her finished acting stands out above them all like a blossom among lotus leaves. Her comedy is delicious, her lovely lips are curved to laughter, and her eyes to mock ingenuousness.

If Jane Hading is captivating from across blinding footlights, she is a thousand times more enchanting *à la maison* in the pleasant capacity of hostess and companion, surrounded by the pretty nothings which make up a woman's boudoir comfort and ensnare the fancy of a puzzled man.

A bright, sturdy youth with so much of America in dress and appearance that French came from his lips like a surprise, brought me word that Madame Hading was in my hotel, and would I run in for a minute? It was her first visit to America, and Chicago had scared her into loneliness. She would wait in, to renew an acquaintance made in France, and the visit would be *sans façon* at her apartments any hour convenient to my flattered self. The young man proved to be a brother of the beautiful Jane, whom she tenderly and with much unconsciously coquettish assumption of maternal grace calls "enfant." "L'enfant" met me at the door of his sister's apartments, and left me in a cordial, boyish way to the unconscious wiles of this fascinating woman.

At home Madame Hading appears even younger and more beautiful than under the compliment of artificial light and the halo of public adoration. She is all brown-gold and creamy whiteness. There are gleams of amber in her wonderful hair and in the depths of her eyes; soft hints of russet in the waves of one and liquid darts of topaz in her brightest glances. She never changes color to warm or sparkle with the spirit which seems irrepressible within her. Her skin is delicate and pale, with the richness dormant in a calla-lily's petals, and it never alters, nor deepens, nor flushes, though Hading's per-

petual animation would suggest glows and various clouds or blooms of a sensitive complexion.

When I entered her room she was writing with a noisy little pen, her back to the door. As she turned with swift friendliness to welcome me her radiant beauty nearly startled me into exclamation. The smile that breaks so prettily over her face in accentuation of an author's stage pleasantries gathers something idyllic in its spirituality when expressing her own amiable assurances. The grasp of her strong, white hand is as hearty as a toast, and her voice is as gentle and seductive as her temperament. She begins in a breezy and delightful way to monopolize the conversation, and, ignoring the presence of "l'enfant" and a small uniformed person in the shadow of a screen, we were exchanging cosmopolitan inferences at a lively rate, when the screened boy suddenly broke into the melody of Hading's French with a vigorously West Side sample of poloi English. "Say, cull," in a foggy whisper to the brother, "when do I git de 'ans, huh?"

Then madame remembered the messenger and unfinished message, and with indefinite apologies to the boy, the letter, and me, she began the scratchy little note again, and wrote while keeping up an Adrianesque rivulet of comment and excuses. When she had put the last finishing curves and twists upon the address, and sealed the envelope, with a bright look at the boy which nearly took his Chicago breath away, she handed the packet to him. He could not read the name, and gingerly remarked that there was no such place as the address in town. Wide-eyed astonishment from madame and dismay of *le frère* brought my detective qualities into play, and the letter was submitted to inspection. Nobody less than a professional prophet or proofreader could have guessed it, but it was to be delivered to a doctor at the Chicago Athletic Club. I figured this out by partial hypnot-

ism and long-shot chances on the probable, but the actual result was received with saccharine acclamations as an instance of American sagacity, which polite mistake led madame to say many charming things of us. "How very intelligent American women are! They lead applause in the theaters, and subdue or regulate opinion. I have seen so many of them in the aggregate, and those whom I meet are personally the most delightful women in the world. And so many of them write for papers. That is a sort of insurrection which would open the eyes of France. Only men, not many women, in journalism there."

My congratulations to France upon this auspicious escape of the press from the toils of femininity were lost in a pleasant commotion caused by the arrival of an armful of American Beauty roses, sent to Hading with the good wishes of Ellen Terry, who occupied adjoining apartments in the same hotel. What Hading said about the courtesy is not translatable in cool, lake-bound English. In France they have such a sultry way of thanking people, and she did honestly feel the quality of the favor. She had heard and read of all the praise heaped upon Miss Terry, and spoke enthusiastically of her popularity and success everywhere. The perfect content to know the acknowledgment of the English actress's triumphs was very simply expressed in bright-eyed enjoyment of the flowers and little sugared exclamations of belief.

We drank tea, which Madame Hading made English fashion and sipped Chinese. She did not know much of the country, but was speechless over its "frightful bigness and noise." Like Madame Réjane, she could not sleep, but she did not shut her teeth hard and think things which vigorously came out of expressive eyes as infuriated and hurt Réjane did. It was one of the soothing days which come and leave sweetness in their expiration, that day with Jane Hading. She was so

JANE HADING

much alone in the land, she would not—contended she *could* not—speak a word of English, and only one word interested her; that was "anyhow," which she said had been in every English sentence she ever heard, and nobody could explain to her what it meant or teach her to say it. She pronounced it with a perfectly normal County Mayo accent.

She was clad in a rough camel's hair dress, tailor-made and immensely becoming, as any frock she might care to adorn must be to her. The dress was myrtle-green, made with the odd peplum apron and the inevitable balloon sleeve. She had not a trace of jewelry upon her, not a brooch, nor ring, nor even ornaments in her ears or at her belt. Just the green of her costume and the bronze-gold of her wonderful coloring that brought her white-rose skin into high relief, like the leaves of a cameo flower or the glowing paleness in a pearl. Her hair caught up in a knot at the back and curling about her oval face like a mirage of sunshine is more striking than the silky billows she loosens to her shoulders or piles upon her head when playing a part. She leans forward in pretty attitudes of submissive attention, and listens with that wonderfully enticing smile upon her lovely face and a clear, glad depth showing in her indescribable eyes. She is emotional in a dulce and sympathetic way; not hysterical nor torrid. There is nothing of the siren or sybarite in the winning sweetness of her manner, and there is not a trace of self-esteem, ever so faint that comes to mar the gentle fascination of her personality. She is brilliant in conversation, speaks the most matchless French, and is wise and informed upon so many and such deeply learned subjects that an hour with her seems a revelation. She is one of those soothing natures that wear forever. Twenty years from now she will have the same opalescent complexion, the same voice, the same happy radiance, and the same spun-bronze hair.

She has that subtle, inexplicable charm which captures every heart, and the bondage is so welcome that it lasts and grows apace. She took a chic delight in having me repeat certain sentences of my more or less spectacular French for her special enjoyment, and while she assured me nothing could be more admirable, she gave a naïve, impromptu imitation which was delicious, and followed up her pretty mockery with the avowal that the French of Americans, particularly American ladies, was chic to the most engaging degree—that the dialect of Americans, with their petulant vowels and erratic consonants, made a mosaic of the smooth French language which was infinitely fetching. She then drifted into the interesting recollections of her babyhood, her experiences, and later uninterrupted triumphs.

Granier, the particular pet of vaudeville Paris, was taken ill and obliged to retire from the casts of opérette given at the Renaissance. Jane Hading's voice was exquisite, she studied persistently, and accomplished wonders at the Renaissance, as everywhere else. She played the dashing first rôles enlivening "La Jolie Parfumeuse," "Le Petit Marié," "La Petite Demoiselle," "Héloise et Abèlard," and a list of other rollicking heroines. Imagine this gracious creature lending her prismatic talent to a shrine so depleted and so grateful as that of opera bouffe! Offenbach, who with the balance of enchanted Paris, was in love with the new and beautiful Jane, wrote for her express interpretation the charming opérette "La Belle Lucette." The master of frivolity and song never saw the work produced, as he died that winter, or near the season set aside for the production of his work.

She said, with a little wistful air: "The loss of Offenbach, Charles Lecoq, and two other powerful supports of comic opera oppressed me with the fear of a future for that sort of

effervescent entertainment. So I very reluctantly resolved to abandon it for comedy."

She demurely walked from the fluttering skirts of Lucette and Suzanne into the staid intensity of Claire in "Le Maitre de Forge," dropped chic bubbles of song and audacious dances, and veiled herself in woes, convenient brain aberrations, and the other demands of Ohnet's emotional heroine. The magnificent performance Madame Hading gave to this piece secured it a run of three hundred and fifty nights at the Gymnase, and the following production of "Prince Zilah," written for Hading, assured the indulgent public and the charming actress that the move into *le serieux* was not ill-timed.

Hading's Camille was mainly interesting as a study in comparisons. Bernhardt was the accepted lady of camelias until Duse wandered in with her moonshine eyes and bronchial trouble to cough the Bernhardt out. Those faithful to Sarah can still adore Duse, and what is intense or tender in either of the other artistes is moderated by the lovely Hading. She is much more robust than Duse, her voice attuned more joyously, and her spirits less fantastic; she is not so irretrievable a cyprienne as Bernhardt nor so evident an invalid as Duse, but she is endowed with endearing vagaries, and treats the emotional scenes with a lavish plenitude of color which is distinctly conservatoire, though rather like Modjeska.

Coquelin was her Papa Duval—always. The greatest comedian of the age locks away his masks and plays the Duval nuisance with as dignified a courtliness as ever offended father need assume. That is the benison of art—to know that a public welcomes genius sometimes without the usual enslavement to their tastes. Coquelin was greeted with as much applause as though he were down on the bill for a chanson or a monologue of Molière verse.

M. Coquelin is the personification of all that is broad and virile.

His master-strokes come in great, sweeping lines, coarse, bountiful, and astonishingly rugged. The softer, more confiding, and colloquial he is, the braver swings his unreined genius. Into the tessellations of buffoonery, over mimicry, and through all the intricate artifices of vagabond comedy, M. Coquelin chases with the vigor of a monarch. His voice is a marvelous scale of chromatic surprises. It is clear, resonant, fatuous, maudlin, or pompous as the speeches guide.

In "Les Précieuses Ridicules" the airs and astounding toilet, the affectations, and the gaucheries are funnier than anything else in the world could be. His vulgarity is picturesque, and his effrontery stunning. There is no voice in any man's strong throat so flexible, and mellow, and inviting to amusement as is the scale of modulations at the command of Coquelin. He, like Mansfield, seems to belong to another and a richer century—to an age of magnificent insight and equipoise; an age of profligate talent and ultimate cultivation; not of the intrepid, empiric discordant now, but of a siècle of governed harmonies and the intimacy of graces classic and amenable. The robes of times recorded and fading fit him well; he wears habiliments of the Empire or Renaissance as though they were the only garments comfortable and proper. He carries staffs and truncheons bravely, and wear feathers, lace, and effete decorations with pre-Raphaelite familiarity and ease. There is nothing of this hurried, brazen time in any accomplishment of the great comedian; he is of a quieter, more beautiful hour, when clocks rung out of belfries, study was pastime, and the world was bedewed with greater showers of grace.

Wonder what on earth would happen to Molière were he left to the cheerful mercies of an American comedy company?

Imagine a coterie of our everybody-fight-for-center, all-star organizations standing about in the sulks, while ringing speeches yards long were being hurled at them from inconsequent dramatic personæ!

It is doubtful whether any comedians except the Française can quite unravel the silken spontaneity of Molière. It is a quaint and perpetual sort of verse, which other tongues distort; it is wise, and subtle, and emblazoned with luxurious language which pales and wilts under translation. But the French, adoring and fidèle, bring hearts and elegant polish to the rare old lines. And Coquelin! He *is* Molière; all the rushing century has left of Molière; all the world asks to keep Molière crowned.

VIOLA ALLEN

Miss Allen is one of the few actresses most beloved by women, for usually the dashing picturesque creatures of the stage appeal rather more to the sentimental sex which modern philosophy has established masculine beyond a question.

Viola Allen is such a dainty, tender, and delicate lady that, like all such women, her very femininity is her most heroic strength. Her mind is fine and luminous, her graces of person and temperament are completely captivating, her wit a dainty violet-scented sort of brilliance, her pretty enthusiasms and preferences in literature and art absolutely beguiling at all times.

"It is ancient history, of course, but since so many people are under the impression that I am the daughter of Octavia Allen it may not weary you to hear how it came about," proposed Miss Allen.

"You see, one of the pictorial papers of New York conceived the plentiful notion of printing photogravures of stage favorites, accompanying the pictures with sketches of their lives, pedigrees, and attainments. A representative came to me and proposed that I should pay two hundred dollars for this free-for-all privilege, and furnish the paper with notes, dates, adjectives, and what not. Naturally, I courteously dismissed the reporter, and forgot about it until my eyes were surprised one day by a rather astounding false presentment of myself, and decidedly a false representation of my ancestry and deeds. In this article I was honored with the maternal relation to Mrs. Octavia Allen for the first time, and it is

wonderful how a mother clings to one, no matter who presents her. Mrs. Allen had a daughter who, like me, was upon the stage, but I never knew either lady. Immediately upon the announcement that Octavia was my mother, a friendly critic in New York rushed into a column explanation that she was not, but that Mrs. Bretonne—Julia, I believe, is her Christian name—was my mother. It was all rather amusing to me, though my own small mater up in Canada resented the accumulating list of my mothers. Mrs. Bretonne I had seen once when she was a member of Richard Mansfield's company, but I had never been presented to her, and never have since."

Miss Allen's mother was a product of Canada, with a timid but charming gift for the stage. She played occasionally, and in one of her tours met and married Leslie Allen, who is Viola's father. Mr. Allen is a pioneer actor of the old school—Boston Museum, in fact. There is the stanchest sympathy and companionship between the members of this interesting family of actors. Mrs. Allen plays no more, and the younger daughter is ailing and away on the Pacific Coast during the wintry weather, where no unkind blast may startle her delicate organization out of its sweet calm of resignation. The little sister is frail, and likely to droop pitifully unless the gentlest care and pleasant airs surround her, so all summer she stays with Viola until the leaves curl at the edges, and the vines shrink into scarlet and brown fragments, then she spreads her gossamer wings toward the valleys of Sacramento, where she writes pretty things, bright stories and dainty little poetic missives; occupies all the months of snow and ice writing warm and dulcet things inspired by grateful atmosphere and nourishing sun.

Everybody is nice, and good, and talented in Viola Allen's estimation; she herself is so beloved that everybody

claims her affection, and her companions, every one of them, are deeply attached to her.

She has the prettiest notions of dress, and wears unaccentuated things which seem to be altogether her own style, faultless in taste and exceptional in material and mode. Soft grays and plenty of chiffon and feathery textures, long plumes and cuddling sort of fur, everything expensive, and so modestly quaint and characteristic that it seems to me Viola Allen is the best-dressed woman in America, though there is never much evidence of expenditure or deep extravagance of thought upon her gowns and coiffures. She shot boldly forth as Glory Quale with belief in herself and the Caine ethics which was rather amusing in so dainty and sheer a quality of courage as lay hidden in Miss Allen. Her face is a flower of timidity, but her little hands are strength in miniature.

"What I notice most among American women," said Mary Mannering Hackett, "is their beautiful little hands. I never saw a nation of women with such small, shapely, and sensitive hands; I think it comes of many generations of women whose husbands take exquisite care of them. If I see a woman with big, scrawny fingers and meaty palms I feel sure she is not American, whatever else she may be. Your women have the loveliest hands on earth. Look at mine."

Mrs. Hackett's hands are well worth inspection. They are not conspicuous on the stage except for force and grace, but lying in close communion with another her hand is good to hold and to examine. It is large and flexible, an English hand, firm as alabaster and as white, but tingling with sympathy and a grave sort of sincerity very good to believe in. Mrs. Hackett is as British as if she had never stepped out of London. Her face is beautiful and her wit cautious, but effective. She is one of those fascinating women who seem

to be in a perpetual harness of happiness, put upon her by her intimates. She smiles, and weeps, and sinks into sobriety with whatever may be the mood upon her companion, is always in harmony with surroundings, no matter how extraordinary, and is under the delicious hallucination that her joyousness in life is the result of dazzling friends, who concede to her request to shine upon her. She is a most adorable woman, and her charm of art is by no means the greatest beauty in her—she is good, and true, and devoted in a dear, unselfish way, quite unusual when combined with a genius so penetrating and special as that which illuminates and directs her fortunes.

O'NEILL—HAWORTH

Joseph Haworth was a much-beloved protégé of John McCullough, who looked upon the sympathetic, serious youth as an embodiment of dramatic genius and one of the splendid hopes for the future. Joe was always in earnest; not by any means grave, but serene in his brightest moments, and inclined to take himself and all happenings seriously, much to McCullough's brawny delight. McCullough was almost boyish in his exuberant animalism, was cheery unto brusqueness, and only in those fits of extreme melancholy which forecast the clouding of his fine and active brain was John McCullough distrait or solemn. Acutely sensitive to humor, and quick to see a stroke of wit or brush of fun, McCullough was the most fascinating companion, and a pleasantly familiar sight was John arm in arm with young Haworth, who always called McCullough—and does to this day call him "My Governor," with a tenderness no son could outweigh.

One night after a performance at the Baldwin Theater, San Francisco, Haworth and McCullough were in an animated discussion as to the merits of certain compounds used in sticking fierce beards and dashing mustaches upon their smooth faces; Joe preferred ordinary glue, and McCullough advised gum guacum. They met James Herne and Tom Keene, and the four proposed something refreshing in the way of a drink, still arguing, as actors will, as to their own preferences in the matter of make-up.

At the door of a saloon they ran across O'Neill and old Frank Ray, a 'Frisco landmark of the stage, and the matter of

whiskers and eyebrow paste was good-naturedly referred to the veteran, and against McCullough's prejudice he contended that glue was the safest hirsute fastener. Frank was of the old school, "spake from the box," frowned impressively, and thought gloomily upon days when stage lights had the diploma-right to spell their calling "act-or, instead of act-er, with the same difference admissible in censor and glazier, tutor and plumber; these days we are act-ers," amiably but contemptuously declared old Frank, much to the amusement of the triumphant coterie making early days glorious for the drama in California.

"Well, do you consider pasting the best, most natural method of putting whiskers on the face, Frank?" asked McCullough, sure of a dignified consideration of the trifle. Frank dropped into a deep cogitation, and Herne moved toward the bar, saying, "What'll you have, boys?"

McCullough said, "Seltzer."

O'Neill wanted "a drink," and the others, except the old man, ordered briefly.

"Come on, Frank, what is yours?" queried Herne.

Mr. Ray slowly came out of his reverie upon whiskers and make-up, and said, pompously, "Spaulding's prepared glue is good enough for me."

James O'Neill is never forgotten out West, even though his own intimate generation has ceased to follow the fortunes of its idol, because it has neither the inexhaustible vitality, the physical nor mental energy of this imperishable Irishman.

O'Neill is as straight as an arrow, is vigorously animated, and still one of the handsomest of men. He is as good an actor as ever was rough, commanding John McCullough, and his impersonation of Sheridan Knowles's brawny hero in "Virginius" possesses much of McCullough's fine animal magnet-

ism and sympathy, and little of the crudeness attached to the delineation of the best remembered Virginius.

O'Neill is picturesque and dramatic, reads delightfully, and lends much poetic fervor to the leaden richness of Knowles's majestic lines. It was odd to notice the effect of the old-style rampant tragedy upon the generation which knows nothing of the pompous elocution and the plastic art of pose emphasized. O'Neill's voice retains its melodious splendor, and Virginius might have been written for an ambitious basso, so full of oratorical cadenzas, bravura, and fine cantabile sentences is the old crochety rôle. The mad scene Mr. O'Neill has made a particularly interesting study. It has more truth (by sad commentary) than poor McCullough's soldierly ravings, because O'Neill has studied the wiles and ways of madmen, and, among others, most sympathetically, his friend and predecessor, McCullough, after the noble actor was stricken with pathetic lunacy.

There was a mushroom time when crowds went to hear an actor rave and swear by unfashionable armor and their loves, make stupendous exits, and stride grandly before crowned heads. But now we mince in drawing-rooms, and want to pry into family affairs, rather than shriek with joy over the grave offense of bullying a sceptered tyrant or gorily swaggering a loyal sword.

REED

The last poster planted before judgment day will be a flaming comic one of Roland Reed in a juvenile rôle, and the last criticism written will be that he was too young for the part. He is indestructible and amusingly youthful.

"I believe that Tim Linkwater was born 150 years old and he is gradually coming down to five-and-twenty; for he's younger every birthday than he was the year before." —*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Some such transposition of age must have governed Roland Reed's birthday parties.

When I first knew him he was a sedate and aged boy, full of wise calculations, furrowed brows, prognostications, and deep schemes. The sort that wearing-out persons depend upon for suggestions and beginners lean toward. Old actors like John Jack and the sage of Grass Valley nodded gravely over Reed's decisions, credited him with an old head on young shoulders, and predicted the common calamity of all promising Thespians of having a future. Ever since then Mr. Reed has been juvenating. His lisp grows plainer and his smile grows wider; he is chipper as a Dakota rabbit, and his present head is a young one on old shoulders—which is an anomalous condition reconcilable only with reflections similar to those amiably directed against Tim Linkwater.

Every year Reed produces from one to four very rocky pieces. Once in a while he strikes a bonanza, and that repays him for all his reckless literary adoptions. But at least he will try to find something original and pleasant wherewith to entertain audiences which have learned to anticipate his

arrival as one of the cheerful necessities of the theatrical cycle.

Reed was born in Philadelphia, and brought up on a strict scrapple and catfish diet.

There is something very amusing in Roland's solemn Disraeli face, his lisp and comedy troubles. Alice Hastings, when her hair was reddest and Irish humor richest, was sitting in the wings of the old Academy at Cleveland, eating marshmallows. A melodrama was on, with Roland in a rattling comedy part and Alice as soubrette. Alice watched him through a scene, and when he finished and joined her in a marshmallow, she said, gravely, "Role, are you a very good comedian?" Roland, disturbed that this partner of his dramatic joys and woes should not appreciate him, said he had "heard so." "Well," said Alice, "which do you consider your highest form of comedy—walking pigeon-toed, or speaking tongue-tied?" Roland still clings to these fascinating comic attributes, and has plays written to suit his indescribable gait and indestructible lisp.

Miss Isadore Rush is a magnificent blonde, with a perfect figure and lovely color. She is forceful, animated, and acts with pretty grace right through. She strikes her "a's" and "r's" with an honest American breadth most refreshing, and decorates comedy, old or new, in the Reed repertoire.

S. S. RUSSELL

Mr. Sol Smith Russell plays to the unvarying multitudes, who flatter themselves when not too late for a desirable seat at his performances.

His droll humor, pleasantry, gentleness, and lovable character shine through his art like smiles through tears (which is not meant to infer that art is mournful). That same quality of human sympathy and quaint simplicity clouds about the man himself and renders him just as charming personally as he is as an actor. His father was an American clergyman, and by marriage old Sol Smith, the great comedian, was an uncle to his promising namesake. Most of Russell's stage education was acquired between bullets and battles. He was a drummer-boy in the Civil War, and joined a strolling band of players which entertained the soldiers with doubtful tragedy and questionable music. Every camp had an amusement hall, and Russell drifted to Cairo, where the Defiance Theater was the scene of his liveliest efforts as a singer, comedian, and drummer in the band. The theater was built on the picket line—in fact, the guard's patrol was through the theater, just between the orchestra and first row. Russell was only fourteen years old at this exciting time, so he began early to court danger and fame. Turkey actors, Thanksgiving fakirs, and Fourth of July fly-by-nights are speaking acquaintances of the troublous immediate, but we do not know what war actors were. They were, it is guaranteed, the toughest mob of disinterested citizens and venturesome artists and artisans who "sought the bubble reputation, even

in the cannon's mouth." That it was a rugged school of sterling merit is evinced in the beautiful, restful entertainments of Sol Smith Russell. Though he was such a child then, he instantly made himself a favorite among the soldiers, and continued the career with tremendous success ever since. Had he not been wounded and forced to accept a furlough, perhaps we had never known Noah Vale, and the pleasant dozen other delightful impersonations made famous by Russell's devotion to simplicity and truth in dramatic performances.

Joseph Jefferson called Russell's attention to "The Heir-at-Law," with the complimentary assurance that he was the man of all artists to portray Pangloss. Mr. Russell wrote to Jefferson asking the best way to secure the book of "The Heir-at-Law," in response to which Jefferson wrote: "You are welcome to my prompt book, gags, props, costumes, and wigs—everything complete, from gloves to shoe-buckles—if you will accept them." Dr. Pangloss could not have been confided to better hands, for if the part was not molded for Mr. Russell—why, Mr. Russell was materialized expressly for the part.

Mr. Russell lives quietly, but casts his lines in pleasant waters, accepting the gentlest courtesies offered him in a social way, in the gentlest, simplest manner. He has only a certain fine amount of vitality, and husbands it for rare occasions. Sometimes friends drag him out to be entertained, and it is with the greatest difficulty he remembers his host, except in a vague but agreeable way. He lives in dread of passing by with a bland stare some admirer who has conferred upon him the honor of a special hospitality, and so arms himself with a guileless smile of recognition whenever he wanders into the public highways; whenever a familiar face confronts him, Mr. Russell greets the face as a remembered—in fact, not to be forgotten—creditor.

Mr. Russell sallying forth beheld a countenance approaching which, with the Russell trick of memory, the comedian recognized, but could not place. Trusting to adroit drift of conversation, Sol saluted the face and the gentleman boasting it, in his most cordial manner, wondering when and where he had seen the man, and how much of Russell's nicest smile was due.

"I am very glad to see you again," ventured Russell, cautiously.

"Thank you, sir," meekly replied the gentleman, whose hand Sol still grasped fervently.

"Still at the same old place?" daringly attempted Mr. Russell, with a detective assurance stealing into his kindly eye.

"Oh, yes," discouragingly brief was the reply.

"Let me see, when did we last meet?" queried Sol, beaming with cheer at this last stroke of diplomacy.

"Why, Mr. Russell, about three hours ago; I'm the man who fitted your shirts!"

Russell is as droll and entertaining a comedian away from the stage as ever he is upon it. He is something of a mild practical joker, and his distracting little stutter, his quaint humor, and slow but exquisite wit are sturdy attendants upon his gentle tricks and jests.

Once a fussy suburban dweller whose active city life was interrupted at stated intervals by the awful qualm following upon train tables in their unkind turnings, contracted the autograph habit, and coveted the breezy scrawl which signs Lillian Russell's bank checks. At one theater was the radiant Lillian, and over the way ebbed and flew the pristine jibes of Pleasant Valley Sol. The suburban exile squandered fifty on a photograph of Miss Russell, and as he glanced at his watch, slammed his desk, grabbed his overcoat, and scudded out the door, he shouted to a benumbed office boy: "Here,

Johnny, take this note over to the—to Russell, wherever she's playing, and wait for an answer. Somebody'll take it back to the stage and bring the picture out to you again; take care of it, and put it in my desk when you get the answer, understand?"

Johnny understood "Russell" and "wait," and as much as he ever could of these special train encores, so he plowed over to the theater, the nearest, where upon the door hung the name of Russell in three-feet, unmistakable letters.

He met Fred Berger, and mutteringly made that gentleman comprehend that he had a message for "Russell," and an answer was forthcoming.

Berger took the bulky letter, and tiptoed down the aisle, while a dark scene occupied attention, thrust the envelope into Sol's door, lazily adding a laconic "Answer, I guess."

Mr. Russell was telling a between-acts story, stumbling along at his nice stammering gait with a preoccupied humor uppermost, and he tore open the envelope, to be bewildered by a beautiful face too wonderful to be true; for there was Lillian in the splendor of her Grand Duchesse smiles, and Mr. Russell adjusted his glasses and read twice before he overtook the writer's galloping intention expressed in a note:

"Will the beauty, Miss Russell, honor the sender with her autograph?"

Sol admired the picture enthusiastically, refused to pass it around, and then began to hunt about in the top tray of his trunk, finally dragging out a remarkable picture, recognizable only to the few, who remember his delicious female impersonations of a decade past. The face was Sol's, and about it was a prim bonnet rim and stiff ties under the sharp chin, a skimpy and self-assertive shawl crossed the square, old-maid shoulders, half-hand mitts covered a pair of viciously folded,

decisive palms, and the Russell virtuous surprise of countenance finished a picture almost forgotten these days.

Placing the seductive photograph of Lillian before his own little looking-glass, he mischievously wrote under the picture of himself as the more or less indignant female party.

"I am a beauty, not *the* beauty.

"RUSSELL."

Then he put it in the envelope to be delivered to the sleepy boy in wait.

COMIC OPERA

LILLIAN RUSSELL

To be one of the acknowledged beauties of the world is to be plundered of the most remote privilege of seclusion, of privacy or apology for an indiscretion, or credit for sympathy, charity, or good sense.

A plain woman may lock her doors, deceive her husband, beat her servants, and sell her birthright, and it is nobody's affair. But a beauty may not even build her life according to her own plans; all the world rushes in and takes the work out of her hands and flays her if she is "different." And sooth to say, she generally is. When Lillian Russell stepped into the world's evil, admiring eye she was instantly emblazoned as one of the most beautiful women in the world, with nobody but Lillie Langtry and Pauline Hall to dispute ascendency. The minor fact that she had sung the dainty music of "The Snake Charmer" in a most deliciously elegant manner was scarcely noted in the measure of her success. Soon as this Venus was hoisted upon a pedestal her discoverers began to hunt for flaws to mar their find, and lo! her voice withstood the test, her beauty withstood the scrutiny, her incessant labors and steady growth in her chosen path of endeavor baffled criticism, so she was called to account in a personal way, just as Mrs. Langtry was at about the same time, and there was no voice to argue who should throw the first stone. So Lillian, as every other beauty, was pelted with a continuous hail-storm of indefinitely aimed missiles, all of which hurt but left no lesson, and most of which were quite unjust and impudent.

We were little girl friends at the most impressionable age, and when a social crisis in the affairs of Miss Russell—who had become Madame Perugini—seemed imminent, I renewed our interrupted acquaintance.

Old times are always the youngest ever writ upon, and when Miss Russell proposed that we should have a darling hour of retrospection it meant revival of days of innocence and hopes for both of us. "You don't remember my first appearance on any stage, do you, ingrate that you are?" radiantly accused the beauty the minute we were alone. I guessed, and she shot a sweet glare of regret at my false recollection. "I should say not! It was right here in old Kimball Hall as leading lady in the thrilling drama of 'Time Tries All,' with you, your forgetful self, as the worst example of trembly soubrette I ever saw turned loose on a plot."

It all came as a flash to me, and with the memory arrived a vision of Lillian—who was Nellie Leonard then—poutingly wrestling through an introduced duet with a scared young man whose tenor refused to come out of his scarlet throat. Intervals of every second measure were ornamented with a certain refrain of "Hoop-là," which strangled the frightened youth, and so Lillian musically shrieked the soprano, answered herself in the tenor and did something of the missing tumty-tum chords in the piano accompaniment. But she was beautiful as a poet's goddess then. Her hand is the loveliest I ever held, and her eyes are the color of spirit violets—the sort mediums call out of the clouds. There never was a skin so firm and transparent nor a smile so cloying as Lillian Russell's. Still, except as an exceedingly profitable adjunct to her diviner gifts, she cares little for her incomparable beauty. She is a constant student of music; trains, improves, and devours with avidity all that pertains to the glory of harmony. "While I am resting," said she, giving me a chic invitation to

To Ally Leslie from
your friend Lillian

gasp, "I will sing a lot of old songs to you if you will play." And then she curled up in a high-backed chair, stretched her pretty throat upward as an exultant starling does, and began to sing "Mollie O!" It had never been sung before. The velvet lower notes and liquid middle register, all the fine-drawn diminuendoes and happy little rifts of pathos rolled out of her throat in pearls translucent. And then, without more than a suggesting broken wave of chords from my piano, Russell tenderly brought to my mind a world of speculation by melting the gold of her voice to run into the melody of "Ben Bolt." If some soulful composer had written a "Trilby" for Lillian Russell, it would have squelched all the fustian dramatic trials of that unhappy Du Maurier heroine. Russell for a minute was Trilby, with the starry, far-off look in her sweet eyes and the tones of perfection in her voice. Du Maurier might have ridden across the waters to see this Trilby for the good of his wasting old eyes. She would have been a revelation, and the book would mellow into the temper of a lyric opera better than into any other dramatic form.

"Don't tell me that I have been foolish in my several attempts to live as other affectionate mothers do; I know it better than anybody in the big unkind world," said Miss Russell with a pathetic droop to her lovely mouth and a silver knell of sorrow in her soft voice.

"I cannot speak of it to everybody, particularly of my last matrimonial escapade. Did you think I had lost my small but partially retained reason?"

To tell the truth, there was not much to think about it at all; it is only when these double giant swings into connubial crises prove happy that there is an invitation to brown study over them; one or more unhappy tumbles of expectation only lengthen a long and stupid list.

"You see," continued the grieved songstress with plaintive

childishness in her sentences and tones, "I was so tired of bearing the brunt of life alone. Every small error that I might make was metamorphosed into a sin, and an incautious laugh or trifling courtesy was built up into a monument of lawlessness against me. Somehow, a husband of gentlemanly accomplishments and enviable position in my own profession seemed rather more desirable than any other chattel just at the time the temptation came, and—well, *tout le monde* knows about it now; there is no story about me that is not knitted into unkind snarls before it is a day old. And I do all I can for the same part of the world that hurts me most. My efforts at all times are bent toward gaining their hearts as well as their hands, but see how unhappy I am in it all. Individuals are gentle and affectionate and immeasurably kind; "the people" do stand by me. There is a vast difference, you know, between the public and the people. I feel it nearer than the philosopher who defines the two terms. I shall never marry again, at all events. Poor Teddy, you know—" With a little break in her sweet voice and bend of her golden head I felt sure she would cry for a minute, but she checked a quiver in her lips, and except that her eyes looked a shade deeper blue and dewy there were no visible signs of emotion after this reference to the recent demise of Edward Solomon, the father of her little girl.

That was really the only serious romance in Miss Russell's brilliant though clouded career. I never beheld such radiant beauty as shown in Lillian Russell's face when she used to smile upon blonde Teddy Solomon. She did care for him, and sadly regrets every line of her life that separated her from him. But she is one of those destined mortals whose fate-threads seem to be in another weaver's hand than their own. She is courted and adored and smothered in the roses of flattery. She is to-day the woman most watched, petted, and

applauded of all on the American stage. Her photographs have made fortunes and fame for thrifty picture-makers, and her earnest endeavors, splendid talents and great beauty are without challenge among hundreds aspiring to such honors. With it all she is as simple as a schoolgirl, pretends to little, and prettily accepts the world's courtship and heaven's favors with the grace of birth to graces. Her sweet face is just as faultless, her hand as dimpled, her voice as angel-toned as ever.

Oh, the sweetness of her beautiful face and the clarion joy of her lovely voice in the early days! She tried so hard to secure a professional footing as Nellie Leonard. How anxious and many times disappointed she was, and how the massive-brained Cynthia Leonard railed at ignorance and shook her bony fist at stupidity. Nellie was then a cool, collected girl near my own age. We were great friends. Her erratic mother had fed this pet on inflating flattery until she completely knew her own possibilities and gauged them as so much realty. We belonged to the same amateur society club, "The Lorelei," or something slumbery and mythical. Her mother, Cynthia Leonard, had just published a rabid book settling the social problem, but unhinging her domestic relations with most all the family. Mr. Leonard, a most estimable gentleman, lived in one house with the second daughter, pretty Nannie, and Nellie clung to her mother in a charming flat. Here the club met one night, when a violent storm suggested the advisability of my staying all night with Nellie. I was swathed in an awesome night-robe of Cynthia's. The majestic angular sleeves came down to my knees, and severe, starchy ruffles nearly smothered me. We had great larks over this extraordinary garment, which the mighty social reformer enjoyed as heartily as did we. In the morning I awoke first. A bright April sun shone fully on my lovely bed-

fellow. She scarcely breathed, so perfect was her healthful sleep, and I was inspired with a sort of girlish rapture at the sight of her wonderful beauty. She awoke suddenly, and lazily greeted my evident morning worship with the same radiant smile she bestows now in return for encores. I could not resist saying, heedlessly, "How pretty you are!" when, to my surprise, she said calmly, in a business-like tone: "Yes, my face and neck, as well as arms, are rather good, but I don't think my leg is pretty at all. I can never play Siebel in 'Faust.'"

Here her mother broke through the portière angrily with: "How dare you say such a silly thing! Your whole figure is like a goddess. Don't ever let me hear you make such a senseless remark again." Nellie hung her head, pouted some abashed apologies for so underrating her physical perfections, and our youthful confidences were nipped in the bud.

Is it any wonder Nellie made the world acknowledge her a Venus, with a beautiful face, neck, and arms, supplemented by an education like that? She is a glorious creature now, matured in the midst of much which makes maturity royally handsome—wealth, success, and security. She has had much sorrow and repented much foolish happiness, but nothing has left a trace on her smooth, matchless face nor in her exquisitely gentle voice. Mrs. Leonard, tenderly guarded by her celebrated daughter, still dictates, her dreadful gown would not fit me any better to-day than it did years ago, and Lillian Russell would look as beautiful under the glare of an April sun as ever Nellie Leonard did.

Miss Russell has shot way ahead, and is a comparing mark. In her triumphs she eclipses any success in comic opera known for years. Imagine an enthusiastic assemblage in a beautiful theater of classic vastness rising to cheer an opera bouffe prima donna. That compliment paid Miss Russell has

been a repeated occurrence, and all the glory of a popular idol lights her up from every artistic point of view. She has developed, expanded, and refined her dramatic methods so much that she is not only a royally beautiful woman with an exquisite voice, but likewise a delightful actress, fascinating, graceful, and above all, intelligent.

She is queening it over hundreds of ardent supplicants for her favor, and it costs excessive tariff to bask in Lillian's caramel glance and crystal tones, but they are worth the money. She is perpetually young, her smile is as cloying and her voice as sweet as it was ten years ago, and it is because of the lovely disposition, the consummate simplicity and happiness of Miss Russell in spite of herself. She is one of the evenest-tempered women in the world. She is unsuspicious, believing, and companionable. She seldom quarrels, and never seeks debate nor disturbance, and has none of the trying emotional splutters ordinarily the proprietary of idolized stars. These blessings and magnificent health keep the pretty face of Lillian Russell forever beautiful, and preserve her voice endearingly, and chase away evidences of unrelenting devotion to her profession and the thousand annoyances incumbent upon slavery to the public and ethical differences in point of view.

Some comet charged with music must have been in the ascendant when the Leonard family grew, for they are all musical without any remarkable inclination that way apparent in progenitors, and Lillian's little daughter has already developed astonishing talent. She is at the Convent of the Holy Angels in Long Island, and writes her mother correct, charming letters in French, dainty as a college girl in her teens might inscribe. When the child was nine years old she played intelligently Mozart, Chopin, Liszt, Schumann—Hattie Leonard, one of the family going to the convent twice a week to

give the child extra lessons. This gifted child is studying and amazing people with her musical talent.

She bears her brilliant mother's name, Lillian Russell, and she has notes in her untried voice which purl like crystal water, and she plays the masters with the sagacity and exquisite feeling which come only hand-in-hand and heart-to-heart with the fire of genius. She is a dark, pretty girl, with her lovely mother's complexion and eyes and a dainty grace of figure and mind. Her manners are perfect, and her sweetness and gentle girl sympathy are great comforts to the worldly and idolized queen of comic opera.

When Miss Russell was in Berlin she astounded the gay "verichters" by her superb costumes and her beauty, but she neither felt their sympathy to be hers nor her country's, and Russell is an American dyed in the wool. Not even London entices her away from her colors, and she was amusingly sulky pretty nearly all the time at the attitude of political indifference, scarcely taken with delicacy, among the native Germans.

Constant annoyances, both clumsy and impolitic, were thrown into the beauty's path, and she who had been lifted on high in a panoply of roses found herself environed by plenteous admiration but impossible nuisances of various degrees. A buxom young woman came out the Thüringen forests and claimed the delightful Lillian for her mother. The blonde and comely mädchen claimed her mother's name was Lillian Russell, and that the place of her birth was a suburb of London, and Lillian did not have to do anything less than go into the common courts under detention to show cause for desertion of her offspring. The large, enthusiastic daughter persisted in throwing herself upon Lillian's alabaster neck and rapidly increasing bank account, and Lillian, indignant but obedient, went forth, and in choicest German proved that

she was Nellie Leonard of Illinois, without any previous record of any sort in strange lands. Finally the impromptu daughter was quieted down in this glad discovery of a ready-made, rich, and beautiful fairy mamma, and asked to wait for another victim.

Miss Russell reaches her worshiping public with so little effort through her vivid beauty, grace, and sometimes a certain charm of happiness which is occasionally a part of the Russell fascination.

Periodically she surprises her own amazing life by trying to be perfectly happy. It shows in her temperament, in her lovely face and even in the glorious timbre of her voice. Happiness is such a clarion note of acclaim, so unconcealable, so emotionally decorative and sympathetic.

When she had in tyro obscurity been on the stage—without her mother's consent—about six weeks, she came to me in a mysterious glow, and said, "To-day is my birthday—and that's not all!"

She was eighteen, or some "teen." Then clasping her pink and white hands and showing her teeth she said, in a carol, "I'm married, and nobody but us knows!"

She had slipped out one morning and married Harry Braham, a very young and lisping shoot of the Braham family of composers. They had a few months of bliss disapproved by everybody; then an equally disapproved baby arrived, and with it poverty. One pitiful night the little one went, and tears opened Nellie's blue eyes to see strange things, and counsels obstinate prevailed, and she went to the stage for forgetfulness and money. Then her fame came swiftly, barbed but shining. She sung every sort of thing, and triumphed in the scores of Audran and Sullivan. Then in the face of her achievements she cast off applause and eloped with Edward Solomon, the talented composer of "The Vicar of

Bray," "Billee Taylor," and a freshet of pretty songs. One of those inevitable submerges which will follow escapades of beauty and talent shut out Miss Russell from her rights to popularity, but only for a brief hour. Then she came into her heritage of celebrity, never to completely lose it.

She ought always to have been delighting us with Offenbach, Lecocq, Audran, and the real volatile masters of musical delicatessen.

Russell sings their music so divinely, so sympathetically, and so sweetly; she is so beautiful, so musical, so piquant in her brightly hoydenish way, and gives so much vital stress to suggestion and frothy musical depths.

Affectionate regard for Offenbach awakened a dear wish that he might have seen Lillian Russell in her regal beauty, her resplendent jewels and devout humor for the music of the score in "La Périchole." She is the most sincere and serious student of music in opera bouffe. She knows music and revels soulfully in it. She sounds the depths of meaning in Offenbach with his graceful plays at lietmotif and threaded gold through his rakish melodies. As the wandering street singer Russell's art temperament shows itself in her picturesque draperies, her abandon, pretty moments of sobriety, and phrasing of Offenbach's priceless ballads. The letter song is the loveliest love ditty in the world, and Lillian Russell sings it with real tears in her eyes and captivating little sobs and catches in her beautiful voice.

In the brindisi scene she is still more delightful, and it is worth going miles to hear that small intoxicated shadow of a captured hiccough just before she delivers the unsteady assurance that she's "all right." She sings the "I love you, you rogue," most adorably.

Every note of Offenbach is out of his heart, tinged with a plaintive sweetness almost touching lips with pathos. It is

loaded down with poppy wreaths of restfulness and perfect tumults of sport. It is gay, and has fragrant little tempests of light passion which rush through it like delectable licenses to love at random. Phases of life appeal to him in faintly differentiated shades; his own checkered existence perhaps gave him much that is more than surface deep in thoughtful instants.

In "La Grande Duchesse" Russell is equally delightful, with her Rubens beauty, in prodigal glory, and costumes Titania might glare at with envy; her lovely voice and popularity hang out the standing-room sign regularly as she dons the Gerolstein coronet. She is a picture as she trills and shows her pretty little teeth and swings her silver broidered train about in the drinking song.

Offenbach was too great a whirlwind of actual unbridled genius to be so faultless as the correct and more intricate Lecocq, and there is scarcely a flaw in the dainty score of "Le Petit Duc" in the rendition accorded it by Miss Russell. One of the appealing differences in the two masters comes from the schooling and practice of their vastly different musical instruments. Offenbach was a violoncello player in the orchestra, and all his music is wrought in playful violet and the tender purples of the 'cello chords. Lecocq was an organist, and a trained ear can almost detect the different stops and pedals echoing through his compositions. He likes the large rumbling batteries of drums and low-pitched horns, waves of vox humana and celeste, sharp flute attacks and prolonged diapason. He is most elegant in the matter of writing, and some of the choruses particularly are almost classic in skillful thorough bass. Songs he cannot make so bewitching as Offenbach's, and a solo without assistance from an accompanying voice or chorus is rarely attractive in the Lecocq scores.

However, one of the loveliest features of the entire opera

is Russell's beautiful rendition of the good-by song. She sings it with such pretty breadth of conception and tenderness that it is as touching as a Gounod plaint.

Temptation to ride across the stage upon a flattered drab elephant lured Miss Russell close to the kingdom of burlesque in a comedietta called "An American Beauty."

As for Lillian, just to feast upon her glorious beauty, to look at her and accept the blessing of her smile, the sweetness of her expression, and the cool perfection of her face, her eyes, her hair and all that wealth of radiance belonging to so complete a symphony of color and mold, were almost worth the extravagance of extra admission price for the pleasure of seeing her.

To behold the Russell languorously perched upon the "American Beauty" elephant, with her countenance set in a frame of jewels, diamonds ablaze at her throat, her temples and shoulders, festoons of rubies and sapphires, garlands of brilliants, and a storm of glittering precious stones sending costly lightnings all over her silver and blue robe was enough to bring on an epidemic of begging letters. She was like some glorious dream, all beauty and romance and splendors too augustly extravagant to be real.

Russell cares very little for pretty clothes. She wears stunning gowns always, and buys more than she can use, for she is extravagant and indifferent. At home she is the simplest of matrons, in sweet orris-scented ginghams and soft wools, and the elaborate costumes her celebrity has rudely forced upon her whenever she appears in public are trials rather than joys.

When Russell sat down to her bridal breakfast awaiting the petted tenor Perugini, he came fluttering in late, arrayed in a peachblow tea-gown with a train and lace cascades. Russell, who is simple as an infant about her home frocks,

stared in amazement and asked what it meant; whereupon the nineteenth-century Brummell, in considerable annoyance, announced that it was one of three in his Paris wedding trousseau!

"That's when I ought to have left him," says Lillian with tardy decision.

It is wonderful to hear a voice with the touch of fineness special gift gives to it, curling around the trifles of melody. Some darkies had been engaged to play mandolins and banjos for Lillian Russell, and when their hidden strings began to twang "She's My Lady, My Coal-Black Baby," out rung Russell's sweetest notes in the song, which she knew by heart, with ever so many coon verses. After her stranger guests had gone, and she had taken off her resplendent gown and jewels and slipped into a shining kimono, she sat down at the piano and sung, "I Love You in the Same Old Way," and the Williams and Walker "corker," "Oh, I Don't Know," "All Coons Look Alike," and a darky lullaby with as much art as she might devote to "Mignon." Melba and Nordica both love essence songs and all volklieder. These humbler things are restful for a voice trained to celestial heights all the time; and there are rhythm and simple melody in them, so that occasional trifling with their earthly harmonies is good exercise.

Russell is always the most companionable of creatures. She is well-read, and discourses brilliantly upon light, good literature and music. She paints with skill, and speaks the languages of at least four nations. She is distinctly an American product. Her training American, preferences loyal, and allegiance to the flag very sincere and entertainingly candid. She does not know envy or malice, and is the first to recognize a voice or a beauty and to praise them. She likes games, any hazard, and one night when Mrs. Langtry was in America

a point was raised as to whether the two beauties would ever meet, and the matter was broached to Langtry, who yawned and parried. Then Russell was approached, and she shrugged her shoulders and promised to think about it. Left alone, she dispatched a message to the famous British beauty proposing a quiet game of poker with two interesting mutual friends, and when the argumentative committee reported for information they found the two handsome beings feverishly raking in chips, and smiling warily at each other over trumps.

HOPPER

De Wolf Hopper is the sort of an actor who grows with acquaintance—that's an awful prophecy for such a sky-ranger as Mr. Hopper—as a marigold does. His singing is so tremendously good and his personality so overwhelming that the mightiest prejudices finally roll away before it. He has not ceased creating vacuums everywhere, including the realm of light and airy art, but somehow he is more amusing each succeeding year. Perhaps because of the eccentricities of the rôle in the Sousa opera, which are especially adapted to the jungle roar and elephantine sprawl of the "str-r-rike one" comedian of countless successes. His own sense of humor is contagiously magnetic, and he certainly sings with greater force and melody, with more real art, than any of the hundred comedians who trample profitlessly upon the fragile cloud-edges of opera bouffe. For every ringing song which he delivers finely he bellows a hundred horrors against fine comedy, but for all that he is a fabulous entertainer, and somehow blunders coltishly into the tide of immense popularity. El Capitan is one of the greatest parts ever written for a singing comedian, and perhaps a dozen actors in France might gnaw with relish the perishable fragments left of the part when Hopper gets through, but none of them could brawl over its pleasantness so victoriously nor make such amazingly clever speeches where there is least need of intimate *avant rideau* oratory. De Wolf Hopper's glib and unbridled tongue is simply the instrument of an onomatopoetic whirlwind in an impromptu speech. Blazing with superlatives and strange verbs, brisk

storms of words reasonably appropriate and always effective, what he advises the audience in his own harangues is decidedly more entertaining than that which he carefully erupts over the plot according to the librettist. His songs are always brilliantly given, and he works like a Klondike provision packer.

De Wolf Hopper is never without teeming ideas upon the necessity of invention, secretly carried to redounding success from the depths of the property room.

He is a moving caravansary of "props," which are all suggested by him and devotedly entangled in his conception of a comedy rôle. He consults the possibilities of papier maché and mechanical trickery before he does the pulse of the part he plays, and if there is a first-class chance to introduce a carpetbag with strange contents, a wig with wings, a magic chair, and a hail-storm of dramatic barnacles in the shape of pads, whistles, umbrellas, broken musical instruments and kitchen utensils or victuals in trouble, De Wolf regards his artistic abilities equipped with the vehicle demanded.

Not that the big, hearty comedian needs any of these accessories to enhance his singing and noisy romps over plots, but it is simply an unwritten law for him to dip into fathomless detail as to things not acting or lines to raise laughter. He splutters away with tremendous speed over the dialogue and makes a lot of very little in his pranks with librettos, and he sings finely whatever is given to his gifted throat, so those talents need small bush in the matter of built-up noses and twisted legs, dancing eyebrows, tin-boiler armors, and watches which shriek, but he likes mechanical addendas, and his sweeping declamation, his overpowering personality and voice positively assume sporadic measures when turned loose with all the mysterious implements of property warfare against art.

De Wolf Hopper is a particularly happy companion. His

wit is flowery and electric, better at full speed of impromptu, and rakish in the allowed tirades of club tables and boon fellowship of the "den" and smoking-room. Hopper will string Nat Goodwin without a qualm by the hour, pouring volleys of wonderful words after his comedian champion, and deftly mixing regard with onslaughts of ridicule, both agreeable and amusing. And he is one of the few actors who can make a brilliant *avant rideau* speech. It does not in the least matter who writes the actor's speeches if they are amusing; dozens make a practice of it, and except Irving, Mansfield, and Goodwin, not one of them speaks unprepared or impromptu. Irving speaks very limpingly and uninterestingly, but he is sincere and wholly oblivious of effect other than expression of gratitude. Mansfield would speak beautifully, satirically, if suddenly called upon in the streets, and the bubble of Nat Goodwin's wit and gratitude is natural as champagne effervescence and bouquet. The rest couldn't fool anything but a public—which is born that way.

FOX

Della Fox, a delightfully piquant beauty, won honors before the most brilliant associates in operette and burlesque. She dances in fairy daintiness, sings in gulps of distinct but husky generosity, is bright, energetic, and intelligent, even in the drivel presented her by the average composer and librettist.

She is a delightful little fairy with whom to be cast upon desert places. She has a continual childish sparkle of humor, never failing her under trials submerging the usual woman, and her distresses are as comic as her escapades of fun.

She doesn't think deeply, but she thinks often, and the result of her fleecy little mental efforts are always silvered with a laugh. One day, after a dreadful Southern ride in wretched cars, she came scowling in where Lillian Russell sat enthroned with a seductive deck of gilt-edge playing-cards on her lap. Della picked up the cards, produced a one-hundred-dollar-bill and said, "I'll bet you one hundred dollars that I can draw and fill the best hand out of two."

Russell is rich, but hesitated, though Della's desperate one-night-town air helped her take the bet, and she covered Della's spendthrift wager and proceeded to cut for the deal. There was a little courageous flutter over the draw, and Della said, "This is something like four aces, dear."

"Nothing like mine," warbled Russell, dreamily, as she slid a royal flush under Della's surprised eyes, and put both the one-hundred-dollar bills in her jeweled purse.

Della looked at the cards, her disappearing funds, and

tilting back her hat sat down solemnly, saying, "Say, did you ever see anything as swift as that?"

Once when Hopper was playing "Wang," there arrived a moment when it was decided to give Miss Fox a poster all by herself. Della was elated over her acquisition of fame in three colors and an underline, and waited impatiently for the day when they should be pasted up on the proud boardings of Boston. At that time there was a trial line of steamers running a long but interesting route to Boston, principally outsea and tumultuous. The "Wang" company took the route instead of the Fall River or Providence line, and came to calamitous physical grief under the lashing of the waves about Oyster Bay. Everybody was horribly ill, and nobody so deathly sick as Della. She sat in white and agonized silence, in a close and wabbly cabin, suffering with blind indifference to consequences.

Hopper came through the cabin and said: "For goodness sake, come out of this hole and drag yourself up where you can at least breathe. Make an effort to come up on deck."

At which proposition Della nearly fainted away. Leaning limply on Hopper, she whispered, tearfully: "Never mind me; I'm right here for a week. Put out my new lithographs!"

Miss Fox has no voice to brag upon, but her personality and piquancy, her earnestness and fund of natural American humor make her an enjoyable singer of tuneful ditties and chic airs. She dances with fairy grace, and turns a joke into laughter with a snap of her finger or flash of her eye. She is a great pet of boys and girls; they believe in Della blindly, and adore her for fooling them.

BOSTONIANS

Through all the waves of change theatrical, through farce, musical mélange, opera-bouffe decadence, and travesty, but one organization held its own in stanch Puritan obstinacy for chorals and ballad music, madrigals, correct vocalization, and sober melodies—this being accomplished by the Bostonians. As the Boston Ideals, the company, made up of church-choir singers, grew up with "Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore," and through successive mutations preserved its distinguishing elements under an acquired name of The Bostonians—the only company entirely American and musical which perennially came with its splendid quartet, its plain-sailing methods, and security in popular approval.

Nervous, venturesome individuals worry about the American flag, and want stripes waved, or stars colored, or field of red, or the union jack added, and people of that sort would perhaps recommend some change in the Bostonians. As an organization it is institutional and national, belonging to another America of earlier flowery and ingenuous days, when tunes and singers occupied the place now usurped by "tone-poems" and "artists." Certain gentle relics of simpler days follow in the pleasant starshine of the Bostonians, and with thousands of other lovers of charming music well sung, and handsome costumes prettily worn, admire and rally around the prim and unprogressive but musicianly standard kept vigorously afloat by the solidity and frank primitiveness of this offshoot of the church choirs of Boston.

Jessie Bartlett-Davis is easily the star of the company, and

she comes from Chicago, but nearly all the others belong to the Hub, and hope to go there, where all good singers go when they lose their voices and jobs. The men are changeless, and those who come into the fold are from Massachusetts. The prima soprano is the only frolicsome, transient thing in the Bostonians. She stays a year, and dwells in top notes and disturbance; sometimes she stays two years, and adds fiery execrations to her repertoire; but she finally goes.

Marie Stone's retirement brought on a continuous exhibition of new soprani every year, and except Neilson and Grace Quivé, none was remarkable.

Little Alice Nielson was a picture in every dress she put upon her tiny, graceful figure. Her face is piquant and childish, her dramatic instinct quick and true, and her voice a perfectly captivating flood of silver. For a bird-like carol, with an obligato cadenza, this dot of a prima donna would receive tremendous encores. Her voice is clear as a lark's, and her comedy chic and original.

Dainty, small Neilson, with her exquisite voice—like a nightingale's from a hidden place in an orange grove—is, if possible, a trifle tinier and more melodious and exquisite than ever, but she is not with the Bostonians, where she was called little "Melba" Neilson, and with her gamin airs and exquisite voice, is missed principally because she is cute and pardonable and as full of song as a linnet.

But Mrs. Davis, whose beautiful contralto voice cannot be duplicated in her mother country, is the rugged, shining staff upon which the glory of the Bostonians leans. She has studied in America, and her voice is a noble, sympathetic, and golden organ, brilliant with culture and secure in imperishable health. Mrs. Davis is a beauty of the bonny, sparkling, and buxom American type, and she is the wife of Will J. Davis, of Chicago. Summer days Mrs. Davis rolls up her

sleeves, tucks up her frocks, and secludes herself at Willowdale, the big Davis stock farm in Indiana. Her brawny boy, Will, Jr., is her chief companion, though people come and go all the house-party days, and when the bell tolls for her to begin her work with the Bostonians she takes her *congé* in a series of brilliant but quiet recreations. The great farm, though, is usually singularly demure, for Mrs. Davis needs rest and deserves it. She is strikingly handsome in her golden curls, and her voice is rich and sweet as the cream she pours generously over the farm berries and into the farm coffee. She sings ballads so exquisitely, with such rounded and mellow art, such simplicity, such perfect enunciation, any singer might study the beautiful elegance of Mrs. Davis in this point of necessary equipment for light operatic vocalism. Every word which Jessie Bartlett-Davis is asked to sing drops from her tongue as if she spoke it without vocalism, and polyglot has been the fashion among the warblers long enough to mark Mrs. Davis' charm of diction. The soprano of comic opera essays chop-logic words, and grand opera in nine languages gives more trouble than any known accumulation of music and philology tried since the tower business broke up Babylon.

Exactly the elemental dignity of this lyric college of experience is intoned by the extraordinary title of "dean of comic opera" bestowed upon Henry Clay Barnabee. Mr. Barnabee has entertained three generations, and starts in on his fourth with a toss of his hat in his own musical atmosphere and a vigorous call to the younger crews fighting for honors about him.

His voice is mellow and sweet, his comedy engaging, and his venerable person a charming preservation unto the stage and the faithful of his public. He has delighted so many amiable hundreds of Americans, and has so much of his

JESSIE BARTLETT-DAVIS

delectable individuality unscathed by years of ardent endeavor that he is a mentor and encouragement to youth uncultured and ambitious. Henry Clay Barnabee is one of the few American singers actually beloved; the country is glad to know he is of it and with it, and the audiences greet the veteran ballad-monger most affectionately.

Frothingham is—Frothingham; therefore is much praise due. He is expected to make people applaud and laugh, and even in these very, very tired days he succeeds after his own primeval mode. He is an old gentleman whose untiring labors in trying to keep up his reputation for irresistible humor and repartee deserve the lingering plaudits of a passing condition of society and comedy.

Barnabee—say, if anybody, bar Vic. Rex. Brit., can beat Henry Clay, the country would like to hear from the wonder. Here is the old gentleman, when he ought to be in cozy cottage, skipping around like a Shetland pony, singing in a clear, rich voice, and entertaining the grandchildren of his first admirers in about the same gently monotonous fashion which has made him famous from coast to coast.

Barnabee and Frothingham both must be enormously wealthy, and what most men of their slender gifts and big funds would do would be to settle down and devote their voices to a choir in Swampscott or Cohasset, and smoke out their remaining days in oblivion and peace. But not these two veterans. Frothingham rouses as many legitimate and illegitimate laughs to-day as he did years ago, and dear old Barnabee, with his sweet, carefully trained voice and his marvelous preservation, sings delightfully and plays in a bright, cheery style, with just enough hesitation for those who love him best to believe him happiest. It is wonderful how this fine old gentleman, with over three-score years to his credit, could memorize a long and profuse rôle, sing sweetly and

animatedly, and act with as much vitality as a youngster half his age. Mr. MacDonald refuses to grow older with his surroundings, and at the rate he ages he will be still in Fauntleroy suits when the two other boys—Barnabee and Frothingham—have put on breeches.

Harry Brown's success is simply the result of a broadly and beautifully educated actor stepping into a spoiled lot of singers and deliberately walking away with dramatic honors, because he knows how.

Mr. Brown has played everything, from Shakespeare to Hoyt, and made a succession of hits in all sorts and conditions of stage performances, from pantomime to grand opera, and from Hamlet to Snaggs.

Brown belongs to the dramatic vintage of '69 or thereabouts, but long before he ever sought fame behind the glitter of a super's shield he managed to keep an interesting cohort of Massachusetts relations aware of his presence upon this dull earth.

His father was a sea captain, whose vessel ran from Boston to India, and at a tender, multiplication-table age Harry began to yearn for the fathomless deep. He spent most of school-time studying the ships in Boston harbor, and when the neighborhood turned out to help find the "dear child" upon one of his regular fortnightly disappearances, he was usually discovered hanging head first from the weather yard-arm of a resting sloop, or peacefully slumbering on a pile of topsails. Harry was the off horse in a pair of twins celebrated in Chelsea for their marvelous physical identity. Nobody could tell Harry from Francis, a happy condition of affairs which enabled the adventurous Henry to make Bunker Hill and the surrounding welkin ring with doubtful glory, which he unstintingly yielded to his sweet and gentle double at home, but took upon himself abroad.

One halcyon day a solitary Oriental arrived in Boston with a cargo of tea, and stirred up wonder in the cultured city by wearing a dignified pigtail and kimono and selling real orange pekoe over his own Chinese counter. His name was Ah Showe. Harry greeted this innovation as a special favor to his hopes of a sea-faring opportunity, for Ah Showe's æsthetic establishment was headquarters for visiting Chinese, and upon one occasion Harry ingratiated himself into the good graces of an opium smuggler, and wound up by signing articles for a three-year cruise on the ship Inman, bound for China. He was then twelve years old, and his twin brother was dead. He meant to run away, but his father discovered his Chinese strategy, and told him he must go if he had signed articles, fitted him out with sailor's chest, "donkey's breakfast," and a surprising blessing, all of which nautical amiability made the youth wish he hadn't. But he sailed as cabin boy.

When rounding Cape of Good Hope an English man-of-war brought news of civil war in America, which roused heroic aspirations in the heart of the cabin boy and a running mate about his age from "below." One night, while lying at anchor in the Peo River, a stream in the northern part of China that empties into the Yellow Sea, this trustful pair of Jacks lowered the captain's gig and rowed to the nearest port, landing near Takoo forts, from which they started on foot for the city of Tien-Tsin, fifty miles away. A war had broken out in China, too, and they made for the heart of it, intending to join the rebel faction. But before they struck a battle the fire-cracker war was over. Harry then sailed for the Indies, spent three years in Bombay, South America, and Australia, went to Japan, and from thence to San Francisco, coming back home ten years older, not much wiser, with a fine stock of romantic experiences, hairbreadth

escapes, heroic adventures, and endless dialects. He resolved never to sail the raging again, and cast about him for an easy berth. He was a great story-teller, and in an ill-omened moment Charles Fechter heard the youth narrate a clever yarn, and said: "Me boy, why do you not go upon the stage?" "I cannot act," quoth the disenchanted tar. "None of them can," said Fechter; so Mr. Brown essayed Shakespeare and vocalism.

VAUDEVILLE

JONES

Walter Jones is a very engaging young man. Since Fred Leslie disappeared from the firmament of travesty comedians no actor had quite taken his place until Walter Jones arrived, a graceful, modern actor and dancer, a natural humorist, and an irresistible entertainer. He made a telling success in a "Tramp Sketch," and had he not been a very wise boy the tramp business would have swamped him, for whenever a tramp part came along Walter Jones was regarded as the only man to play it, and when there was no tramp there seemed to be no place for Jones. As a matter of fact, Walter can play almost any part. He could make some of the dense legitimate *jeunes premiers* take flight if he marched his handsome face and perfect figure into the depleted ranks of the gentle legitimate; he plays light comedy beautifully, eccentric character better than most travesty producers write it, and burlesque to suit its motley followers.

He is the most companionable chap imaginable away from his wigs and gags and funny falls, and is a universal favorite because he is modest, enthusiastic over superiority in his comrades, and so apparently oblivious of his own brilliant gifts that he wins hearts everywhere. He is a great favorite in the Lambs' Club, of which he is a courted member. Jones had always been rather a silent comrade, like Barrymore, quietly obliterating himself in favor of probably less delightful wit than his own. When the late hours came Jones could be depended upon for a song, a dance, and possibly a story, but he was never called upon for speeches or any of the dignified

arrangements of the club; if anybody tried it Jones upset their plans by running away until the speeches were over. However, when a special gambol was allowed in honor of John Hare, Mr. Thomas, and some other august guests, Clay Green came to Walter Jones and said, "You are to be called upon for a speech to-night," and Walter instantly took to violent drink.

There was a hurried consultation with Green, a delivery of some bulky manuscript into Walter's excited hands, and an hour's unexpected study which brought Mr. Jones out of his room in a permeating smile accompanied by a wink and assuring countersign to the silent playwright. Clay had written a speech, and Walter had memorized it.

He ate little, but thought a lot and drank inspiration by the goblet. When he heard his name called, and the roar of laughter which accompanied the call, he knew he had to make a hit or collapse, and the result of his effort was that the club is still talking of the marvelous eloquence and brilliancy of Walter's maiden speech. He swept into the oratory with the fluent elegance of a parliamentarian, and fairly stunned the oldest members of the merry crew. At first they doubted and laughed, then they saw it was the real thing, and they listened awed and amazed, and as the torrent of eloquence grew to beautiful excess they applauded furiously, and it is chronicled that no effort of the Lambs in all time at all compared with the splendid oration of Walter Jones. They crowned him with laurel, and the distinguished guests were completely forgotten in the triumph of Jones. Augustus Thomas, who prides himself upon that sort of thing, sat in a brown study of admiration, and Hare whispered, "Who is this magnificent young fellow?"

Then Hopper, with an inspiration, yelled "Author!"

And Walter sat down with his laurel wreath around his

collar bone, and to the crowd echoing Hopper's suspicious but clever shot, said, amiably, "You're a bunch of good things, I don't think."

Jones is one of the cleverest of the younger comedians, and his methods are quite in line with American opera bouffe. He has a voice which sounds like the wail of a hammock rope against a winter tree, but it is a pleasant dream for a comic song, and nobody can dance or read lines or raise laughs more legitimately or more lightly than can Walter Jones. He has a great following everywhere in the country and is invariably a howling success, and is a great favorite of Nat Goodwin, whom Walter jocularly calls "father."

Jones made a study of Dan Daly's methods, and while the inimitable Daly cannot be recognized in Walter's dance, his comedy, and his style, the younger actor always acknowledges obligations to his friend and his model.

No man can quite take Daly's place. He has been an inventor, a developer, and man of special gifts for grotesque comedy; his characters are as distinct and original as any of the more deeply lasting impressions upon the play made by higher-grade actors who portray more lofty rôles, but do less thinking. He is a dreamer and a delicately organized genius, with a wit that is full of gentle, overpowering surprise. He has a certain solemnity of bearing, a mock gravity which never leaves him, even when he is as serious as Dan Daly can ever be. He is a most patient, amiable instructor for the clever youngsters employed about him. I have watched him teach a dozen at a time, swiftly turning from one to the other during rehearsal, whispering imperatively with the unlimited permission of the glad stage director. He plans his dances before they are tried even at rehearsal, no matter how simple they are.

"I always arrange all my dances at night after I go to bed," said Daly one day. "I think them all out, hum the sort of music I want, and by morning I have a complete dance outlined to a step or a turn; then all I have to do is to dance it—see?"

Nobody else on earth could dance Mr. Daly's terpsichorean creations, and whether he evolves them in his dreams or

wide awake they are like no other dances in the world, and nobody can do more than timidly mimic him with his serpentine writhes, his leaps and curly-birch leg crinkles. He is a delightful assistant in a fashionable, huge company; he gives everybody ideas, and then has a million to spare; suggests, improves, and in a nice comrade fashion helps the ensemble and smooths out the difficulties.

In the "Belle of New York" production he probably scored the most sweeping hit he has made since his farce comedy days. All the comedians on Broadway, except clever, delightful Walter Jones, were in this burletta, and it made a sensation in two continents.

When the Raines bill caught its horns in the Gotham bramble-bush, and the historical success of the agile gentleman who "jumped into another bush" with satisfactory results brought no solace to the tangled legislation buck, New York was wilder after midnight than ever Butte, Montana, dared to be. There were carousals up and down Broadway, fearful "goings-on" in the fashionable restaurants, and even swell hotel cafés and apartments, and the new law was only an incentive to more riotous gayety. Every week there was fresh joy in the heart of the sportive Broadway joker, for a prizefight, with or without a prize, but never short a fight, was sure to gladden the night. At the Athletic Club "Kid" Lavigne, Maher, and a lot of unknown quantities who delight the rounders with amazing punishment, would entertain the cultured youth and brawn-admiring majority in New York. Corbett secured a roomy and luxurious building where the manly art might thrive on a sort of stock company basis, and eligibility he limited to a code of exactions worthy trial for a college professorship. One night, piled up behind a bellowing herd from the tenderloin, craned the willing necks of Walter Jones, Dan Daly, Charlie Ross, Eugene Cowles, and Bill Hoey. Walter's

top notes had vanished, Charlie Ross's melodious throat had resolved into a husky dust receptacle, and Cowles muffled the remains of his basso profundo. There was a very one-sided encounter between Mr. Lavigne and a hapless opponent, and things were waxing dull for the croaking mass, when Dan Daly, taking advantage of the hoarse lull, shrieked in his piping, chicken-hawk voice: "Oh, please, sir, kindly give the gentleman from California one hard look—won't you? No? Oh!" and the sally nearly broke up the fight.

Daly is a never-fading joy, and his total extinction of voice does not seem to eclipse him by any means. He is the greatest possible card in any burlesque, and his saurian grace, his enigmatical smiles, and his top notes are all equally greeted with uproarious laughter. In fact, Mr. Daly's pantomime is so convincing that a mere trifle like language is hardly to be accounted among the dramatic necessities of his weapons. Mr. Daly shared his most stirring success with pretty Edna May, whose pure type of American prettiness captivated London and brought the surprised little girl in out of the dark, to be plunged into that flood of excited admiration, the fortune of an attractive soubrette. With Miss May tripped Phyllis Rankin, whose personality asserted itself immediately as the inheritance from gifted progenitors, and whose beauty and talents instantly made her travesty path full of serious triumphs. She does not smile, does Phyllis, ever; she opens her eyes, her face wakes up, but her lips close when she is amused, as her mother Kittie Blanchard's does. It is a ruse at once pathetic and very exciting.

ROSS

Mabel Fenton and her husband, Charles Ross, were celebrities in the primitive music halls ten years ago. Mr. Ross is inventive, talented, and good to look at, and his wife a sympathetic follower of her husband's taste and instructions dramatic. A better Bill Sikes than Charlie Ross has not appeared since Herne played the part with Lucille Western.

The Ross home is a rendezvous for the joyful, and since the regretted demise of old Nick Engel the Beefsteak Club has held its highest carnivals under the supervision of delightful Mabel Fenton. Oh, the memory of the jovial hours, the inviting odors of gently broiling steaks and chops, foaming ale, and the only profitable, real bohemianism ever cultivated in America, which arises with the name of Nick Engel! Nick, the master cook, the Vatel, the necromancer of ovens, and the wether-bell for poets, painters, comedians, and the lovers of life and wit and song and the kitchen chef-d'œuvre! He is no more, and who can coax a steak into perfections, who woo a venomous little quail into a succulent mood, or who slice bread, carve roasts, or cut a tenderloin with such mischievous allurements toward dyspepsia?

The Tenderloin Beefsteak Club of New York was exclusive, limited in membership, and still more shy about entertaining outside of its membership list. Nick Engel, the chef, was by gourmands accounted the most famous beef cook in America, probably of the world, and the honor of initiation into the secret ways of preparing his steaks he

granted to not over a half-dozen other guests who have devoured his delicious oven productions.

Upon rare occasions this little clan of eaters would go far from New York to do honor to some admired celebrity; once the club went clear to Milwaukee to cook a steak or a brace of them for some visitors from Vienna, and upon another occasion appeared in Washington and fed Thomas Reed of Maine and the foreign embassy, together with a select quorum of the nation's representatives, but its principal territory for culinary astonishments was in New York.

When a brisk, informal bidding to a "beefsteak party" arrived in Charles J. Ross's neat chirography, I supposed Charlie had found a place where top-sirloin enjoyed the distinction of special seasoning and an enviable broil, but the invitation carried no especial excitement in its pretty pages, so I was totally unprepared for the dawn of the most charming sequence of amazements and the oddest, finest, fullest homage ever paid an appetite for "wit and wittles."

Upon the day appointed, while the sun shone between showers, about twenty-five gay bohemians, including newspaper men, writers, beautiful women, and witty actors, met at the Ross apartments, and in pretentious vehicles proceeded with some mystery to a quarter of town neither recognizable nor encouraging. Alighting before a tumble-down, archaic mansion, we were led through a whitewashed, cleanly hall down two flights of narrow stairs into the astounding quarters of the Beefsteak Club. One glimpse around the quaint room explained the chief aim of this delightful coterie. The unusual in everything, and the pleasure of "roughing it" to whet jaded appetites and inspire uninterrupted flow of soul and spring of wit.

The room was a long, bright kitchen, with a funny square little finish at one end suggesting the shape of the "T" bone

Charlie Ross

in a porterhouse steak. Sawdust covered the white pine floor, and the tallest men bumped their brainy heads against the low poster-decorated ceiling. All around the room were celebrated autographs, letters, pictures, and handbills half a century old. Relics of great horses, horns of famous bulls, and stirrups of famous jockeys. Sailors' buttons and generals' sword hilts, and altogether it was the most amusing, eccentric, delightful corner ever opened to do lovely courtesy.

Tables covered with milk-white oilcloth ranged along the wall, and not a chair or bench or bit of other furniture cluttered up the room, which bore the evidence of arrangement for eating purposes alone. Overturned boxes, some butter tubs and reed baskets were the only seats allowed, and a perfectly irresistible odor of beefsteak pervaded the air. A warning came with the ceremony of invitation that I was not expected to eat at all the day of the "beefsteak party" until that medley of surprise took place, and most of the guests were ravenous before the service of the great Engel delicacy was announced. The tables were denuded altars—sans peur et sans fourchette; not a knife, a cup, a bit of salt or pepper, or a plate shone from the clean oilcloth, but none of these was necessary with this club's dinner; likewise, there was nothing but beefsteak to eat, nor could anything animal and human ask for an interruption to the continual feast upon these luscious tenderloins.

There was a deafening chorus of laughter and wit, and noisy abandon to the surprises and enjoyments extraordinary of the festival, first because of the brilliant company, and second, because of the inspiration in the rude, absolutely amazing simplicity of the entertainment and the delightful courtesy of the hosts. Everybody had a bon-mot or a story at tongue's end, and everything about the rooms, and the

democracy of the function, brought out the best humor of the men and sweetest laughter of the women.

Who wouldn't have a glorious time anywhere with Lillian Russell, May Irwin, Harry Dixey, Vesta Tilley, Georgie Hawley, Yolande Wallace, Sylvia Thorne, Mabel Fenton, Charlie Ross, Johnny Rice, Will Cameron, De Wolf Hopper, the junior officers of the New York, the flagship of Sampson's fleet, in a reckless extravagance of ashore good temper; Walter Jones, Lee Harrison, Dan Daly, Edna May, Dave Warfield, and other men and women as handsome and brilliant in companionship? The navy delegation was perhaps the most boisterous and hungry of the entire crew, and began to sing very much disordered chanties long before the portly Nick would look at his treasured steaks. All the ladies were adorned with cunning little butcher's aprons, and upon their pretty heads were saucy butcher-boy tams bearing a complimentary inscription. The men, jauntily arrayed in duck butcher's jackets, and the caps marked the same as were those the ladies wore, grew boyish and mischievous in the disguise, and gayety fairly blew through the homely little eating-room.

At last Nick's steak was ready, and something like an anxious silence struck the open mouths in wait. It came served by the club's members—in butchers' suits, too—sleek, red slices of tender meat, cut oblong and put upon a wafer of bread. That was all; but what an indescribable feast! A bit of beef needing no knife—hardly teeth, for that matter—of such delicious flavor and exquisite seasoning that a more delicate fragment of toothsome edible never found way to a gourmet's selfish palate.

Just beefsteak, and wit, and long mugs of bitter beer, cold and foaming, and the greatest flattery to the club was to eat, and eat, and eat, until the genial purveyors groaned; nor was

that a difficult feat, for the food was so matchlessly good, and the company so merry.

They told the best stories I ever heard in my life, and everybody had one, and a bunch of laughs to go with it; the funniest imitations and impromptu gallantries and speeches accompanied the feast. Dave Warfield and Walter Jones were rehearsing at the hour for assembly, and kept pelting the air with telegrams and messages of threat until their faces appeared, just as the steak was ready; then everything from a ballad to a boxing match took place.

Headed by Mr. Frank Russell, the club members made a swagger set of waiters, and Sylvia Thorne, who arrived late, too, did not understand they were the club fellows, and one of them brought her a steak bone and said, "Here you are, Sylvia; don't get it in your curls."

Sylvia glared at him with her exquisite blue orbs a minute, and then said to one of the navy men: "This is a great affair, but did you ever see such a cheeky set of waiters? Did you hear what that fellow said to me? And over there's one of them asking ensign Morgan for a cigar."

Rose Beaumont ate the most steak, more than Helen Dupont of Augustin Daly's company or the clever young chaps who brought their mandolins from Hammerstein's, and played all the darky songs in print or covered by copyright. Pretty toasts were framed on inspiration and delivered gracefully by Ross and the more eloquent guests; a crowd of actors knelt at my feet and made a witty supplication that they might not be "roasted" after Nick's successful method, and finally in the most delightful manner Ross presented me, in behalf of the club, a medal bearing the picture of a bullock's head, hand-painted in oils upon cow's hide and trimmed up like a barbecue ox in pink ribbons and gold.

There are three more of these medals outside the club's

membership; one was conferred upon Tom Reed, the speaker of the house, one upon Lawrence Hutton, the litterateur, and the other upon New York's comedy idol, May Irwin; the fourth one came to me, and I am vain as a gobbler over it.

When Mr. Reed received his medal a very jolly response to the decoration speech is recorded of him, in which among other lively things Thomas chivalrously denied any other honor than that of being the greatest feeder present, closing his argument of thanks by the assurance that although he was the guest of honor, he was "neither the wisest nor most honorable man in the party," and he would prize his decoration "as a tribute to indomitable gluttony," as he had eaten twenty-nine pieces of the steak, a record which has never been broken.

In the pantry there is a decorous book wherein are inscribed the names of guests entertained, and among them are the smartest titles in New York society—poets, painters, millionaires, and minstrels — each in autograph, and sometimes a couplet or a quotation apropos and clever. Actors', and even the names of great tragediennes, and always a vivacious soubrette's well-known name, are features through the register, and some grave and serious men who like good things to eat find way to reach the very exclusive invitation list of the club.

Ovens of a particular pattern were patented for the use of the Tenderloin Beefsteak Club, little ranges cooking the meat through from the top. In every bullock there are three steaks of the sort the club cooks. It is from the middle loin, and weighs seven pounds when first cut off, but shaves down to about four pounds when ready to put in the oven. For eight weeks the steaks, wrapped in oiled paper, are kept at an even temperature of thirty-two degrees; at the end of that time they are ready to be cooked. They are seasoned heavily with

a crust of salt and pepper, and allowed to cook very slowly, all the juice dripping into the pan below the gridiron; when they are turned, and that is only once, the crust of salt and pepper falls off, and the rich, succulent tenderloin is not wanting a pinch of seasoning or a drop of juice.

There is considerable solemnity of a sort about the preparation and catering devoted to the steaks, and the members never take much part in the lively times of the company until the feast is well under way; then they prove themselves good singers, dancers, and charming entertainers; even the chef, when dragged from his fiery sanctum, would amuse his debtors and admirers by singing in a fine baritone, "Was Willst Du?" and "A Quiet Man," much to the delight of the actors and the pleasure of the other guests.

As a sort of *retournons à nos moutons* desert a tiny, delicious little lamb chop is served and a bite of celery; these the members of the club lay great store by, for with the chop they prove their superior learning in the science of eating, as with their teeth they clean the petite bones of every shred of meat, and they present the ivory-finished lamb rib to lady guests when these rare luxuries are among the invited, for ladies are rather tabooed by the Beefsteakers, only two ever having been accorded the liberty of figuring as the recipient of a beefsteak party, with its quaint customs, its luscious viands, and its hearty companionship.

Charles Ross is one of the handsomest men in America. He has a personal beauty not of this century's type, but belonging to an age gone by. He is Greek in build, in carriage and perfection of outline and poise. His splendid head is set upon his shoulders as the sculptor chiseled that of Discobolus. His face has so sensitive a loosening of expression that it is almost femininely sweet under the play of a smile. He is perhaps the only man of that undeniable lost type of

physical beauty who cannot be taught how very lavishly nature has endowed his person. He has been told that he was "beautiful" ever since he was born, but his obstreperous masculinity and an irrepressible stalwart sense of humor spare him the affliction of believing it. He lived his earlier, heartier days following about the country with race horses, and preserves the out-of-door freedom of the turf in his temper, and keeps abreast of the incomparable slang of the paddock. Mabel Fenton, his wife, faithfully exposes her vocabulary to the sunshine of Charlie's picturesque, kite-shaped language, and a more congenial, delightful, well-matched comedy alliance does not share its talents with the public.

At a charming supper a rhetorically inclined admirer of Charlie Ross arose and proposed a toast to the comedian, spouting exotic things of Mr. Ross's talent, his successes, his genius, and laying particular stress upon his personal beauty and his undeniable capture of femininity at large, his tremendous popularity with women and their exceeding good taste, to all of which Charlie listened smilingly as if it were a good joke, and was about to respond when Yolande Wallace, Sallie Rice, and Georgie Hawley Cameron arose simultaneously, lifting their glasses and their voices in unison with, "Here's to poor Mabel Fenton-Ross, who has to live with him."

Georgie Hawley is the wife of William Cameron, and an unfulfilled promise in low comedy. She is a natural wit, and quick as a flash at repartee.

She is very young and Cameron said one day: "If you have beer every day for lunch and whenever you like it all day, you'll grow fat and worry me gray looking for obesity cures. Take a glass when you go to bed—that's the best time. It won't hurt you then. Just make it a rule never to take any stimulant until after the lights are turned on."

A day or two afterward Georgie, and May Irwin, and

Mabel Fenton came in after a dusty, hot morning drive, parched of throat and tired. Mabel said: "Let's have a cool drink of ale."

"Will you please light the gas?" asked Georgie, though the sun streamed in the window.

"What for?" queried Irwin and Mabel.

"Because I promised Will I wouldn't drink anything till the gas was lighted, and I never break a promise to my husband."

Ross is a handsome and envied figure among the horsemen and riders about the race-tracks. He is a member of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, and the chaps who used to train and rub horses with Ross—and are still training, if lucky, and rubbing, if unfortunate—look upon the apotheosis of Charles as a dignified homage to their class; a sort of living and beautiful apology for the ostracized "swipe" and the suspected tout. The wild gypsy existence of the horse follower suited Ross better than any other existence provided for him, and smothered in flattery and success as he is now his pulses beat quicker when he is roaming over a paddock or patting the sleek coats of the racers in their stalls than ever they do under the bounteous applause showered upon him when he acts.

Ross always has a greeting and a welcome taste of chaff, and still more welcome share of money for his old companions, and none is too wretched to approach him nor any too objectionable to find candid sympathy and assistance.

He has lived a full, kaleidoscopic life, overflowing with experience, and he has come out of it all with a feather in his cap, a beloved smile of good-fellowship for everything living, deep, wholesome philosophy without a taint of cynicism, and a gentle happiness born of his own gratitude for life and its raciest luxuries. He is an extraordinary man, successful in so ordinary a sphere that his talent overweights any oppor-

tunity his modest expectations have ever allowed him. He is plain and unpretending as a plowman, and as beautiful, physically and in disposition, as some of the exalted young personages ancient dreamers used to think up and call gods. Charlie would fit into mythology without any transformation except a change of wardrobe.

An officious friend of his childhood's most unhappy hour said, chidingly, "Does your mother know you are an actor?"

To which Mr. Ross responded confidentially: "Heavens, no! She'd be worried to death if she knew I was an actor; she thinks I'm a thief."

IRWIN

It is astonishing that May Irwin does not depart from her inevitable custom of supplying the soubrettes of two continents with ideas of darky music and rough colloquial comedy. She has inaugurated a school quite her own, and most difficult to follow, but she seems too good a comédienne to waste her talents upon the ephemeral reputation of rag-time and conversational entertainment. She comes out and takes her audience into her confidence, tips a daring wink to the knowing, and "plays horse" with the ingenuous. She divides her audience into two distinct classes—those who can take a hint and those who "wouldn't tumble if a house fell on 'em"—and she delights both elements by her subtle method of expression. She has reduced the art of intimacy with an audience to so exact a science that her plays rattle on as if she improvised every line, and as if every point especially fetching were an impromptu. Having reached this climax in a soubrette's career there is nothing to do but eternally repeat her charming self, which Miss Irwin does with reluctance because her tremendous following expects it of her. But she is intelligent and tactful, a resourceful actress, and capable of presenting certain lines of brilliant, emphasized comedy with more force and magnetism than any comédienne of the times. Her intuition of character is deliciously original and sharp, and, properly fitted out with a racy, eccentric character comedy rôle, May Irwin would astonish her admirers by fine delivery of legitimate humor. She improves every year, and has had good training for a foundation, as

the little touches of pantomime and character comedy in her best work show.

Miss Irwin's welcome as a star came with crowded houses, and the usual temper of sunshine elicited by the Irwin good nature and happy realism in comedy. Nobody tires of May Irwin except those who, like "ma black Venus," were "born that way." Her admirers turn out in droves, and laugh like the famous bird of Arabia which carries about a farce-comedy name. What she does and says is watched with greatest attention, and she is so clever, so quick and subtle in her determination and effort to be perfectly natural and clear, that even a lift of her blonde eyebrow or a shrug of her plump shoulder is instantly understood by those who have studied her and laughed with her for years.

May is thin—well, not enough to spoil her but enough to make her frocks fit prettily and give her some breathing spell between her chest and chin. She sings exceptionally well, and roused the ordinary Irwin furore with three darky songs, "The Hoodoo" and "Ma Onliest One," a pretty little comic love song, and "Hot Tamale Alley." The little monologue, "A Few Minutes with May Irwin," is a jolly diversion, and a brighter, wittier, and noisier entertainer could hardly be asked by even longshoremen, politicians, and schoolboys. Her play is one uninterrupted romp from the run-up of the curtain until the rowdy finish.

It is rather a curious thing that Charles Hale Hoyt never wrote farces for May Irwin; she is undeniably the greatest farce actress in America, and Hoyt is known all over the world as a man who turned the tide of public taste to his own account, who has constructed some of the most original and successful humoresques ever contributed to the stage, but the twain never encountered.

Mr. Hoyt's beautiful wife, Caroline Miskel, was a woman

radiant as an Easter lily, with an indescribable delicacy of loveliness and an ethereal atmosphere about her directly contradicting her ardent and indefatigable worldliness. Her face belonged to the distant stars, but her blithe, young, and impulsive heart to the green, happy earth.

In figure and carriage she was a typical Gibson girl, with the slender waist beloved of Paris, and an exquisite poise of head. Her smile was so captivating that all the rest of her unusual beauty seemed outshone by it, but her eyes, brilliant and blue as forget-me-nots, were things to see and forever dream about. Her hair was pale gold, and she wore it as Sir Joshua's ladies of high degree and Vigée Le Brun's beauties most cared to in portraits, and when Caroline Miskel Hoyt decorated herself simply in shining white, with her statuesque neck bare, her lovely arms glowing through illusion, and her pretty feet lost in tiny satin slippers, she was a creature to take away one's breath, so adorably angelic and ethereal was her beauty.

Caroline, who was an interesting and intimate friend of mine, had been coaxing Mr. Hoyt to add olives to his steady diet, a luxury he had persistently denied himself. He would say, "All right, some time I'll eat a bottle of them; not to-day."

One evening he met me, with a most perturbed expression upon his face.

"I ate olives for dinner," said he in his blunt, jerky way. "Yes, Carrie had them stuffed with anchovies. I feel as if I had bitten Herbert Kelcey."

Hoyt is an intense admirer of Richard Mansfield, not only as an actor but as a man, and that after a difficult and arduous season of management which he undertook for the great actor. Hoyt's "clubby" and particular toast is "To the Irish, the great American public, and Richard Mansfield, unclassed."

The great farceur always liked to repudiate "A Parlor Match" because Evans and the inimitable Hoey, awake and clothed in the right sort of a one-mind-for-two, dressed the piece to please their individual fancies, regardless of Hoyt.

Hoyt is a perfect tyrant concerning appropriate dress. He is never funnier than when propounding the secret convictions of his soul upon the subject of a necktie, first-old-man breeches, or a soubrette skirt. When Lee Harrison was engaged to play Front, or some of the Hoyt comedy boys, after the first night Lee, considerably agitated as to the success of his appearance, said to Mr. Hoyt, "Well, how am I?"

To which familiar salutation, after a premier, Hoyt answered, absently, "Oh, I don't like that vest you wear; get another."

Next day Lee purchased another ready-made *gilet.*

Again Lee asked him for an opinion, to which Hoyt responded, dully, "Oh, I don't like that vest you wear; get another."

Wednesday Lee appeared in another vest, and Hoyt met him between acts, and called him. Twitching the vest, Hoyt said: "Say, didn't I tell you that vest looks bad? See that you have another to-morrow, will you?"

Lee drew his salary, hied him to Eighth Street, and invested in as many varied vests as his wage would cover, and then asked Hoyt to step into the dressing-room, where in display were the Berry Wall speculations in which Lee had sunk his money.

"Now, please pick out a vest for me to wear to-night," said Lee, a trifle sarcastic.

Hoyt blinked at the display, and said, wearily, "Why, I don't care; wear the one you've got on."

May Irwin has a couple of strapping young sons, hand-

some as their father and witty as their popular mother, to whom they are a constant source of joy and trepidation.

They wanted to fight for their threatened country, and their persistent waving of the stars and stripes before May's anxious eyes chilled her natural heroic impulses, for she is as good an American as ever fled over the Canadian borders. The boys are great boon companions of their mother, and in the summer time they boat, and shoot, and drive, and lounge according to her dearest wishes. Up at Miss Irwin's island, which she redeemed from the Toland estate, there is every sort of comfort and invitation to picnic all the lazy days long. Music seems to be everywhere, if May Irwin has the arrangement of things, and when there is no sound of the banjo or violin, no gently harmonized voices joining with the birds and gentle winds, either somebody is sick in May's big, airy house, or everybody is asleep—and that has to be pretty early in the morning.

Irwin loves music and books as a savage just introduced to them might out of the delight of a new mode of intoxication. She hears the most intricate and delicate harmonies in a composition, and without much of the theory or mathematics of the art she enjoys the keenest understanding of difficult classic music, graduating her own taste to the demand of the public when she trifles knowledgeously with rag-time and the enticing coon melodies which seem a part of May Irwin's imperishable success. She reads inveterately all the authors arriving and gone, not with the purpose of leisurely entertainment, which accentuates most literary researches of women, but with a wise and critical instinct dominant. She has the most advanced and independent ideas upon literature and art and music, but she herself is as old-fashioned as a town clock. She buys the most beautiful clothes, and seldom bothers her bonnie self by putting them on; she is fussy as a society belle

over the shade of gloves and the size of her very tiny shoe, but she usually wears dogskin gauntlets, or her pretty plump hands bare, and the oldest shoe in the house is the one in which May envelops her small tired foot after her dances and her incessant work.

She is a great May, and to her rich humor and cleverness was due the tidal wave of darky song, and the cake-walk, and finally an emancipation of real Ethiop talent hiding under its own color. Darkies grew to be the rage, and imitative, white soubrettes copied Irwin's wench walk awkwardly, until the entire army of song-and-dance women was limping bow-legged about the stage in something bordering on acute locomotor ataxia, producing the effect of an epidemic of hip disease. Nobody but May Irwin completely caught the characteristics of the American "coon," and she was almost sympathetic in her interpretation of essence song and dance.

WARFIELD

So many people discovered David Warfield that the acerbity with which his particular Columbus asserts himself in various quarters and with simultaneous claims, makes it a certainty that Dave must have discovered himself suddenly to the acute discernment of many searchers for genius.

Mr. Warfield is not a burlesquer, though his efforts have been confined to that lucrative and showy nimbus of comedy for as many years as he has been famous. He is a thoroughly legitimate character comedian, and his delightful impersonations have been drawn upon the finest, clearest lines of genuine dramatic expression. Who, once having heard Dave Warfield's irresistible one word "Fine!" in his placid Jew peddler, shall ever forget that masterpiece of fun in a monosyllable? He is a silent, deliberate David, is Mr. Warfield, and seldom discloses his idea of a rôle before he springs it upon his expectant comrades and the public. The first night of his celebrated Hebrew vender of hats the entire crew of Lederer's comedy ship fell into a mutiny of laughter. Nobody paid the slightest attention to fines, threats, or cues, and David, shuffling and solemn as Jacob working out his seven years' bondage for Leah, went shambling on seriously to a travesty triumph with a character impersonation which should have been entrenched by strictly legitimate surroundings. His deliciously humorous interpretation of Hebrew character embalmed his foregoing successes—in quite another line—beyond recall in forgetfulness; but Dave Warfield's "jay boy," and his truculent old gentleman, of a régime mellow

and eccentric, were equally artistic and impressive. Mr. Warfield does not dance, he does not sing, he is not handsome, he is not a poseur, but each of these negatives fill out a meet of talent which is perhaps the most persuasive and definite of that in any of the actors of comedy in vaudeville. He is an indispensable attraction in metropolitan productions of burlesque, and he has quietly devoured a lasting sort of good-fellowship reached out to him from the masses. He has given his smile to illustration, and it cannot be challenged; towns have been named for him and plays written around him, and he bashfully retires behind his own success and collects wisely and not too well.

Mr. Warfield is thrifty and quiet, studious and a most attractive companion, for his retiring habit is rather one born of a disposition to sit apart and study mankind than any avoidance of it. He loves a good joke better than anything in the world, and witty company, and he tells a story briefly and fruitfully, whatever its moral or intent, and sees everything from its most lively humorous side.

VESTA TILLEY

Vesta Tilley, with her sweet little smile, her delicately refined comedy and unusual art, has forged her way into the center of the chaotic public heart of America. At the theaters wherever she sings fire ordinances are broken ruthlessly, and one night a disgruntled city official exerted himself to have the theater cleared of its standing visitors, and over three hundred dollars were found glutting the aisles, packing the banisters, and choking the orchestra. Miss Tilley was the magnet, and such audiences have never before been looked upon at the music halls. Fine people sandwiched in the stuffy boxes and crowding the orchestra chairs, clubmen lined up along the walls, and swells accepting the disappointing assurance that there was not even room to stand left for the gentleman who dines at eight and leisurely strolls to his evening's amusements. She has made the greatest hit ever credited to an English entertainer, and her inimitable grace and happy exuberance of humor are delightful surprises to find in a music hall star.

Something quite "different" is Vesta, and chic, without a note of anything which is not exquisitely feminine and artistic. She wears stunning clothes, made by the same tailor who decorates the Prince of Wales, and she is a deliciously amusing little gentleman to see, a miniature Brummell, or a captivating boy, but there is no coarse swagger nor the least suggestion of the unpleasantness usually advanced in commonplace male impersonators. In her songs she is a small gentleman, and wears a man's habiliments with the grace of

a thoroughbred, but through it all is the distinct revelation of a charming woman of most delicate and well-bred attributes, who simply entertains by masquerading beautifully for her audience's best diversion, who is an artist to her finger tips, and has a style completely her own, an originality and contagious sense of humor rare in any woman, and especially unusual in one who disguises as a boy.

Miss Tilley has adopted America with the same quiet superiority with which she reigns in the provinces in England.

She does not care half so much for London as London does for her, but in the big manufacturing towns and the country villages she revels in keen enjoyment of her own popularity. There is an impression that the sprightly comédienne comes from Birmingham, though she does not, and the greeting gallery cry of "Dear old Vesta [the most beloved favorite is always "old" to the London gamin], good old Brum," resounds all over England when her pretty Eton boy or one of her toppy swells strolls out on the stage. "Brum" is a corruption of Birmingham, and once or twice in America the familiar call of admiration has welcomed her from the top row in the house. To hear "good old Brum" roll out of an American heaven is a cheery surprise, and once in a while some vagrant countryman of Vesta's lets her know she is not alone in her glory over here.

At home she is a demure, gentle creature, very delicate in health and domestic by inclination. She is a devoted little wife, and lives in comparative seclusion while in London or abroad. In London she and her husband have a beautiful house, which was once the home of Chatterton, and it is filled with all sorts of curious antiques, rare strips of carving and old oak, strange little nooks and quaint articles of furniture which have been preserved for many years and went with the

Fondly
Filly.

house among other valuable chattels. There are big, odd fireplaces, where blazing logs burn to greet the little singer when she happens to be in London out of season and during the Henley races and the turf days, when there are such delightful times out of doors, Vesta and her handsome young husband are on board a yacht or out where the great Derby winners are speeding. Miss Tilley rarely plays in London, because of the hard work, and because she demands such exorbitant sums of money there. She is accorded the privilege of singing three songs when everybody else in vaudeville, except Dan Leno and Chevalier are shut off with two—or more likely, one. These days the London managers pay Tilley any price she asks, so great is her popularity, but there was a time when she refused to go there at all, in spite of her following and the protests against her absence.

Miss Tilley's father was a celebrated vaudeville artist, and trained his talented little daughter when she was a tiny fairy in short frocks. He taught her how to enter and exit—these vivid tests of art—and wrote her songs, invented her dances, and trained her so successfully that she completely eclipsed her anxious dad.

It was very amusing to watch Melba and Gadski and Kraus, to say nothing of Walter Damrosch, once at a Tilley soirée. Enticed by the alluring raiment of Vesta, and the promise of other entertainment from the acrobats and comedians of her company, we had gone miles to see the little *crieuse*. The opera was over for the season, and the great singers were in the proper spirit for a lark, and they crowded in one of the roomy boxes and stared at the packed house, which was a garden of interested faces from the roof to the orchestra.

"Is it a gala night?" whispered Melba, delighted with the admiring crowd gaping at her in her pretty gown. She was

surprised to hear the packed theater was a certainty wherever the fascinating Miss Tilley held forth.

Melba was charmed with Vesta, and clapped her hands excitedly, crying "brava!" and otherwise astounding the denizens by operatic enthusiasm. She sent back words of flattery and gratitude to the modest vaudeville artists, and Damrosch boyishly raved over Vesta as perfect and adorable. Lew Dockstader's imitations in cartoon amused the great people quite as much as Tilley's charming art, and perhaps Lew in all his life never had his alert ears excited by the lofty greeting of "bravo" in such unmistakable notes of admiration as Mr. Damrosch and the tenor Goliath, Kraus, sent across to the black-face entertainer.

COHAN

There is always a garden of unappreciated talent going to waste among variety actors, but seldom so much especial endowment as young George Cohan possesses. His gifts are difficult of access, too, because of his reticence and his fabulous sense of humor, which latter even touches his consideration of his own gifts. That he should be chained to money-making to the extinction of finer abilities does seem a pity, but the delightful satire of such a proposition would make George's big moody eyes glitter with laughter, and so long as he thrives in vaudeville and assists his amiable mother and father and his dainty sister in their work it is hardly likely young Mr. Cohan can be coaxed to try a higher field of action.

He writes at night and plays two performances a day. He quits his stage work exhausted, but finds time to recruit his forces and start in at labor upon musical compositions or construction of some amusing sketch while the night hours grow into morning. He is a silent, retiring youth, with big, soulful eyes that speak music and peer cloudily out from under soft blonde hair. His face is pale and swift to mirror sentiment, but is particularly the face so indicative of the true American humorist. He is a wit, and it shows in the odd little side twist to his sensitive mouth and in the glow of fun under his long lashes; it lies about his strong, thin jaw and in the set of his head upon his slightly stooped young shoulders. With cultivation and liberty, contact and such fructifying influences as develop native wit, and a gift of seeing things under varied lights, George Cohan could scarcely fail to take a place

among the men of letters whose names are synonyms for laughter. He has that shy gravity which is a seductive element of wit inborn, and the calmness which comes of never taking himself seriously, much less the trifles of life.

A vein of boyish incomplete poetry is at his command, and the music in his soul finds outlet in pretty fancies and small storms of eloquence. He is quite undiscovered, is this boy with the glint of heaven upon him; nobody knows him, and nobody raves over him, fortunately. He is simply an overworked variety performer, who slaves all day and disappears after the theater. He is a big favorite with the galleries all over the United States, and the neater elements of his audiences think he is very amusing and a good dancer—that "lets him out" with the public and the majority of his companions. He is absolutely lost where he is, but he is not the sort of prodigy to collapse when brought under higher influences, and it is to be hoped that his condition may not keep him under the lash of endurance too long to hope for complete development of his genius. His sense of humor is delicious, and his conversation very quiet, and, touched with the slangy mellowness of South Boston dialect, is tremendously entertaining.

He is unobtrusive, but easily drawn out, talks learnedly upon most subjects, and is wisely unaware of his own gifts, and has a manly indifference to opinion. Young Cohan is in no measure a phenomenon. On the contrary, except that he is adaptive beyond the usual brainy young man, and has a wonderful capacity for work, he is simply a mentally advanced and mature boy, whose genius and faculties are very splendid, away above his environment. He has been gently nurtured; his father is a man of education, and his mother a gentlewoman of most tender manner and heart. He has a talented little sister, who is refined and pretty and a continual source of affectionate comfort to the big brainy boy with his

music and his sense of looking through fantastic glasses at most of the world, and the honest love of fun balancing his spiritual gifts. Humor is not a chattel of the mind of youth; it comes from abrupt conjunction with absurdities which appeal to experience and observant students, and only when the world has a chance to batter its snowballs about the innocent head of a born wit does the delightful talent find expression under adolescence.

HALL

Pauline Hall is one of the three most beautiful women of the guild, whose names mean beauty, and who came to celebrity from across the footlights. Entirely different from the luscious pink-and-white loveliness of Russell, and so far at variance with the Greek perfection of Langtry as to be without the pale of challenge, Pauline Hall stands aloof in her own splendor of color, contour, and type of physical attractiveness. She is built like a goddess; tall, muscular, steady, and complete. She is a mountain flower, sturdy before battling winds, and with a glow of sunrise upon her faultless face. It is a pleasant beauty, hearty, resplendent with health and strength, a beauty of scarlet lips that are cool as a moss-rose, eyes big and brown, and laughing in a wide-awake way, and teeth that are famous. She has no dainty graces, no remarkable traits, but goodness and womanliness.

She had successes in burlesque, comic opera, and vaudeville, finally confining her efforts to that easy, lucrative off-shoot of the music hall. Pilar Morin's dainty Pierrot impressed Miss Hall to a degree, and she sat for a famous artist in the innocent array of Columbine's sweetheart. Afterward, at a benefit in which many celebrated actors appeared, Pauline improvised a pantomime sketch in which Pierrot was usher, and her beauty, so accentuated, made a tremendous impression. Her beautiful face lends itself to the exacting make-up of Pierrot in wonderful harmony. Its faultless outlines, sweet expressiveness, and vivid beauty are not hidden by the mask of innocence, but brought out in splendid

Lots- love from
both- to us
Jan 25 '97
Pauline Hall

perfection. The lovely turn of her forehead, the curve of her brows, and the poise of her head are particularly accentuated by the severe tri-color penciling. Total absence of decoration and the simplicity of action show the incomparable loveliness of her eyes, mouth, figure, and the charming mobility of her pretty face. Could somebody write a singing Pierrot for her she would be independent of playwrights forever more, for she looks the typical child of Harlequin France. Her radiant face glows and blooms against stunning combinations, but as she bounded upon the stage in this particularly fetching costume she was the splendid materialization of the healthier, deeper pictorials of Monvel and Cheret.

A rich, honest style of comedy is possible for Miss Hall, which has been totally undeveloped. She has considerable of the rosy, vigorous sense of humor and romp that made Geistinger so incomparable a favorite.

In the "Erminie" court wig and showy satin costume Miss Hall was a dream of loveliness, with all her priceless rubies, a mist of diamonds covering her neck, and sparkles of all sorts shining bright as Pauline's matchless little teeth. She is certainly more beautiful than half the world can see. Beautiful with a human blending of color, a wealth of ivory smoothness, and perfect outline which time touches with rose-leaf fingers.

A great painter, inspired to create some glorious symbol of Nature in her most luxurious perfection, could put Pauline Hall upon the canvas and find his hope expressed. She is the very embodiment of luscious Nature. There is not a curve, a tint, a quality in her beauty not born in her. She has matured in even, steady gentleness that has never changed an outline in her superb figure. She has developed into a grander woman than she ever was a girl. She is cold as a statue of Peace in temperament, but the glow of her splendid

eyes and a wonderful color warm her up into a creature who is absolutely radiant. She is more beautiful than anybody who knows her only across the footlights could dream. Her skin is soft and delicate as satin, with never a timorous flush but a steady tinge of color. I doubt if Pauline ever blushed in her life or paled. She blooms with the perfect shading of a Southern rose. She is endowed with that generous, spendthrift extravagance of beauty found at rare intervals in mountain peasantry. There is a wealth of color in her eyes, her lips, her hair. Every muscle in her body is strong and reliable, her flesh is firm, and every feature of her face is brilliantly handsome. Pauline has not a hint of that ethereal, exotic beauty and grace found in supple women, delicate, and nervous, and high-bred. She is statuesque, but beaming with good nature. She is picturesque, but never fantastic or *vive*. She is passive under every emotion, and that is why she will always be just as beautiful, unchanged, and happy as she is now. She is Nature womanized, and Nature's beauty is never disturbed by anything less than an earthquake, and Nature's temper is never ruffled except by one of her own hurricanes.

It always seemed rather a commentary that this Romanesque goddess with the clank of Amazonian armor about her very physical magnificence should be led to frivol in opera bouffe. "Favart" and "Helene" especially attracted her, and she sung them well. How Lewis could bloom in these delicious ephemerals of harmony! One night at the Fifth Avenue Theater in New York Catherine Lewis sung Madame Favart, and made an immense hit. I remember her every suggestive look and ingenuous tone in "I'm Such an Artless Thing," and the minuet song. Frederick Leslie made his American début as Charles, and created a furor. John Howson was a great Pont-Sable, and Marie Jansen, chic and sweet, and captivating, as Suzanne. Everybody else in the cast

reached a desirable point of excellence, and the costumes, scenery, fine chorus, and orchestra were worthy of Barton Key's best taste and fullest pocketbook. The theater was packed with an enthusiastic crowd of swells, bohemians, first-nighters, and actors.

Every scene went with great vim, and encores stretched out the performance until it was nearly eleven o'clock when the last act opened. Lewis had just gone from the tent to the Favart theater in her Venus dress, with her hands full of fresh pond lilies. Eliza Weathersby-Goodwin said, nervously: "I wish Lewis had not brought those dreadful flowers on the stage; they chilled me. Pond lilies mean death." I laughed, reminded her of the Aphrodite appropriateness of the flowers, and chaffed her about her superstition, while Lewis shook the death omens in Leslie's face and made an exit that was anything but funereal, to give place to John Howson. Leslie had said about three words, when an extraordinary apparition in full dress stepped upon the comedy scene. It was Mr. Key, looking pale and brimming with information. Bowing hurriedly to the comedians, he stepped close to the footlights and asked permission to lower the curtain and dismiss the house, as a telegram from Elberon cottage had just announced the death of President Garfield. An awe-stricken murmur ran over the house, and the people filed slowly out of the theater, whispering about the fatal tragedy, and forgetting the jolly, unfinished piece. Sympathetic Mrs. Goodwin wailed about the pond lilies to such an extent that Guiteau's bullet seemed circumstantial only, and dear, true Lizzie Weathersby-Goodwin was the first of a group who looked upon the lilies, to fade with them. Leslie followed her, and then John Howson.

VARIETY

Fashionable people made vaudeville a consideration in affairs, but the herd supported it. Society, even after the novelty had worn off, would cultivate clever performers and celebrities of the inexhaustible procession of variety entertainers. But the humble waif, the drift of hard-worked, muscle-bound, worn unknowns, will go all the time; will uncomplainingly pay a pittance, and stolidly sit through a wretched exhibition; be pleased beyond expression if fine people happen to be present, and noted performers upon the stage. In America—perhaps elsewhere—there has grown a seedling entertainment called the "Supper Show." It arose in response to a silent hunger for light and noise and forgetfulness in a class unrecognized even at polling stations.

Between the hours of five and seven hang the two beads of the clock's rosary least haggard with fretful endeavor, least worn with constant turn of tired fingers, and most treasured of all the silent beckoners to rest; the sun draws purple wings over his sleepy crimson, and the snow grinds and creaks anxiously under the beating tramp of homebound feet, lights go out within the workshops, and spring responsively from cozy windows, and all the hurry is the peaceful chase of anticipation, of surcease and the haste to comfort—hours sacred to home and nests where love abides or custom breeds endurance. The hungriest hearts, the outcasts and disturbed, reckless hunters for seclusion and deserters, stand in the shadow or look broodingly upon the slowing pulse of labor, and wonder, and curse, and laugh sometimes, and then

saunter near the flaming posters of a continuous vaudeville theater, study the gaudy promises, consult spendthrift or cautious pockets, and drag monotonously laggard into the "Supper Show."

Draggled girls, chewing tempestuously, sit humped up, scowling mostly, or guying informedly the unhappy supper-show decoy; men in ragged droves, and the washers of night, sit apart under the balcony pillars, and the theater lights are economically turned down to ebb tide. A strange and sulky leader creeps in and doubles himself over the keys of the piano and strikes a couple of desultory chords like a swift slap on the listener's cheek, and the echoes of his mechanic's call dribble through the half-empty, partly dark theater. A chipper woman, very fat and pink about the ears, flirts on, and lifts her skirts in feeble, hopeless imitation of the nine-thirty pet of the gallery, who ties ribbons on her ruffles and rises to the splendid popularity of lunging a fatal glance domeward and shouting, "Now, altogether, boys," as an irresistible invitation to help the soubrette out with a chorus. The pink-and-fat supper-show woman urges her voice to do the same trick, and it trickles out on the empty air like a tin-cup full of tears, and some remnants of femininity giggle dolefully, and a couple of boys ejaculate "s-s-scat!" with a scarlet intonation to the accented letter. The "artist" preceding the fat singer of lean songs had puzzled the homeless heads convened by splitting soap laid upon a trembly woman's hand, and sprinkling the floor with the sleek cleanser. In a frisksome cavort meant to convey the "pasmala" step, the slippered foot of the obese singer finds the business end of the split bar of soap, and she does a few splits of her own, and executes a gymnastic evolution, ripping the buttons from the back of her tight, shiny blouse, dislocating a wig of golden jute, and demoralizing the discouraged and dreary

groups waiting for a "chaser" to rouse them to a proper enjoyment of supper-show despair. While the singer limps disconsolately to the exit, from all over the house, rising up as prairie dogs do from the alkali fields, suddenly people wearily wander out as purposely as they came in.

Somewhat straightened out, the performer comes on again under a fusillade of jeers and ugly applause, before the disappearing backs of auditors filing out, not surly or complaining, but resigned to the inevitable affliction of the vagabond without a better place to go between five and seven. Awful young men, with emaciated countenances and cadaverous jokes, crawl on the stage and look expectantly with a defensive dodging pose toward the wave of blackness which at eight o'clock is teeming with riotous pleasure-seekers. The glare of the footlights shuts out the proof of emptiness, for in the gallery are few patrons for the supper-show. More people file out, gloomily but composed, and the fearful team mutilation of language and humor goes on like wind howling through a keyhole. An invisible somebody snaps invisible fingers from the prompt entrance, and one of the entertainers consults a leaden watch, and the sketch is sedately finished in the middle of a particularly foggy conundrum. Weary little girls, pale and skinny, with sharp little voices like those of fighting rats, weirdly lift their puny arms and shapeless legs to the sleepy rhythm of the piano-player's interpretation of "Loin du Bal," and a husky owner of this talent watches it authoritatively from the o. p. side.

More people go out, and when a British pair of comedians with hitched names and unparalleled wigs begin to say evaporative things of comic intent, so many more people arise and walk out than ever came in and sat down, that the effect borders upon the supernatural; half of them must be ghosts. But the Albion jokes tag along glibly, and there is a general

feeling that collapse is at hand. Suddenly in the midst of the eighth repetition of the same nigger song, delivered by the eighth individual, accompanied by another dialect, quite another dance, and something unique in harmony, the regular show leader slips into the chair, taking the chord out of the fingers of the supper-show impresario, and dropping into a fantastic ripple of superior notes announces his arrival. The electric fans are started, warmer lights shoot through the dusk of the supper-show emptiness, the worst of the British team is over, a shaven face, decorated by a smile, dawns in the dress circle, some pretty bonnets shut out the view, and a clash of brass brings on three strapping athletes, gymnastic and fearless, who amaze and delight as the last of the supper-show contingent seeks the street.

Crowds of happy people pour in at the doors, bluster agreeably in the balconies and boxes; boys tear like mad troopers up the winding stairs to paradise, where benches are free for all after admission gives the opportunity to grab; the music acts as if it had been asked to drink, and favorites are trotted out beguilingly to delight the packed house, from which has vanished *les miserables* huddled covetously against the glow of the supper-show footlights. For the companionless and forgotten, the lonesome and denied, from five to seven is the rag-time of city life's syncopated dirge, and the supper-show fills out the modest measure of hope temporarily granted misery with the price of a ticket to oblivion, or a stirring of other emotions than those of dumb endurance or swarthy fear of light and enjoyment.

NORMAN

Surprise in a variety bill is like an ice-flower blooming in the Russian snows, and when a tall, svelte, magnetic young woman swept in upon yawning crowds at the vaudeville theaters, and awoke the dullest listener and sleepiest eye by her graceful, witty, and original performance, everybody began asking, "Who is Mary Norman?"

Her impersonations are vivid as English posters or the Bac *affiches*, and her voice is a rich, melodious contralto; her style is definitely her own, and her pretty sketch is entirely from the clever brain of Mary Norman. She is one of the brightest and brainiest women on the stage in America, and nothing but the exceptional versatility of her talents has kept her hidden these many years of inconstant but hopeful endeavor. She is a fecund and brilliant writer, with marvelous command of language and that rare gift among women, a keen sense of humor. Most women have not the mutest conception of wit, and are about as humorous as stray cats. But Mary Norman is alive with sparkling, unusual satire, is in a perpetual good temper, and so magnetic that in her train of admirers is every fun-loving man of her acquaintance, and all good women happy enough to know her.

She was Mary Cope, of Des Moines, Iowa—Norman is her husband's name—and in her modest youth one of the daintiest flowers in that rosebud garden of Western girls. Dramatic talent was evident in every move, every ambition, and every development of "Matie," as she was called in Iowa, but her father, who was a rather strait-laced, dignified gentleman,

was quite beyond recognition of any such theatrical gifts in his daughter. John and Homer Cope, her brothers, likewise leaned toward the stage, and are clever legitimate comedians. Mary was a vivacious feature of all amateur dramatic affairs in Des Moines, and wrote delicious little satires for the magazines, and letters of fascinating wit and sentiment, which she illustrated with her own cartoons.

She has had varied experience enough to make her performance a perfection of much grace and finish, and her temperament is so vitally artistic, and her study, aim, achievements, and hopes have been so centered about her work, that the place in which she was first permitted to blossom out into a celebrity of promise seems altogether too modest for her genius.

FAY TEMPLETON

Fay Templeton, in the palmiest, most seductive hour of her American conquests, skipped away to London, shocked the lord mayor out of his regimentals and parchments, beat her pretty wings against British adulations, and then left suddenly with a millionaire husband and indignation. Fay was beautiful and brilliantly gifted, but her costume consisted of a graceful rope of tender violets and a chic demeanor, the combination of which startled the steady kingdom beyond recall.

"In New York I found a pretty little child doing a dance at the old Grand Opera House," tells James Herne. "She was such a tiny fairy, and so graceful, cunning, and evidently talented, that I hunted up her guardians, and discovered her to be little Fay Templeton, a precocious and very charming child, whose father, John Templeton, easily consented to signing a contract for her, which gave me the right to feature Fay in one of the plays I took back to California. Lucille Western and I dissolved partnership shortly after this, and later she died; but with the Templeton child I was making big money, her father assisting in the management. In San Juan once I was taken ill, and of course thought all dates would have to be canceled. But not so with the tempestuous John. He went right along, filled all the time, played the star parts (horribly), never changed my name on the bills, cleared over fifteen hundred dollars, going overland by stage, and wrote to me from New York of his success. Fay was always a star after that, and is remembered affectionately out there now."

Miss Templeton lives abroad. Occasionally it is her passing fancy to conquer over again her own country. Then she beams in her stormy, Egyptian way for a while within the triumphs deserted; but her visits are fleeting, and usually sensational.

In the face of her chatelaine of escapades it is difficult to assert that this graceful creature of impulse is one of the most brainy, sympathetic, lovable women in the world; but such she is. She has never known the soothing influence of home, nor has she been taught right or led into ways of pleasantness. She is an ingenuous sort of sinner, and these grow in the very halo of light encompassing the stage and lending earth false colors. Fay is still a bewitching feminine package of contradictions. She is blamed for much quite impossible to her, and she does a thousand things a day which have nothing in common with her temperament or inclinations.

She is still dusky and Oriental of face, of generous but faultless proportions, and wears the most stunning frocks in America. So much for the new-grown Fay, who falls into the ways of that tiny, wayward, fairy Fay of ten years past.

When Fay was a tot of seven she lived in Los Angeles, and went to a village school, half-hidden in an orange forest, at the end of a long, shady lane, bordered with drooping purple-laden fig trees. Fay was so small, and her eyes so big and deep, her hair so heavy, and her tricks so weird, that other children looked upon her as a brownie, to whom a degree of suspicion was due. In the primer books she was away ahead of any little girls her size, and had an elfish habit of curling herself up in the thick branches of a fig tree and swallowing all her lessons in a happy quarter of an hour on her way to school. The children insisted upon it that "Fairy"—that was her baby name—was older than she looked, and sometimes they called her a dwarf, and taunted her about it. One

day she came home, threw her books in the middle of the room, and howled with anger. Her mother finally coaxed Fay to speak, and the poor little thing cried, between sobs: "Mamma, oh, mamma, are I a dorf?"

Her mother did not know what she meant, so Fay cooled down, and explained with vigor: "A dorf is a little girl 't knows a lot more 'an the bigger kind; her grows only on top."

Then her mother, Alice Vane, knew she meant a dwarf.

At Will J. Davis' theater a wave of perfume, a svelte and bewitching waist, and a toss of heavy hair under a picture hat made me look long after a beautiful girl wandering about the foyer. It was all so invitingly familiar, appealing, so full of stirring memory and half-recognition, that when the vision smiled a little tip-tilted scarlet smile at me through tears, and stretched a strong young hand out of a muff, I almost gasped to wonder if Fay Templeton had grown up out of the weather with all her exquisite charm and friendliness.

The girl was Lee Templeton, Fay's baby sister.

She is odd and individual, as definitely apart from girls of her age as Fay was, and as "different" as a rose abloom in snows. She is taller than Fay, and her eyes are less fiery and dark, but the rich coloring, the Oriental seductiveness of expression lie over her beautiful face, just as upon Fay's, and her voice, with its broken little gurgle, like a happy child's, is an echo of Fay's, with just a touch of melancholy upon its music.

The Templeton company had reached the approximate metropolitan appearance of a date in Williamsburg. They had been traveling through Texas one-night towns, Lee and June (a brother) being the much-feared and watched babies of the troupe. Lee quarreled with the Texas delights, and June hated everything, from the gulf to the steers. They hung

about behind the scenes at night, tormenting Alice Vane, their mother, and entertaining Fay, who was tremendously indulgent to the children. John Templeton kept promising them a good time when they reached the East, and Williamsburg was held out as a special haven of joy. Lee was about nine years old, and pretty as a gypsy doll. The opening night in Williamsburg was an evening of nervous doubts, and the kids were shoved about from room to hall, and from stair to shelf, and finally about ten o'clock little Lee was found curled up on an old champagne basket of costumes, with her big eyes full of tears. Fay came through and spied her, and instantly dropped her tambourine with its storm of colored ribbons, and knelt beside the child.

"What is it, dear?" said Fay, soothing Lee's tangled curls, and wiping the tears away with the lilac silk drapery Fay had fantastically thrown over herself.

"Oh," wailed Lee, hopelessly, "I thought I'd have some pleasure when I came t' Williamsburg. This is worse 'an Texas."

"How delightful it is to be innocent!" purred Fay. "Imagine a state of heart capable of expecting pleasure in Williamsburg!"

She belongs to the most vital history of the American stage; she was a pioneer when a tot of a baby, who ought to have been learning "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" instead of "O, Mon Aieul que Vous Buvez," and the fascinations of a long side glance from glorious black eyes, a slow lifting of decorated petticoats, and all the tricks which made her famous when a tiny child entertainer.

But the dainty Fay must have been born under a shooting star, for she no sooner dances and sings her sweet self into public favor than she folds her tent like the Arabs, and as silently, etc., etc. She has a tinge of Araby in her constitu-

tion; she is indefatigable, fidèle, and loyal to a fault. She is true as steel to everything except contracts, which her absolutely feminine scorn has routed incontestably whenever convenience or caprice suggested. She has matured into an ample beauty, which, in Paris, is approved and imitated; she has not lost ambition nor the glow of talent, and she is one of the few comédiennes who have influenced the condition of *l'art à plaisir*.

Just as a school stamps its individuality upon a pupil the impress of Fay Templeton's personality shines through the acting of the cleverest of the younger soubrettes. The little insinuating lean over the footlights, the Oriental cultivation of drooping lids and serpentine writhes of a flexible spine and rounded arms, the abandon in a dance, and the low ripple of quietly seductive laughter—all these are Fay's very own, imitated harmlessly by the discreetly fictitious soubrette. Long before La Loie thought of her fundamental skirt dance, Fay Templeton astounded the Occident by picking up a shimmering skirt of brocade silk—which she wore in "Giroflé-Girofla"—and whirling the delicate fabric over her saucy little black head, making rainbows of flower color in the air, at the same time mysteriously covering all her lithe, svelte body from neck to satin toes. It was a most stunning evolution, and accomplished with the simple train costume worn in the cancan finale of the second act of Lecocq's opera bouffe.

Fay developed into a thoughtful trifler, with travesty as a dream of many enchantments. She spent her widowhood and her dower in regal indifference to the possible limitations of both, and all the time she hoped for a chance to slip her dainty foot into a dancing shoe, to pencil her glorious eyes, and open her mouth in song from the stage. Whenever she fancies a revival of her triumphs she brings to her attempt a talent fresh and brilliant, a beauty matured and voluptuous,

a grace seductive and arch, and intelligence of the keenest, brightest quality. Her temper has never known an unsympathetic cloud, though she has suffered, betrayed her own best intentions, capsized her own rakish ship of endeavor a dozen times, and landed not a bit worse for the dip into misfortune, into chill mistakes, and bitter seas of disappointment. A child of the winds and waves is Fay, who liked the tossing of adventure and the game of Fate. None of it she has ever missed, and none of it profited her, but she is the most appealing, winsome, enticing bundle of inordinate gifts and caprices whose name shines among the comedy stars.

When she was baby Fay Templeton, a cunning sprite with big black eyes and wild shock of midnight curls, a voice deep and sweet as a goblet of wine, and a lot of precocious assurances of talent, Ada Rehan took a sudden liking to the little girl, and helped her think just what she was most likely to do well. Fay was a little queen in opera bouffe when Audran and Sullivan inaugurated a renaissance of Offenbach's foamy sort of music. Her comedy is delicious and her pathos prettily developed since she buffeted with unkind results of her own audacities. She never knew, poor child, what babyhood was, with its little "Now-I-lay-me" nights and its long butterfly-chasing days, its harmless tears, and its invigorating laughter. She was serious all her babyhood, and overworked and petted by a hybrid, spoiling indulgence, filling her with contempt for the public, which began early to fall at her exquisite little feet. That the sunshine in her heart is fine and free and genuine enough to rise out of the storms her extraordinary and romantic career has whipped about it, is a benison she deserves for her ineffable sweetness, her charity and all-pervading genuineness. She has had a talent for seeking bias lines of life, slipping from high places, where she eminently belonged, and hunting trouble under the very

treetops of happiness. Again she rebounded with her unconquerable elasticity to captivate a ready and waiting nation.

Fay will dance more eloquently than David could paint, and she gave a pretty burlesque of Miss Rehan's Roxane in Daly's "Cyrano," and vaudeville again imbibed a tonic and profited by the gifted little Templeton's wanderings into strange phases of comedy with the Weber and Field's clan of laughter.

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